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THE PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGN

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Seal of the Corporation of the City of Ponce after the Occupation of the United States. The original seal contained the arms of Ponce, a lion on a bridge.

WHEN the men who accompanied our army to Porto Rico returned to their own people again, they found that at home the Porto Rican campaign was regarded as something in the way of a successful military picnic, a sort of comic-opera war, a magnified field-day at Van Cortlandt Park. This point of view was hardly fair, either to the army in Porto Rico or to the people at home. It cheated the latter of their just right to feel proud.

In comparison to the Santiago nightmare, the Porto Rican expedition was a *fête des fleurs*, but the reason for this, apart from the fact that the country, unlike Cuba, had not been devastated and that the Porto Ricans, unlike the Cubans, were most friendly, was one which should make all Americans pleased with themselves and with their army. It should give them such confidence in the army and its generals as we like to honestly feel when we boast of anything to which we can prefix the possessive pronoun, whether it be our local baseball nine, our express trains or elevators, or our army and navy.

Porto Rico was a picnic because the commanding generals would not permit the enemy to make it otherwise. The Spaniards were willing to make it another nightmare—they were just as ready to kill in Porto Rico as in Cuba—but our commanding general in Porto Rico was able to prevent their doing so. A performance of any sort always appears the most easy when we see it well done by an expert—even golf looks possible as Whigham plays it. All he does is to hit a ball with a stick. But you might go out and hit the same ball with the same stick for a year and no one would think of giving you silver cups. Anyone who has seen a really great matador face a bull in a bull-ring certainly thought that the man had gained his reputation easily. He walks about as unconcernedly as you walk about your room, and when he is quite ready he waits for the bull, takes a short step to one side, thrusts his sword into the bull's neck, and the bull is dead. The reason the Spanish bull gored our men in Cuba and failed to touch them in Porto Rico was entirely due to the fact that Miles was an expert matador and Shafter was not; so it is hardly fair to the commanding general and the gentlemen under him to send the Porto Rican campaign down into history as a picnic.

This is not saying that it was not a picnic, but explaining why it was so. A general who can make an affair of letting blood so amusing to his men that they regard it as a picnic is something of a general.

One of the lesser evils of the Cuban campaign was that it gave our friends, the enemy in Europe, the idea that the way

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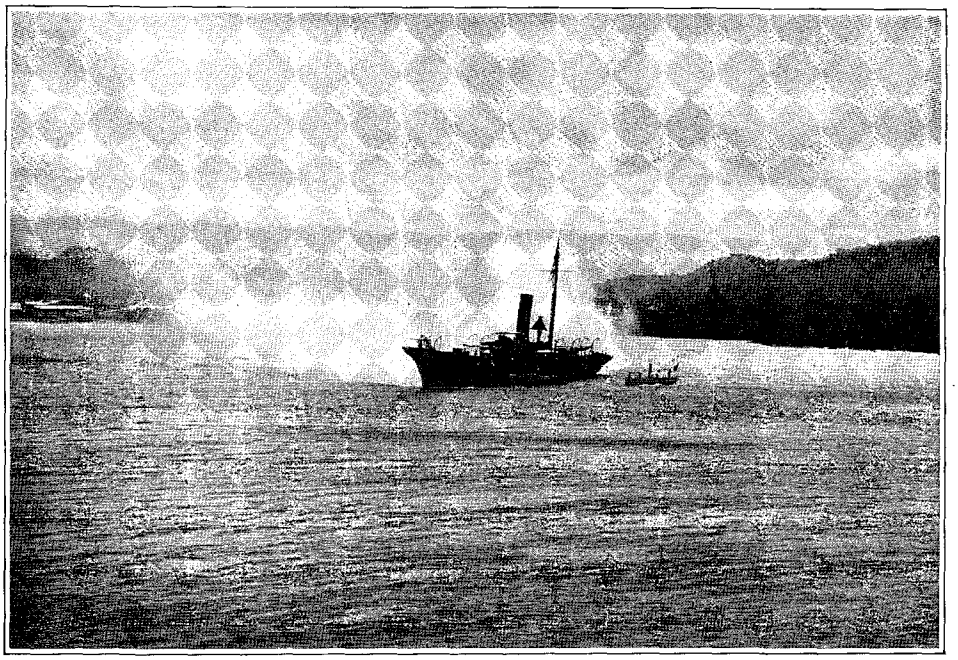

The Gloucester Bombarding Juanica, Porto Rico.

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that particular expedition was conducted was typical of the way every other expedition would be conducted which we might send over sea. If they should act seriously on that idea, they may find themselves abruptly and painfully undeceived. The European can say, to our discredit, that we failed to feed our soldiers in the field, and to care for them when they were wounded and ill, but they cannot say that the soldiers did not do their share, even though republics were ungrateful and political officials incompetent.

Even our own people had just cause to be alarmed at the bungling and waste of life in Cuba. So it might be well, both at home and abroad, to emphasize at once the fact that we have other generals in the field.

That the people do not know more concerning the Porto Rican expedition is partly due to the fact that the majority of newspaper correspondents were detained in Cuba by sickness and quarantine, and that those who reached the island were too few in number to give the expedition there the *acclaim* it deserved. For three days there were only two correspondents with the army in Porto Rico, and never more at any time than ten. In Cuba there were a hundred. Moreover, the campaign was nipped by peace almost before it could show its strength; but from the start, it was one with which any of the great military powers would have been pleased and satisfied. And this in spite of the fact that the regiments engaged, with but three exceptions, were composed of volunteers.

The army in Porto Rico advanced with the precision of a set of chessmen; its moves were carefully considered and followed to success; its generals, acting independently and yet along routes reconnoitred by General Roy Stone and Major Flagler, and selected by General Miles, never missed a point nor needlessly lost a man, nor retreated from a foot of land over which they had advanced. Every day the four different columns swept the Spaniards before them in a net, capturing town after town, and company after company. Their fights were but skirmishes, but the skirmishes were as carefully thought out, and the enemy was as scientifically surrounded, attacked, and captured, as though great battles had been fought and thousands of lives lost in accomplishing the same end. There was more careful preparation and forethought exhibited in the advances our generals

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General Miles in Launch of Massachusetts Towing Pontoons, at Juanica, Porto Rico.

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made upon the little towns they captured in Porto Rico, than was shown in the entire campaign against the city of Santiago —General Chaffee's reconnoissance and capture of El Caney alone always excepted. The courage of the men is not under discussion now; what we are considering here is a comparison of good generalship with bad, and the American reader, for his own better content, should not belittle a clean-cut, scientific campaign by calling it a picnic. He should remember that in Porto Rico eight cities and towns, with 100,000 inhabitants, were won over to the United States at the cost of very few men killed. Santiago, with its 40,000 inhabitants, was won for the Cubans at the cost of thousands of men killed and wounded in battle and wrecked by fever. As an eye-witness of both campaigns one is convinced that the great success of the one in Porto Rico was not due to climatic advantages and the co-operation of the natives, but to good management and good generalship.

Juanica is a pretty little harbor protected by very high cliffs. The town is one street, which runs back for a mile under the shade of crimson trees, with houses of gay colors on either side of it. Back of the one street are lanes crowded with huts of palm-leaves. The Gloucester ran into the harbor and fired a three-pounder at a Spanish flag on a block-house. This was the first intimation that anyone, except General Miles, had received that the American troops were to land on the south coast of Porto Rico. When the news reached Washington the War Department was surprised, because it thought that General Miles would land at Fajardo, in the north; the Spaniards were surprised as a matter of course, and the newspaper boats were so overtaken with surprise that, with one exception, none of them hove in sight for three days.

The first landing was made by the blue-jackets of the Gloucester. They built a trocha of stones and barbed wire across the one street, and called it Fort Wainwright, and killed four Spaniards with a Colt's quick-firing gun. Then they wig-wagged for reinforcements, and the regulars of the artillery came in to give them countenance. Meanwhile, the Gloucester fired at the ridges about the harbor and a troop of cavalry on a hill, and as she

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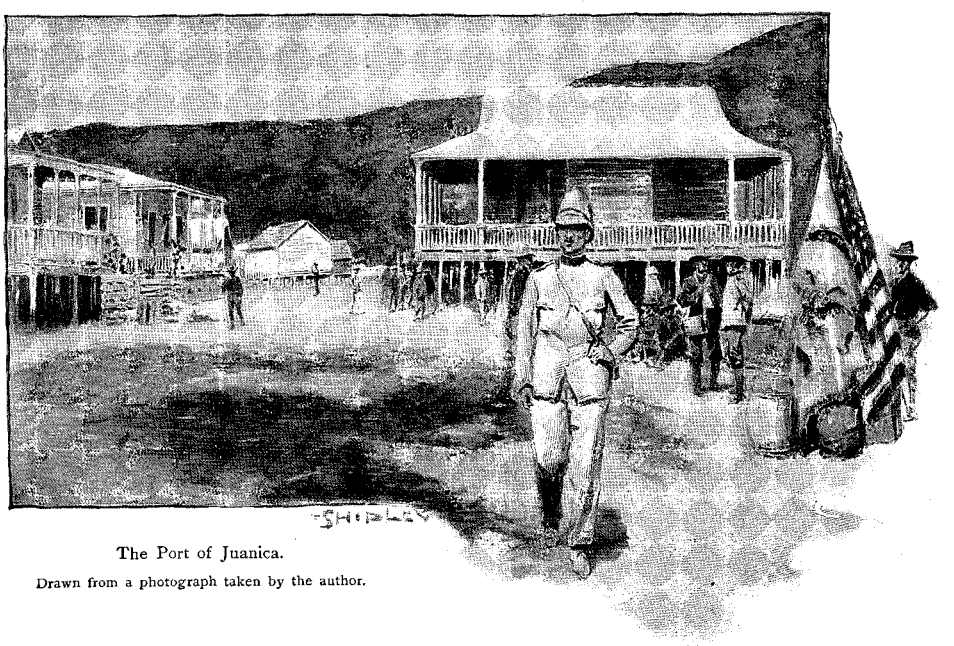
was short-handed, the Paymaster and the Surgeon had to help feed the guns. It can be truly said that life on the Gloucester was seldom dull. When the Spaniards had fled, 2,000 volunteers from Massachusetts and Illinois, and more regulars of the artillery were put on shore, and in a few hours were camped along the street, and the inhabitants, who had fled to the hills before the hideous bombardment of the Gloucester's three-pounder, returned again to their homes. The Porto Ricans showed their friendliness to the conquerors by selling horses to the officers at three times their value, and the volunteers made themselves at home on the doorsteps of the village, and dandled the naked yellow babies on their knees, and held marvellous conversations with the natives for hours at a time, in a language entirely their own, but which seemed to give universal satisfaction. The next morning there was an outpost skirmish, in which the Sixth Massachusetts behaved well, and the next evening there was a false alarm from the same regiment. This called out the artillery and the Illinois regiment, and the picture the shining brown guns made as they bumped through the only street in moonlight was sinister and impressive. To those of us who had just come from Santiago the sight of the women sitting on porches and rocking in bent-wood chairs, the lighted swinging lamps, with cut-glass pendants, and the pictures and mirrors on the walls which we saw that night through the open doors as we rode out to the pickets, seemed a part of some long-forgotten existence. We know now that the women were dark of hue and stout, that the pictures were chromos of the barber-shop school, and that the swinging lamps were tawdry, and smoked horribly; but at that moment, so soon after the San Juan rifle-pits, the women of Juanica were as beautiful as the moonlight, and their household gods of the noblest and best.

The alarm turned out to be a false one, and except for the pleasure the spectacle had afforded the fat, brown ladies on the porches, the men had lost half a night's sleep to no purpose. Later, they lost the other half of the night because our outposts on the hills would mistake stray mules and cattle for Spaniards, and kept up an unceasing fire about the camp until sunrise. Some of their bullets hit the transport on which General Miles was sleeping, and also the ship carrying the Red Cross nurses, who were delighted at being under fire, even though the fire came from the Sixth Illinois. From remarks made the next morning by General Miles, he did not seem to share with them their delight.

After three days, General Guy Henry moved on to occupy Juaco, and General Miles proceeded down the coast to the



The Port of Juanica.

Drawn from a photograph taken by the author.

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port of Ponce. The city of Ponce, which lies two miles back from the port, surrendered officially and unofficially on four separate occasions. It was possessed of the surrender habit in a most aggravated form. Indeed, for anyone in uniform it was most unsafe to enter the town at any time unless he came prepared to accept its unconditional surrender. In the official account sent to Washington by Captain Higginson of the Massachusetts, the city of Ponce and the port surrendered to Commander Davis of the Dixie, so General Miles reports—so history, as it is written, will report. But, as a matter of fact, the town first surrendered to Ensign Curtin of the Wasp, then to three officers who strayed into it by mistake, then to Commander Davis, and finally to General Miles.

Ensign Curtin of the Wasp.

Ensign Curtin is a grandson of the war governor of Pennsylvania. He is about the youngest-looking boy in the navy, and he is short of stature, but in his methods he is Napoleonic. He landed, with a letter, for the military commander, which demanded the surrender of the port and city, and he wore his side-arms, and an expression in which there was no trace of pity. The Captain of the Port informed him that the military commander was at Ponce, but that he might be persuaded to surrender if the American naval officer would condescend to drive up to Ponce, and make his demands in person. The American officer fairly shook and quivered with indignation. "Zounds," and "Gadzooks," and "Damme, sir," would have utterly failed to express his astonishment. Had it come to this, then, that an ensign, holding the President's commission, and representing such a ship of terror as the Wasp, was to go to a mere colonel, commanding a district of 60,000 inhabitants?

"How long will it take that military commander to get down here if he hurries?" demanded Ensign Curtin. The trembling Captain of the Port, the terrified foreign consuls and the custom-house officials thought that a swift-moving cab might bring him to the port in a half hour.

"Have you a telephone about the place?" asked the Napoleonic Curtin. They had.

"Then call him up and tell him that if he doesn't come down here in a hack in thirty minutes and surrender, I shall bombard Ponce!"

This was the Ensign's ultimatum. He turned his back on the terrified inhabitants and returned to his gig. Four hacks started on a mad race for Ponce and the central office of the telephone rang with hurry-calls.

On his way out to the ship, Ensign Curtin met Commander Davis on his way to the shore. Commander Davis looked at his watch. "I shall extend his time another half hour," said Commander Davis. Ensign Curtin saluted sternly, making no criticism upon this weak generosity on the part of his superior officer, but he could afford to be magnanimous. He, at least, had upheld the honor of the navy, and he will go down in the history of the war as the middy who demanded and obtained a surrender by telephone.

General Miles landed in the morning after Curtin had taken the place, and Mr. Curtin came ashore in the same boat with us. We asked him if he had already landed and he replied modestly that he had, but he spared the commanding general's feelings by making no reference to his own part in the surrender. In the boat with General Miles were the two head-quarter flags of the commanding general of the army, four officers of his personal staff, Curtin and four regulars. One of these regulars spoke three languages, and as a soldier of the Foreign Legion of France had carried the first French flag to the shore of Tonquin. Although this was not known until later, one of the head-

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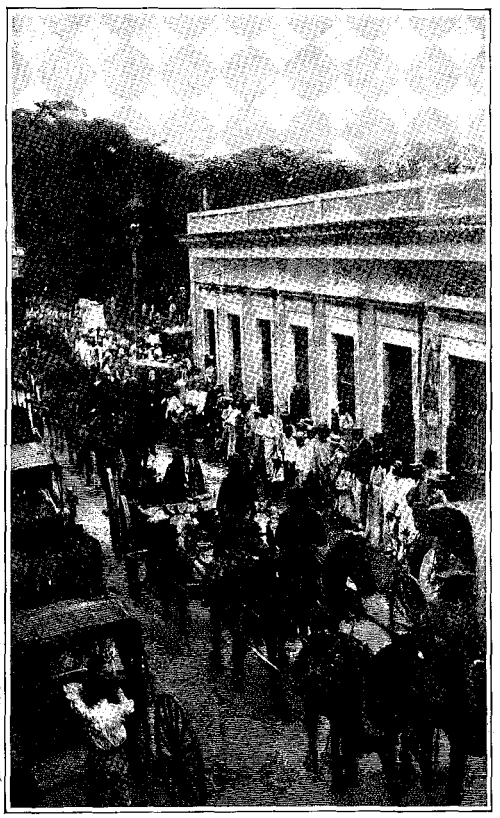
quarters flags of the United States army was handed to him to carry to the shore of Porto Rico. When one remembers that there are 25,000 regulars in our army to whom it might have been given, it was a curious coincidence that that particular honor should have fallen to that particular man. He was in no way unappreciative of the honor. He stood up in the bow and waved the heavy silk flag from one side to the other until the boat rocked, and at the sight the several thousand people who were waiting for General Miles on the wharves and housetops and swamping the small boats in the wake of his gig shouted "Vivas" and shrieked and cheered. Suddenly the Franco-American soldier held up the flag as high as he could place it, and in most excellent and eloquent Spanish called upon the people of Porto Rico to welcome the commanding general of the United States. There was a momentary hush of surprise that an American soldier should show such knowledge of their own tongue, and then a wilder burst of "vivas," and another pause to hear if there was more to follow. There was much more to follow. From the bow of our boat our self-elected orator assured them that the coming of General Miles brought them liberty, fraternity, peace, happiness, and wealth. He promised them no taxes, freedom of speech, thought and conscience, "three acres and a cow," plurality of wives, "one man, one vote," and to every citizen a political office and a pension for life. Before the gig had touched the landing-steps the United States Government, in the person of that soldier, was pledged to give Porto Rico everything in its power and beyond its power to grant. So General Miles landed in triumph. After that speech it is small wonder that Americans were popular in Porto Rico.



United States Artillery Entering Ponce.
Photographed by the author.

Later in the day, General Miles and General Wilson, in full dress uniform and beautiful white gloves, received the homage of Ponce from the balcony of the Alcalde's palace. They made a very fine appearance, but as no men go unshaven in Porto Rico except priests, the populace were greatly disturbed to find that it was General Miles and not General Wilson who was the commanding general of our army. "He should have been an archbishop," they said, but later he convinced them that the mustache does not make the soldier. Nothing could have been more enthusiastic or more successful than their open-air reception. The fire companies paraded in their honor, and ran over three of their own men, which gave the local Red Cross people a grand chance to appear on the scene, each man wearing four red crosses, to carry away the wounded. This created some confusion as the firemen preferred to walk, but the Red Cross people were adamant and bore them off on stretchers whether they would or no. The only thing wanting to complete the picture was an American flag. It was only a detail, but the populace seemed to miss it. It was about the only article with

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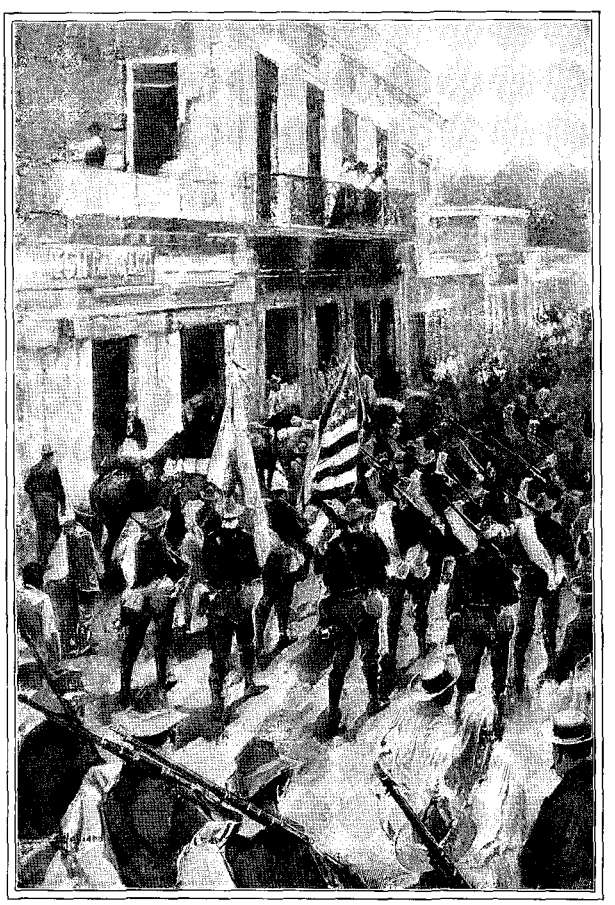
which the expedition was not supplied. Frantic cabling to Washington repaired the loss, and within a week, flags were sent out all over the island and raised upon the roofs of many a city hall. Ponce itself held more foreign flags than we had ever seen. Judging from their number one would have thought that the population was composed entirely of English, Germans, French, and Swiss and members of the Red Cross Society. It was explained later that the Spanish residents had been assured that the American soldiers would loot their houses, and so for their better protection they had invited all their friends who were subjects of foreign powers to come and spend a few days, and bring their flags with them. On one very handsome house belonging to a very rabid Spaniard, who apparently had a surfeit of spare bedrooms, there were as many flags as there are powers forming the European concert. He was taking no chances.

The first week of the American occupation of Ponce, when new conditions arose every hour, was full of curious interest. There were financial questions to be answered, as to the rate of exchange and the collection of taxes and customs dues; questions of local law as opposed to martial law. There were Spanish volunteers swearing allegiance to the United States, and Porto Ricans to be sworn in as judges and registrars. The American post-office opened for business, telephone wires which had been cut for strategic reasons were repaired for the public service, the railroad was set in motion at the point of the bayonet, and signs reading "English spoken here" were hung outside of every second shop. In the bandstand in the Plaza, where for many years



Troops Entering Ponce.

Drawn from a photograph taken by the author.

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the Spanish military band had played every Sunday and Thursday, the provost-guards slept and cooked, and banged on a hoarse rheumatic piano. "Rosy O'Grady" and "The Banks of the Wabash" superseded "The March of Isabella" of the three nights previous, and an American company reopened the opera-house with a variety performance; a newspaper called *La Nueva Era* was issued in twenty-four hours, printed half in Spanish and half in English; and twenty miles out, at Coamo, where two roads met, an energetic volunteer who combined enterprise with patriotism nailed up a sign with a hand pointing north and reading:

GO TO JAMES GETTS FOR CLOTHING,
WARRINGTON, WIS.

Colonel Biddle, of General Wilson's Staff, Interrogating a Spanish Prisoner. Other prisoners under guard in the background.

Drawn from a photograph taken by the author.

The people of Ponce were certainly the most friendly souls in the world. Nothing could surpass their enthusiasm or shake their loyalty. If a drunken soldier, of whom there were surprisingly few, entered the shop or home of a Porto Rican, the owner could not be persuaded to make a charge against him. The natives gave our men freely of everything, and the richer and better class of Porto Ricans opened a Red Cross hospital at their own expense and contributed money, medicines, cots, and doctors for our sick soldiers. They also placed two American Red Cross nurses in charge and allowed them absolute authority.

Peace came too soon to allow the different generals who were making the ways straight to show all that they could do and how well they could do it. In view of this fact it was almost a pity that peace did come so soon. For with the bungling at Santiago and the scandal and shame after the war of the treatment of our sick soldiers on the transports and in the fever camps, the successes which would have followed the advance of the different expeditions across Porto Rico would have been a grateful relief. The generals, with the exception of General Schwan, were handicapped, to a degree, by the fact that their commands were, for the greater part, composed of volunteers; but the personality of the generals, each in his different way, made this count for little, and they obtained as good service out of the men as the work there was to do demanded. It was not in the field alone, where they were on their native heath, that these generals distinguished themselves; but in governing and establishing order in the towns which they capt-

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ured, where their duties were both peculiar and foreign to their experience, they showed to the greatest advantage They went about the task of setting up the new empire of the United States as though our army had always been employed in seizing islands, and raising the flag over captured cities. They played the conquerors with tact, with power, and like gentlemen. They recognized the rights of others and they forced others to recognize their rights. Wherever it was possible to do so, General Miles propitiated the people by employing local labor. Within an hour after the firing had ceased at Juanica, he was renting ox-carts and oxen from the native ranch-owners and buying cattle outright. At Ponce he employed hundreds of local stevedores who had been out of work for many days. He set them to unloading the transports and coaling the war-ships, and when he learned that the boss stevedores were holding back part of the men's pay he corrected the abuse at once, and saw that each man received what was due him. General Wilson in his turn, as military governor of the city and district of Ponce, was confronted with many strange conditions. He had to invent oaths of allegiance, to tranquillize the foreign consuls, to protect rich Spaniards from too enthusiastic Porto Ricans, to adopt a new seal for the city, and a new rate of exchange; to appoint new officers in the courts, to set free political prisoners, and to arrest and lock up political offenders against the new régime.

Arrest of a Spanish Spy in Ponce. The man is holding his hands across his forehead in sign of surrender.

Drawn from a photograph taken by the author.

But the work was not confined to the cities, and soon each of the generals had changed the magistrate's chair for the saddle. It was a beautiful military proposition as General Miles laid it down. Four columns were to traverse the island from four different directions, and drive all the enemy outside of San Juan back into that city, so leaving none but friends on the flanks and in the rear. By taking all the towns en route and picking up every Spaniard it met on the way, the army would surround San Juan with the island already won. Then with the navy in the harbor and the army camped about the city, San Juan would, as a matter of common sense, surrender.

Peace interfered with the completion of this plan, but its inception and start was most brilliant and successful. General Wilson was sent down the centre along the military road with directions to follow it straight on to the capital. On the right end of the rush-line, General Brooke and General Hains were to swing around to take Guayana and strike the military road back of Cayey and Aibonito just as Wil-

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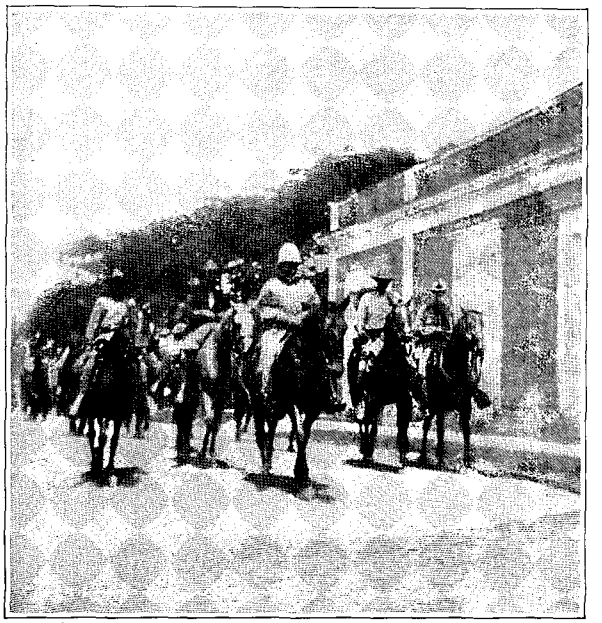

General Wilson Entering Coamo.
Photographed by the author.

son closed up on these towns from the south. General Roy Stone, with a mixed command of Porto Ricans, United States volunteers and regulars, was sent to Adjuntas to reconnoitre and clear the way. General Guy Henry was sent out to follow the same route and to take the city of Arecibo in the north. On the extreme left, General Schwan, with a splendid command composed entirely of regulars, was given a sort of roving commission to fight anything he saw, and then to take Mayaguez and beat up toward Arecibo to join Henry. As soon as those columns were on the way, General Miles was to follow wherever his advice and presence would be of the most value.

The generals lost no time in getting to work. Juana Dias was, in theatrical parlance, a one-night stand, and it surrendered without a fight to General Wilson, but the taking of Coamo, the next city on his list, was one of the prettiest skirmishes of the campaign. One regiment, the Sixteenth Pennsylvania, was sent by night to the rear of the town over a steep mountain trail which would have broken the hearts of any less enthusiastic soldiers; and on the following morning the rest of the command, horse, foot, and artillery, acted as "beaters" for it, and swept the Spaniards back into the waiting arms of the Pennsylvanians. The retreating enemy found the volunteers perched serenely upon the hills which overhung their only road of escape to San Juan. After a short fight, in which the Spaniards lost their commanding officers, who behaved with most exceptional and reckless bravery, and with seven killed and ten wounded, they surrendered to the number of one hundred and fifty. The casualties of the Pennsylvanians were ten wounded. General Hains, in the mean-

Third Wisconsin Entering Coamo.
Drawn from a photograph taken by the author.

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Third Wisconsin Volunteers Passing Spanish Rifle-pit Thrown Up Across the Street in Coamo.
Drawn from a photograph taken by the author.

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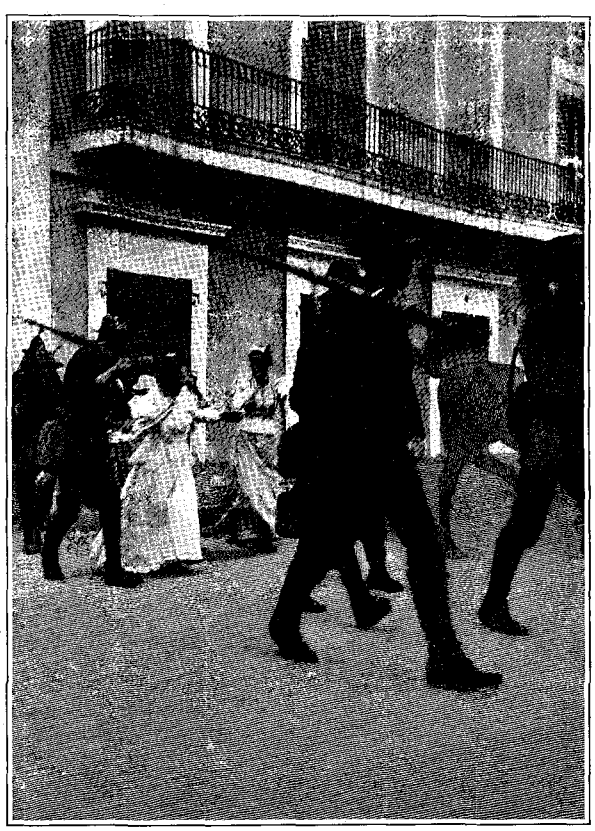
while, had taken Guayama from four hundred Spaniards at the cost of one officer and four men wounded, all of the Fourth Ohio. On the 13th, General Schwan's regulars found the Spaniards intrenched in force at Las Marias and drove them back and out of Mayaguez, a city of 30,000 inhabitants. In this fight, two privates were killed and fourteen enlisted men and Lieutenant Byron were wounded. The Spanish loss was thirty in killed and wounded, and the Lieutenant-Colonel, with fifty privates, was taken prisoner. General Stone engaged the enemy in a night skirmish beyond Adjuntas and drove the Spaniards back, carrying their killed and wounded with them. There was no loss among his own men.

In the meanwhile, General Wilson had advanced toward Aibonito and found the Spaniards strongly intrenched with artillery and quick-firing guns upon the high hills which protect that city. An effort to dislodge the enemy was attempted on the day before peace was declared. It was made by the artillery, under Major Lancaster. It advanced to within two thousand yards of the enemy's intrenchments, and unlimbered in a field to the left of the road under a terrific fire of shrapnel, common shell, and Mauser bullets. The Spaniards fortunately fired too high to touch the artillery, but did much damage to our infantry on the bluffs above. As a spectacle, it was one of the most exciting fights of the war. Not only could the artillerymen see each other's guns plainly without the aid of a glass, but they could see the men who served them as well, and they answered shell with shell and with the speed of a ball volleyed across a tennis net. It was in this fight that a shrapnel shell struck the road within ten inches of the foot of the British naval attaché, Captain



The Women of Coamo Receiving the American Soldiers.

Photographed by the author.

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Paget, and lifted five Wisconsin volunteers off their feet and knocked them down. For a moment Paget was lost to view in a cloud of dust and smoke, from which no one expected to see him reappear alive, but he strode out of it untouched, remarking, in a tone of extreme annoyance, "There was a shell in the Soudan once did exactly that same thing to me." His tone seemed to suggest that there was a limit to any man's patience. A few minutes later, a solitary tree beneath which he was sitting was struck by another shell which killed two and wounded three men. Major Woodbury, the surgeon-in-chief of the command, who was under fire for the first time, assisted the men to the ambulances, while the Mauser bullets cut many holes in the air above him; he behaved as cheerily and coolly as any man I ever saw in a fight. Paget, who had been in a dozen campaigns, took it all as a matter of course, and assisted one of the wounded men out of the range of the bullets from the side of a steep and high hill. The sight did more to popularize the Anglo-American alliance with the soldiers than could the weightiest argument of ambassadors or statesmen.

Just as this fight ended, Lieutenant Hains, whose gun occupied the most exposed position in a turn of the road and the one farthest in advance, was shot through the body by a bullet. It half turned him, and he staggered into the arms of his sergeant, who caught him around the waist and helped him to the ambulance. One night on the transport, after we had shared a very bad dinner, he had recklessly promised to give me a good one "when we take San Juan," and I had reminded him of this promise frequently. When I came up to him after he was shot, he raised his eyes and said, faintly, "I am afraid I can't give you that dinner at San Juan." I naturally pretended that I thought he was not badly hurt, and said we would put off the dinner until we met in New York.

"Very well," Hains said, closing his eyes. "If it's just as convenient to you, we'll wait until we get to New York." A man who can joke about his dinner engagements when a bullet has just passed through him from his shoulder to his hip is a good man to keep in the army, and fortunately for the army Hains lived.

A day after the fight at Aibonito, Peace laid her detaining hand on the shoulder of each general, and the operations closed for thirty days. Peace came differently to different men. One major of volunteers who had already established his nerve on polo-fields and as a most reckless rider, without a moment's hesitation, threw his hat high in the air and cried, "Thank God! Now I won't get killed." On the other hand, the artillerymen of Battery B of Pennsylvania, when they heard peace had come, swore and hooted and groaned. They were behind a gun pointed at the enemy, who was intrenched to the left of Guayama. The shell was in the chamber, the gunner had aimed the piece and had run backward, but before it spoke, Lieutenant MacLaughlin, of the Signal Corps, galloped upon the scene shrieking, "Cease firing, peace has been declared!" Whereat the men swore.

Peace came with Porto Rico occupied by our troops and with the Porto Ricans blessing our flags, which must never leave the island. It is a beautiful island, smiling with plenty and content. It will bring us nothing but what is for good, and it came to us willingly with open arms. But had it been otherwise, it would have come to us in any event. The course of empire to-day takes its way in all points of the compass—not only to the West. If it moves as smoothly, as honorably, and as victoriously always as it did in Porto Rico, our army need ask for no higher measure of success.

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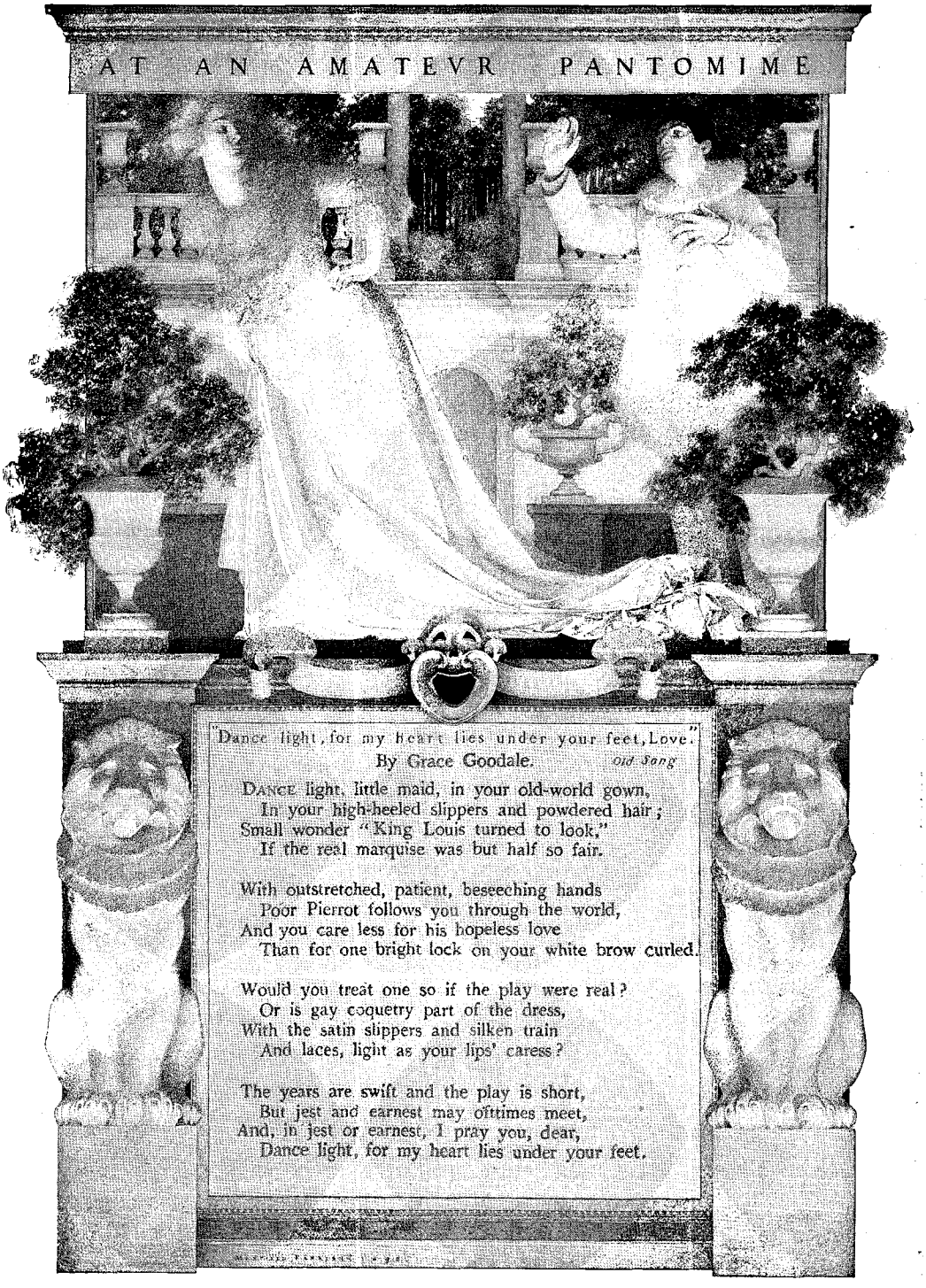

"Dance light, for my heart lies under your feet, Love."

By Grace Goodale. *Old Song*

DANCE light, little maid, in your old-world gown,
In your high-heeled slippers and powdered hair;
Small wonder "King Louis turned to look,"
If the real marquise was but half so fair.

With outstretched, patient, beseeching hands
Poor Pierrot follows you through the world,
And you care less for his hopeless love
Than for one bright lock on your white brow curled.

Would you treat one so if the play were real?
Or is gay coquetry part of the dress,
With the satin slippers and silken train
And laces, light as your lips' caress?

The years are swift and the play is short,
But jest and earnest may ofttimes meet,
And, in jest or earnest, I pray you, dear,
Dance light, for my heart lies under your feet.

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THE NAVY IN THE WAR

BY CAPTAIN F. E. CHADWICK

Commanding Flagship New York, and Chief of Staff to Admiral Sampson

I

IN January, 1898, the larger ships of the North Atlantic Squadron, composed then of but fourteen ships, the New York (flag), Iowa, Texas, Massachusetts, Indiana, Brooklyn, Maine, Terror, Marblehead, Montgomery, Nashville, Detroit, Fern, and Vesuvius, were ordered into the Gulf of Florida, which they were to use until April 1st as an exercising ground, and then return to Hampton Roads. The smaller ships named above were already South, actively engaged in suppressing filibustering, in which, despite Spanish unbelief, we spent effectively a great deal of time, energy, and money. The squadron had been held back for two winters in Northern waters on account of the susceptibilities of the Spanish Government, and it finally sailed for Tortugas Harbor, which was to be our head-quarters, with no idea of anything happening beyond the ordinary routine of naval service.

On the night of February 15th a torpedo-boat brought the startling news of the destruction of the Maine. We at once moved to Key West, and there for six weeks the New York, Iowa, and Indiana laid outside the reef, seven miles from the port and practically at sea, awaiting events. The Texas and Massachusetts had been ordered to Hampton Roads to join the newly formed Flying Squadron. The ships already there were reinforced by the concentration of the remainder of the squadron, and when, on April 21st, at 5.30 P.M., the telegraphic button was touched in Washington, the ships began to move at midnight and by the next evening the blockade of Havana had begun.

In the meantime, owing to the ill-health of Admiral Sicard, we had changed chiefs, Captain Sampson being appointed to the command. The selection was wisely made, as no one has more fully the confidence and affection of the service. The appointment came to him unsought and absolutely unexpectedly, and the most modest, least self-seeking, and the most single-minded of men, he could not quite comprehend the falling to himself of this great responsibility, which was, at the same time, as it turned out, so great a good fortune to the country.

The situation for the Navy, as it was necessarily to develop, was as follows: The blockade of a coast line nearly 2,000 miles in length (greater in reality than the line blockaded during our civil war, when we had over six hundred ships in commission); the occupation of a base upon the Cuban coast, the reduction of the more important points on the island, and finally and most important, the finding and destruction of the Spanish naval force. The taking of Havana meant, of course, the taking of Cuba, so that the first thought of the Admiral was its capture. The order of battle by which the batteries were to be assaulted, at close range, was prepared and in the hands of the captains; but the Government's objection to risking our heavy ships to such an extent against fortifications, in the face of the fact that we should probably have to meet, sooner or later, a force of excellent new ships, which may be calculated to have been about three-fourths that of our own at sea, prevented this being carried out. There is no doubt that it was correct in its decision from one point of view—*i.e.*, it was the perfectly safe one; but casting back, I think no one conversant with events would say that the easy silencing of these batteries was not a certainty, and with their silencing the city, situated as it is, was at our mercy. But combined with the need of preserving our ships to meet the enemy's ships was the fact that we had no land force to hold Havana; that, in the meantime, the city would probably

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have been subject to pillage and to great destruction of property by the large Spanish force which it would have been impossible to control properly with the comparatively small number of men who could have been landed from the fleet.

A broad view of the strategic phase at once brought into prominence the island of Porto Rico, with the port of San Juan, a thousand miles eastward of Havana, the natural base for Spanish naval operations. A large quantity of coal was stored there, and from this point, if from anywhere, raids on our own coast were to be anticipated.

When it was found that Havana was not to be assaulted (of which determination, of course, we were informed before the actual breaking out of hostilities), it was a strong question whether a powerful division of the fleet, consisting of the New York, Iowa, Indiana, Montgomery, and Detroit, should not be advanced to the eastward, to await the declaration of war, which appeared imminent, and upon receipt of this information at some halfway point, as Cape Haytien, at once seize San Juan, at that time very illy protected either by mines or batteries.

There never has been any doubt in my own mind of the advisability of so doing, and also of at once sending on to the Spanish coast three or four fast cruisers of large coal endurance for the purpose of occupying the Spanish mind at home.

The probability of hostilities had naturally awakened timidity along our own coasts, and the demand for naval defence was such as to hamper, seriously, the Navy department. This would have been spared by the action mentioned. The Flying Squadron, formed of the Brooklyn, Texas, Massachusetts, Minneapolis, and Columbia, powerful and efficient ships, was held in Hampton Roads as a protection to a point already covered by one of our largest forts, and a patrol fleet was formed to look after the onslaught of a raiding fleet from Spain, which proved purely phantasmal, and which, from the standpoint of our present knowledge, was almost an impossibility to our enemy.

The blockade was thus, on the morning of April 22d, begun, extending from Cardenas and round the westward part of the island to Cienfuegos on the south, a monotonous and harassing work of unceasing vigilance and hardship, with no events for some days, excepting the capture of numerous Spanish merchant steamers, the reduction of the food-supply of the western end of Cuba, and the occasional firings at newly formed batteries to prevent work, as at Matanzas, which were merely casual incidents magnified by a grandiloquent press into battles.

This was the first phase of the war. The second and vastly more important one began with the formation of a Spanish squadron, under Admiral Cervera, which took station at the Cape Verde Islands, and whose movements at once became of prime importance.

They sailed on April 29th, the squadron being made up of the second-class battle-ship Cristobal Colon, perhaps the finest of her class afloat, the three armored cruisers, Infanta Maria Teresa, Vizcaya, and Almirante Oquendo, and three torpedo-boat destroyers, Furor, Terror, and Pluton. Their natural destination was Havana, using San Juan as a stepping-stone. The extreme probability of this latter caused the Commander-in-Chief to move eastward May 4th with a portion of the fleet, consisting of the New York, Indiana, Iowa, the monitors Terror and Amphitrite, the cruisers Montgomery and Detroit, the torpedo-boat Porter, and a collier to the commanding position of the Windward Passage (between Cuba and Hayti), leaving Commodore Watson in command off Havana with the monitors Puritan and Miantonomoh as the main part of his means of defence against Cervera, should he escape the Commander-in-Chief. Cape Haytien was used as a point of telegraphic communication, and it was decided, after communicating with the Department, to continue to San Juan with the hope of finding Admiral Cervera there. The squadron arrived off the port early in the morning of May 12th and at once began a warm bombardment of the fortifications, which was as warmly returned, and which lasted some two hours. It was evident that there would be no great difficulty in forcing a surrender, as the defences on the west were very slight and our ships could take up a position on that face and remain without any serious injury—but Cervera's squad-

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ron was not there; it was already two weeks out from the Cape Verdes; our squadron could move at very low speed on account of the monitors; we were 1,000 miles from Havana, which had to be covered; the Flying Squadron, so far as we knew, was still North; we had no land force with which to hold the place, and had no time to spare to await one if we were to look after Cervera—all these considerations made immediate movement westward imperative, and, with great regret at the necessity for leaving work undone, the squadron started the same evening for Havana.

Communicating at Porto Plata we found that Cervera had arrived at Curaçao, and that the Flying Squadron was on its way to Key West to assist in covering the approaches to Havana. Hurrying westward, and acting in accordance with orders of the Department, the Flying Squadron was sent off Cienfuegos, and the Admiral took charge off Havana, as we were convinced that the destination of the Spaniards was one of these ports. Information arrived the day after the departure of the Flying Squadron that Cervera had entered Santiago the same day the Flying Squadron had left Key West, May 19th.

The Admiral, collecting all ships which could be spared from the blockade of Havana, took position in Nicholas Channel, covering the approach from the eastward, and ordered the Flying Squadron, which had now been incorporated with his command, at once to Santiago with orders to blockade the port. Commodore Schley started east, but, telegraphing the Navy Department, after arriving in the vicinity of Santiago, that he proposed returning with his squadron to Key West for coal, the Commander-in-Chief, at the earliest moment, left the northern squadron on May 30th with the Oregon, Mayflower, and Porter for Santiago, sending a dispatch that the Spanish squadron must be blockaded in Santiago at all hazards. Just before leaving Key West, to which the flagship had gone to communicate with the Department, a dispatch was received from Commodore Schley showing that he had finally arrived off Santiago.

The Oregon had but just arrived from her long and brilliant journey from the Pacific, had coaled, and had joined the squadron in Nicholas Channel; on being signalled, asking if she could keep up a speed of thirteen knots, she answered fourteen if necessary, and the small squadron started at the former speed for Santiago. On arrival early in the morning of June 1st, the division, under Commodore Schley, was found blockading the port. On passing the entrance we observed the Cristobal Colon and one of the Vizcaya class near the harbor entrance, but at 10.30 A.M. they shifted their moorings farther in and out of sight. A bombardment had taken place the day before in which these ships had taken part.

There was then a month of close blockade with several attacks upon the batteries, the occupancy of the Bay of Guantánamo, thirty-eight miles east of Santiago, as a naval base, the arrival, June 20th, of an army corps of 16,000 men, the investment of Santiago from the land side on the east and north, the sortie of Admiral Cervera on July 3d, the complete destruction of his ships, several bombardments of the city of Santiago from the sea with eight-inch shell at a distance of over four miles, and the surrender on July 16th of the city and the eastern district of the province of Santiago. Immediately following was the invasion of Porto Rico, which offered no resistance at the ports which were seized. The south side of this island was completely in our possession when, on August 12th, was issued the President's proclamation of a suspension of hostilities.

The following is a list of the ships which we had on hand at the breaking out of the war and held in readiness at Key West for service in Cuban waters:

New York	Nashville	Newport
Iowa	Cincinnati	Puritan
Indiana	Helena	Machias
Terror	Castine	Dolphin
Montgomery	Wilmington	Amphitrite
Marblehead	Detroit	Mayflower

Torpedo-Boats.

Porter	Dupont	Foote	Winslow

This was increased by the addition of revenue vessels, converted yachts, light-house tenders and tugs carrying usually batteries made up of three and six-pounder guns, Maxim Nordenfeldt one-pounder

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rapid-fire and Gatlings—some few were provided with four and five-inch guns.

North there were in the Flying Squadron the armored ships Brooklyn, Texas, Massachusetts, Minneapolis, and Columbia; the large transatlantic liners New York, Paris, St. Louis, and St. Paul, which were taken over, first used as scouts and then gradually armed, and a number of fast merchant vessels, such as the Yorktown and El Sol, which were transformed into cruisers, with excellent batteries of rapid-fire five- and six-inch guns.

The following is a full list of all in commission July 1st, ninety-eight in all:

New York	Helena	Scorpion
Iowa	Nashville	St. Louis
Indiana	Castine	St. Paul
Massachusetts	Machias	Stranger
Oregon	Annapolis	Siren
Brooklyn	Vicksburg	Sylvia
Columbia	Marietta	Viking
Minneapolis	Newport	Vixen
Texas	Princeton	Wasp
Puritan	Vesuvius	Yale
Newark	Fern	Yankee
San Francisco	Bancroft	Yankton
Miantonomoh	Aileen	Yosemite
Amphitrite	Badger	East Boston
Terror	Dixie	Gov. Russell
New Orleans	Eagle	Leyden
Albany	Frolic	Samoset
Cincinnati	Gloucester	Apache
Mayflower	Harvard	Massasoit
Detroit	Hawk	Nezinscot
Montgomery	Hist	Osceola
Marblehead	Hornet	Pascataqua
Topeka	Oneida	Sioux
Dolphin	Peoria	Tecumseh
Wilmington	Prairie	Wompatuck
Algonquin	McLane	Armeria
Calumet	Morrill	Mangrove
Hamilton	Windom	Maple
Hudson	Woodbury	Suwanee
	Manning	

Torpedo-Boat Flotilla.

Porter	Dupont	Winslow	Foote	Rodgers
Somers	Ericsson	Cushing	Gwin	Talbot

The first development of importance was the great inadequacy of the monitor type to the service attempted. These ships had no quality whatever in their favor under such conditions; their coal-supply was very limited, their speed was low (as it must always be in such a type), they were hells of suffering to their crews, which bore their discomforts most heroically, and above all their rapid period of oscillation made them such poor gun platforms, that accurate shooting from them, unless the water was perfectly smooth, was impossible. I have no hesitancy in saying that our experience condemned them unqualifiedly for general service; it is a type for smooth harbor use only. The good estimate of the large armored cruiser and battle-ship, on the other hand, became quickly accentuated, ships of the New York and Brooklyn type, with their heavy gun-fire, high speed, great radius of action, and very fair armor-protection, have shown themselves to be a primal necessity of a well-organized naval force. The New York, for instance, could easily keep the sea a month without coaling; could spring at any time to thirteen or fourteen knots, and, in a short time, to seventeen or eighteen; was equal to meeting, on fair terms, anything short of a heavily armored battle-ship, and developed altogether a general utility, which speaks in strongest terms for her type. The battle-ships are misplaced on an ordinary blockade such as that off Havana, but had to be so used, owing to our paucity of material. It was using a sledge hammer to crack a nut—but their value shone, with brightest lustre, at once when the blockade of the enemy's fleet in Santiago was established. Though ships of the New York class were quite the equal of the Vizcaya and, under the conditions of her partial disarmament, of the Cristobal Colon (she did not have her two ten-inch turret guns), the battle-ships were those which enabled the search-light to illuminate the harbor entrance so that, as Admiral Cervera himself said, it made it impossible for him to leave at night.

Immediately upon his arrival, Admiral Sampson had sunk the Merrimac with a view of so closing the harbor that Cervera's squadron might be thereafter a negligable quantity, and our forces, with the exception of a small watch upon the harbor, be at liberty to be employed elsewhere. So, shut up in a place of no military importance, they would have been as if they were not, and a sure prey later. But the Merrimac failed to sink where designed, and it was at once determined to injure the batteries so that a battle-ship might lie in close and make it impossible, by the steady use of her search-lights, for anyone to come out unknown to us, or without being subject to a powerful attack. This scheme was carried out thoroughly; the battle-ships took two-

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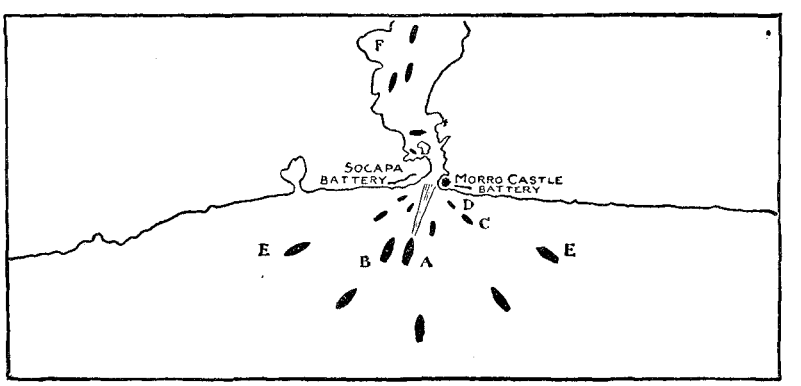
hour turns of service, beginning at dusk, when they moved into such a range that the search-light would be thoroughly effective. They were thus frequently within a mile of the batteries, and every detail of the narrow cañon, with cliffs two hundred feet high, forming the harbor entrance (the channel being but three hundred and fifty feet wide) was made visible as in the day. It was a bold thing to do, but it was in keeping with the whole habit of mind of our Commander-in-Chief, whose idea constantly expressed in speech and act was to be in close touch with the enemy. He had, in a very forcible degree, the great Nelsonian characteristic of wanting to get at the foe. Inside the lighting ship were three picket-vessels of the small auxiliaries, and still farther in, three steam-launches, carrying each a one-pounder in the bows, with an armed crew eked out by an addition of four marines. These were thus close under the cliffs of the entrance and were frequently subjected to musketry fire. The outer line was finally drawn in to a distance in which each ship was at night but two miles from the Morro, so that the squadron for night work was thus disposed.



A, Battle-ship with search-light.
B, Supporting battle-ship ready to open fire in case of appearance of enemy.
C, Three small cruisers as pickets.
D, Three steam-launch pickets.
E, Blockade outer line.
F, Spanish ships.

The immense relief in general from anxiety, as to torpedo attack, resulting from this arrangement, must be felt to be appreciated; the anxious strain of watchfulness, incessant as it had been off Havana, and for the first few nights off Santiago, at once gave place to a feeling that if such attack were attempted, we should at least be forewarned. The severity of work fell upon the battle-ships, and though their captains no longer had the torpedo-boat to fear as a surprise, there was the imminent danger of fire at close range from the batteries which looked down on them. The ships themselves were regarded as "immune" from serious injury by anything mounted ashore, and were, for this reason so used, but their upper works would have severely suffered, and in these their crews were largely stowed at night, the weather being too warm to keep them below. Anxiety for their men told heavily and made the work a very trying one; but during the whole period of nearly a month not a shot was fired by the enemy at any one of the ships while on this duty; why is as yet unknown. We, surely, had the case been reversed, would not have been so forbearing. The long and brilliant beam of light shone through the entrance and over the intervening hills as far as Santiago, six land-miles distant, and the whole procedure can only be properly described in the remark of the British Naval Attaché, who, on looking at it from the deck of the New York, exclaimed, "What a d——d impertinence!" The reader, I hope, will forgive the slight intemperance of his language, but a strong adjective was not out of place.

The watch described was varied frequently at night by the coughing up (for so it sounded) of a gun-cotton projectile from the Vesuvius, the explosion of which at times shook the earth for a radius of miles. I remember one of her earlier

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efforts, when lying asleep on the transom of the chart-house forward (my usual night resting-place), I awoke conscious of a heavy jar to the whole ship's structure which must have been transmitted from the point of the shell's impact, through the earth, and up through the three hundred fathoms of water, on the surface of which we were lying. I knew at once what it was, and went on to the bridge to observe the other two which were sure to follow sooner or later, as she was prepared to fire three in rapid succession.

There is no question of the terrifying effect of these shells upon an enemy; so long as they were expected the men at the batteries remained away from their guns and under cover, and there is also no question of their great destructiveness. They ploughed great pits in the earth, and had they fallen fairly in a battery, must have put the guns *hors de combat* for a time, at least.

The method of blockade at Santiago is that which could have served only in such a place. Nowhere else than in Cuba are found harbors of such a character, and here they are not infrequent; Mariel, Bahia Honda, Cienfuegos, Nuevitas, Banes, Nipe, and several others being similar. Havana is of like formation, but differs in that the city is built on one side of the entrance, and thus fully exposed from the sea; the others are deep pouches with a narrow neck, in some cases so narrow and tortuous that though the water is deep it is very difficult of entrance to a ship of more than moderate length.

The action of July 3d, resulting in the destruction of Admiral Cervera's squadron, while showing the value of Napoleon's maxim of heavy battalions, and the still greater value of accurate gun-fire (without which the heavy battalions would not amount to much), showed, beyond any question, the necessity of making ships practically incombustible. We had long before, in the New York, in preparation for battle, cut away and thrown overboard tons of our highly finished oak bulkheads. The Spaniards could probably have stood our gun-fire longer, but it was impossible to withstand the ship's burning under them. Nothing was more amazing than the rapidity of this outburst of flame; the Vizcaya, for instance, when she turned shoreward, showed a few jets of smoke in her after-structure; by the time she had covered the mile and a half to two miles which had separated her from the land, she was all afire aft, and a great column of flame was leaping upward near her main-mast. It was a grand but melancholy sight to see these splendid ships (two of which I had seen so lately received in Havana with such pardonable pride, where, for two weeks, we were side by side in the little Mangrove) powerless on the reef, a towering mass of smoke and flame, their crews gathered forward awaiting the destruction, which seemed so imminent, from the frequent explosions of ammunition. When we had passed miles beyond, a deep thunderous sound, and a lofty column of smoke, hundreds of feet high, told to us, looking back, the explosion of the Vizcaya's magazine, and still farther east was a like cloud from the Oquendo. The action of the men of the rescuing parties, under the circumstances, was fine and noble beyond any praise which I can give.

It is reported that one of the earliest shells fired, cut the fire-main of the Maria Teresa, and they could do nothing to prevent the spread of the fire. This illustrates also the necessity of the mains being below the protective deck, with facilities below for cutting off any connection which may be cut above. We had made many preparations to this end in our own ships which were, in some cases, equally defective with the Spanish.

Armor played but a small part; the ten-inch water-line belts of the Vizcaya class were not struck by any heavy shell, and the Colon was struck but five times by anything, her surrender being due to inability to keep up the effort to escape and the fact that she had no chance against the overpowering force of four heavy ships in pursuit. Her captain states that she was not struck after leaving the vicinity of the harbor. When the thirteen-inch shell of the Oregon, fired from a range of 9,000 yards (somewhat over five land miles), began to fall near, she at once saw the hopelessness of her case.

The eleven-inch guns in the turrets of the Vizcaya class were *en barbette*, that is, they looked over the turret and not through a port in the turret. They had

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an overhead protection of a spherical two-and-three-quarter-inch shield covering the entire turret. This, in the Oquendo, had been pierced by an eight-inch shell at the edge of the opening for the gun, which had burst inside and had killed every one in the turret. When boarded the second day after the action, all were found at their posts, a petty officer in the attitude of aiming. This occurrence illustrates what was strongly borne in upon us, viz., that no armor should be used which is not sufficient to protect. Light protection sufficient to burst a shell is far worse than none; in the case mentioned, the shell, if the curved shield had not been there to burst it, by the resistance offered sufficient to cause the fuze to act, might have passed over harmlessly. A six-inch had passed through a shield of a five-and-a-half-inch broadside gun of the Maria Teresa, and bursting must have killed the entire gun's crew. Of course, such shields as mentioned will protect from ordinary shell fragments; but the larger fragments of a moderate-sized shell have enormous cutting power, the anchor-chain of the Iowa, for example, the links of which are of iron two and a-half inches in diameter, being cleanly cut in two by a fragment of a five-and-a-half-inch shell which burst on her berth-deck.

The summation of our experience seems to show that unless protected by armor which will really protect, safety lies in occupying a post as near the enemy as possible and as exposed as possible. Thus the men in the tops and on the bridge were less liable to suffer than those below on the decks, as the actual projectile would probably have to hit them, whereas those below were subjected to the fragments of the shell which burst on meeting the first obstacle, and these fragments seemed numberless. The quantity of scars left by a single shell was amazing. Following this principle, the crews should keep close in to the engaged side, one man only may be injured there as against many on the farther side within the field of dispersion, and this field means everywhere to the right and left.

The above, of course, does not mean that no armor shall be employed but the heaviest, but it does favor the use of armor sufficiently thick to keep out all lighter shell, and the entire discontinuance of inch or two-inch protection.

The quick destruction of the Spanish squadron was largely due to the frequent bombardments in which our ships had been engaged. These had sometimes been long continued, and had been, to the crews, a most effective fire discipline. Our men had thus become accustomed to being frequently under fire, and had also the experience, which cannot be overvalued, of frequently handling their guns against the enemy. They soon grew out of reckless expenditure of ammunition and settled down to deliberate and careful handling of the guns. San Juan and the frequent engagements off Santiago thus more than repaid us; when the Spanish ships appeared our men went through what may be called an every-day experience against an enemy which had scarcely fired a shot for months. It was in this that the quick winning of the battle lay. Our fellows had lived with their guns, sleeping alongside them at night, there being always a sufficient watch to fire and load, and one who was lookout through the port, peering into the outside darkness for the possible enemy. The phrase "outside" darkness may however be misleading, as there was no offsetting inside light, the ship was darkened so that not a light should show, the absolutely necessary lights, as at the compass, etc., being screened so that but a mere peep hole was allowed the men at the wheel. It is extraordinary how invisible a ship may thus be made even on a fine night, and if seen at all, all sense of size is usually lost; the largest may be taken for a torpedo-boat—but *no* light must be shown; the faintest glimmer will reveal. Our torpedo-boats frequently picked up our ships while blockading and we were new to the work, by the accidental display of a light used by the midshipman of the watch for some necessary duty.

Which brings the question of the utility of such boats. They played a very small part during the war from the point of view of actual offence, though commanded, at least on our side, by able, most active and most zealous officers, who were more than ready to do. We began with six, all of which went on to the blockade with us, and did duty of all sorts. This was a mistake from a material point of view; they

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are too fragile for the rough tossing of the Gulf Stream off Havana, and for the constant running to which they are unavoidably subjected if within call. They require careful nursing if they are to be of any value when needed. Four were finally brought off Santiago, with the final result of complete breakdown and uselessness, notwithstanding the care and overhauling received at Guantánamo, where they were in quiet and unmolested waters.

But there is no question of their being an admirable source of anxiety to an enemy. They carry with them, or with their name, the powerful element of unlimited possibilities, and whatever their actual shortcomings they must always act at least as an admirable anti-soporific. In saying all this, I do not mean to decry the great value of torpedo-boats. It only so happened that on our side at least, circumstances were against them.

Our boats were too few in number to be used in an assault upon the ships in Santiago Harbor, under the circumstances of protection which had been elaborated by the enemy, a principal one of which was a heavy boom of logs across the narrow throat of the channel, protected also on each side by numbers of rapid-fire guns, and by musketry at close range. They would have been destroyed, beyond any reasonable doubt, without ever getting beyond this boom, but they were, no doubt, an element in preventing a night sortie, in the interval preceding our illumination of the channel.

The Vesuvius, previously untried, has within her the germ of great possibilities. The present range of her guns is limited, being now but about a mile and a half, but within this limit she is very effective. Her true point of use would have been off Havana had we attacked the place, as a large part of the town and harbor would have been subject to her shells. I must confess myself a believer in the system for such purposes where extreme accuracy is not a necessity. The action of her high-angle fire brings up the consideration of mortar fire to which we were subjected off Santiago. But one ship, the Indiana, was struck by such fire, and she by an eight-inch shell which went through one deck before exploding and then perforated another deck. The destruction was great, but not greater than that produced by a shell fired in the ordinary manner, and the experience goes far to do away with the preconceived ideas of the effect of mortar fire. It can only have the effect of great destruction assigned it (and upon which supposition we have extensively designed a good deal of our coast defence) by the use of a very much delayed action fuse, enabling the shell to go very deeply into the ship before explosion. In any case the shell must be a large one to be effective in this way.

There was, however, an example of high-angle fire which was most effective, and which influenced greatly in the early surrender of Santiago. This was the bombardment of the city from the sea with eight-inch shells, and the threat to use thirteen-inch. The eight-inch were, however, perfectly effective. They were fired from close in shore, over the intervening hills, some two hundred feet high, at a range of from 8,000 to 8,500 yards (about four and a half to five land miles), and fell with great accuracy, as many as sixteen falling in one street in a space of two squares' length. A number of houses were totally destroyed and many more injured. Three of the battle-ships had been placed in position preparatory to firing thirteen-inch shell, when the surrender was agreed upon. Though the effect of firing such heavy shell would have been very interesting from the technical stand-point, their destructiveness would have been such that we can only congratulate ourselves that it was not necessary to proceed to such extremity. These mighty masses, eleven hundred pounds in weight and with a bursting charge of seventy pounds of powder, would have destroyed the town. General Linares bears marked testimony to the efficiency of our fire in his telegram of the 12th of July to the Spanish Government, stating that surrender was inevitable, one of the causes mentioned being the "cannonading . . . by sea from the squadron, which has perfect ranges and bombards the city by sections with mathematical precision."

Of course one of the first elements of a fleet's efficiency is a motive-power which shall be kept in good order, and if I were to name any one thing more potent than another in preserving serviceability, it would be sufficient fresh-water for the boil-

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ers; nearly every ship was deficient in ability to make sufficient for her needs in this regard; the consequence was that with the constant use of salt-water the scale deposited so thickly upon the crown sheets of the corrugated furnaces, that the metal softened, and the top of the furnace collapsed from its cylindrical form and made it dangerous to carry proper pressures. Some of our most effective ships suffered in this way, to their immense loss in efficiency. The cause was largely obviated by an order requiring a pipe to be run from one of the boilers to the main condenser; a large distilling apparatus was thus devised which furnished an ample supply. A ship with several boilers could easily afford to use one for this purpose, and although the boiler would need to be scaled from time to time, it was always ready when steam was on it to join up with the other boilers in case of need, and there was thus no loss in effectiveness. The value of speed can hardly be overrated, and speed primarily depends on good boilers; unless these are in condition, the ship is practically a "lame duck," a constant worry, care, and anxiety to all concerned. Had all the squadron which went east in May to San Juan been able to steam thirteen knots, much shorter work would have been made of the Spanish fleet; our want of mobility was not only a soul-wearing torment, but it prevented any attempt at keeping rapid touch with our enemy. The experience was one which brought home vividly the necessity of ability to keep a high-sustained speed, which means high power, which means also thoroughly efficient and (in other words) well-looked-after machinery, which, again, means facilities for instant repair. This last element appeared upon the scene somewhat late, but none the less welcome.

The Vulcan arrived in Guantánamo Bay well equipped both with mechanics and tools, and did most valuable service. Previously, ships had had to go to Norfolk and New York for much that she was able to do. Our only other resource near Cuba was the machine shop at Key West, which, in the earlier days of the war, was not able to meet all demands. The only criticism I would make in regard to the Vulcan is that she was not large enough. It would have been better to have had a considerably larger ship.

No one can understand the value of such an adjunct who has not had to look round for ships to go on duty; the long list of waiters for repairs or overhauling was sometimes heart-breaking; a full third of such a force as ours had at all times to be counted off as unavailable for such reasons, and others.

The armored ships (except the monitors, which were always ailing), as a rule, kept up nobly; they are in themselves large machine-shops, and the flag-ship, in particular, I think I may say, took a motherly interest in healing the wounds of the small fry which naturally had to come to her to report their needs. The machine-shop was going night and day, while on the north blockade, in meeting such requirements as fell within the ship's capabilities.

But, after all, the greatest questions were coal and ammunition, and these were well met; the supply was admirably kept up; the work of the Bureau of Ordnance was throughout amazingly well done; where all did so well it is no derogation to others to so speak, as the work of this Bureau was of a more difficult character than that of any other. Coaling at sea we found more or less a failure; it resulted in starting plates and opening seams in the colliers, and, in a general way, was not satisfactory, though we managed it when necessary. It finally came down to the use of two great bases, Key West and Guantánamo, the latter, occupied on June 10th, being a place which seemed made for our purposes. In the words of the Spanish Commander reporting to his Commander-in-Chief in Santiago, in a captured letter, "the American Squadron in possession of the outer bay has taken it as if for a harbor of rest, they having anchored as if in one of their own ports." Its occupancy was one of the pieces of good fortune which went far to aid in the destruction of the Spanish fleet and the fall of Santiago. I do not believe in the need of many fixed coaling stations; the mobile collier is the best resource, much the cheapest and much the most satisfactory from many points of view.

The hospital service of the fleet was well maintained; the Solace, flying the Red Cross, was admirably fitted and conducted and met all our wants. But it must be said that these wants were not great. Our im-

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munity from the enemy's shot was one of the marvels of warfare; plenty fell about us, especially at San Juan and in the action of July 3d, on both which occasions the ships were at times in a hail of projectiles, but in each instance we escaped but with only one man killed and a small number wounded. We had the same immunity from sickness, our average number being but about two and a half per cent. of our force, with nothing serious. The Marine Battalion of six hundred men was kept ashore in almost perfect health, showing what can be done when conditions are properly met. There is nothing during the war more to the Navy's credit than the excellent manner in which health was preserved. It must, of course, be said that we had had long experience in such climates, and knew what we were facing, but all the same the results are an honor to the service. The health of his ship's company is, of course, at all times one of the naval commander's principal thoughts, and he regards a high sick-list as a discredit to the ship and himself. He thus has the life-long and habitual thoughtfulness for his men, found perhaps nowhere else to the same degree, the good results of which were so markedly shown in the present instance. Our medical staff deserves high praise for its watchfulness and general good work in every detail of its profession.

The fresh-food supply was also well kept up, though somewhat deficient in some of the simpler wants of the sailor-man, among whose primal needs are unlimited potatoes and onions; but if anything was wanting anywhere, in any department, the want was not made known by murmurs. In the whole period I heard no note of discontent; everything bore the impress of cheerfulness and wholesome zeal; all small disgruntlements were swallowed up in the great desire of the men to do their duty to the utmost, and they seemed to have no other thought. I think there could have been no higher spirit than that which seemed to extend everywhere among the hundred ships, great and small, of this great fleet.

And why did the Spanish fail so markedly?

Having seen something of Spain, I have my theories, and they are as follows: We are accustomed to look upon the Spaniard as a European. He is not one; he is largely a Moor in blood, and much more in character. The Moor did not possess his country for eight hundred years and leave it as if he had not been there. It is from him the Spaniard of to-day gets his religious fanaticism, his fatalism, much of his architecture and music, his pride and ceremonious manner, his social characteristics (appearing chiefly in his treatment of women), his tribal instincts and want of administrative capacity, which have made it impossible for the various petty kingdoms of Spain ever to really unite under one stable government; his want of capability of preparation, and finally his bloodthirstiness, which last, unhappily, cannot be denied.

The Spaniard has never really faced a civilized foe, excepting in guerilla warfare (in the Napoleonic period), since the wars he waged in the Netherlands. He has had no preparation for war on a great scale. He bought and built fine ships, officered them by gallant men, the officers of the Spanish navy having been at all periods of their best blood; but there was throughout their service the want of system, the want of drill, the general want of preparation which one would look for in the Turk or Moor, but not in the European. Looking over the log-book of the Cristobal Colon, extending from June 14, 1897, to July 3, 1898, there is no mention of target practice by the larger ships. How could they hope to compete with men who lived, so to speak, these months with lock-string in hand and whose eyes were constantly looking over the gun-sights at the enemy? When the time came, how could there be a question as to result, and I think there was none in the mind of any man in our fleet; there was a confidence born of preparation which went in itself far toward victory.

One extraordinary trait may be mentioned which is inexplicable. It was first brought to my mind by General Calixto Garcia. The fine old soldier and ideal specimen of an old warrior had but just arrived from the interior, and had come on board the flag-ship for a consultation with our Commander-in-Chief. He had had a preliminary jaunt of some seventeen miles in a very lively yacht, the Vixen,

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and when he came aboard he was very seasick. He remained lying down during his stay. The Admiral made a remark regarding the probability of a Spanish attack at a certain point. The old man raised himself upon his elbow and said, with great earnestness: "The Spaniards *never* attack; they *never* attack." And this, in a general way, seems to be true. They resist and will resist nobly, but they do not seem to have in them the capacity of initiative. Cervera's sortie may seem a denial of this, but it is not so; his effort was to escape, not to make an assault upon our fleet; what firing he did was simply incidental to his endeavor to get away, and was in the nature of defence and not attack.

I may say as an ending to this paper, and as an interesting bit of the history with which it deals, that the fact last mentioned is known from various conversations with the surviving officers of the Spanish squadron giving their reasons for their tactics on the momentous morning of July 3d. They knew the only two ships of our squadron off the port reckoned their equals in speed were the New York and Brooklyn—the one at the eastern, the other at the western end of the blockading line. They desired to make either Cienfuegos or Havana, and thus preferred going westward.* It was thought that they could run by and leave behind the heavy and supposably slower battle-ships, and easily overcome with their superior force the only fast ship they had to meet in that direction. They did not reckon upon the immediate closing-in of the battle-ships and the murderous effect of our first fire, which practically decided the battle before they had left the immediate vicinity of the port, and left open no question of running by except in the case of the Cristobal Colon, which, by keeping well in shore, started westward practically uninjured. The splendidly sustained speed of the Oregon, wholly unsuspected by the Spaniards, brought the Colon within range of her thirteen-inch guns, which were the only guns of any of the ships in chase which reached, and which the Oregon, much the nearest ship, began to fire on finding her eight-inch fall short. Six thirteen-inch shells were fired with a range beginning at 8,500 yards, rising to 9,500, and falling finally to 8,900 (five land miles), at which distance the shell fell near the Colon's stern, whereupon she hauled down her flag and turned inshore.

* Cienfuegos is about three hundred miles to the west of Santiago; it is, roughly, six hundred to Havana by Cape Maysi and eight hundred by Cape San Antonio, but the fact of a strong division of our fleet being at Guantánamo, thirty-eight miles to the east, had its weight as to the course to be taken for Havana. The shoal waters within the belt of keys west of Cape Cruz were also in view as a refuge.

THE LARGER JOY

If Spring return, and not to thee come back
Joy, and fresh savour of remembered things,
If not thy heart within thy bosom sings
With every pilgrim of the skyey track
Home-bound once more, on swift, exultant wings,
And every flower new gilding earth's dull black,
If all abundance prove thy proper lack,
All gold, thy gloom, all faith, thy falterings,—
Alarum then! O then art thou betrayed;
Look to thy birthright! it is no base fee
To cease with Youth, or with thy single good;
Thou hast thy part in Nature's plenitude,
And all delight is thine, if thou wilt see
Thy portion merged in hers, nor be afraid.

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THE GREAT SECRETARY-OF-STATE INTERVIEW

By Jesse Lynch Williams

THIS was the first important assignment they had given him since he had become a newspaper man.

The *Star* was the name of the paper, a bright afternoon paper that printed very few pictures and a great deal of news. The name of the new reporter was Rufus Carrington, and most of the time they seemed to forget his existence and made him sit idle in the middle of the busy room, getting in people's way, just as they do with all cubs, letting them soak in the atmosphere of the place. This seemed all wrong to Rufus, who thought that a newspaper man, of all men in the busy city, ought to be the busiest.

He had supposed that reporters went out upon the street and prowled about blindly on the lookout for news, like policemen after arrests, and he had wondered what part of the town he would have to patrol, and whether to wear his reporter's badge on the breast of the waistcoat or at the bottom, like a college-club pin. But he soon found that each reporter was sent for a particular piece of news, the existence of which was determined in some mysterious way by the City Editor, who had his fingers on the pulse of the strenuous metropolis and scowled most of the time.

The few assignments he got were, for the most part, minor obituaries—"obits" they were called—or to run down stories which the news-bureaus sent in (on typewritten tissue-paper, called "flimsy") to see if they were correct; and no one said anything about badges, which he had discovered were seldom worn, except at fires. Of late they had taken to sending him to the Weather Bureau occasionally to find out what kind of a day it was going to be, or to a police court to look out for picturesque cases, which a cub doesn't always recognize when he sees; and of those he does cover he may forget to find out the age, address, initials, or occupation of someone in the story, or the name or precinct of the policeman, or the place or time of the occurrence, or the time or place of the arrest: if so, "Run, get back and get your facts!" growled the City Editor. And the chances were good that not a line of it would be printed in the paper after all.

Reporting was a very different job from "journalism," as he had pictured it from a romantic distance. He did not breathe a word concerning his high ideals about the Power of the Press, and his worthy ambition to cleanse it he had postponed indefinitely. His present ambition was to keep from being sworn at by the City Editor, who sometimes made him feel that he had missed his calling. It is at this stage that most of them (who go into newspaper work, calling it journalism) quit and try something else, and shudder ever afterward at the mention of reporting.

Rufus did not quit, because, if you care to know it, he intended to become a great writer some day, and he believed that this was the way to go about it. He thought a little disagreeableness for a couple of years would not hurt him; and it would be very pleasant afterward to read that "From the year so-and-so till the year so-and-so the author engaged in newspaper work; then, with the appearance of his first book . . ."

This was a responsible assignment, and he meant to do well with it. It was right that he should, because they were thinking of dropping him at the end of the week, along with a couple of other cubs who were not catching on rapidly enough. The only reason they had sent him up to get the interview was that a good part of the staff, which was small, was up across the Harlem this afternoon on the big railroad catastrophe, and the rest of the good reporters were down the bay on a grounded-steamer story, and the regular political writers were off on more important interviews.

At least they thought they were going

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to be more important. The interview with the Secretary of State turned out to be the story of the day, the biggest story of many days, in some respects; but this would not have been the case if young Carrington had not been sent to cover it.

"He probably won't say much," Van Cise, the City Editor, had said, "but watch him if he gets to talking about the Convention. You understand? That's the story to-day, of course."

"Of course," said Carrington, the cub, putting on his hat excitedly. He did not understand at all. He was not interested in conventions and seldom read the political columns. All he understood was that they were sending him to interview the Secretary of State of these United States; and it felt good. So he hurried down the stairs with his brows knit like the older reporters starting out on their big stories.

He felt considerably awed when he arrived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel and was led into the small parlor where the other reporters were waiting, because here he found himself face to face with some of the best-known newspaper men on Park Row, and a number of prominent correspondents for out-of-town papers. A couple of them smiled as though they thought he was pretty young to cover the story. Rufus took a seat all alone in the corner by the door and tried not to appear conscious, and when they stopped looking at him he looked at them. Donaldson had once been a foreign correspondent. The man beside him sometimes wrote editorials. They were all older than he was. Some of them had beards, some wives, and some political aspirations. At that point the Secretary of State entered.

He was smiling his public-occasion smile, looking scholarly in a frock-coat which fitted better than most public men's frock-coats, and he was followed by his stenographer, who seemed tired and had an offensive blond beard, and was to take down every word said from the moment the Secretary of State took his seat until he left the room.

The important one said, "How do you do, gentlemen?" very cordially, and began shaking hands with them all; with Carrington, too, who did not know whether or not to say he was glad to meet him.

The Secretary of State told his stenographer to call a waiter, and the waiter to take the gentlemen's orders. Rufus thought it odd for the Secretary of State of these United States to set up the drinks, but the older men did not seem to mind it. They gave their orders and forgot to say thank you. Then the interview began.

Rufus did not know the interview was beginning; because reading an interview and making one are so different. He thought they were just talking and would begin to formally interview, in long, grave questions with participles in them, as soon as they had finished their drinks, carefully writing down what was said in note-books (which most reporters do not carry), by shorthand (which few reporters understand). One of the men, the ancient-looking reporter from *The Post*, merely inquired in a casual and personal tone, as though to fill up a pause, although he expected to print the answer and the Secretary knew it, "What brings you to New York to-day, sir?"

"Oh, merely personal business; just a flying trip. I expect to go back to-night."

Then some one edged up toward what they all wanted to know, by asking if the Secretary thought the Convention now assembled in the Western State would nominate Holliday for Governor. They had an idea, and it was correct, that this Convention and his sudden trip to New York had something to do with each other. That was why they had besieged the hotel until he capitulated and sent out word that he would be pleased to meet the reporters all together at this hour. Only, the Secretary called them "Representatives of the Press."

The scholarly looking Secretary smiled pleasantly and said he would not venture an opinion as to that, and then (though nobody just knew how the transition was made) he began talking copiously about party affairs in New York, and the possibility of reconciling the two factions—something that would make very interesting copy if said next fall, but hardly worth a paragraph to-day.

But Rufus made two observations. First, that when the question about Holliday was asked, one of the reporters, who was about to finish his drink, held his glass poised until the answer came. And he noticed that the scholarly looking Secre-

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tary seemed to be less the scholar now and more the shrewd-eyed but smiling politician. Somehow Rufus was rather sorry about that.

But he could not keep up with the rapid current of the talk at all. He did not know which was the current and which were the eddies. All the others seemed to know, and some of them began to jot down occasional notes on copy-paper or on the margins of their newspapers while he looked at them and wondered what they wrote, and wished he knew something about politics. The others knew a great deal about politics. Most of them could tell all the initials and ambitions of all the minor politicians in the State, and of all the big politicians in every State. They understood the national significance of this State Convention.

The Secretary understood a good deal about reporters. He knew that among those to whom he was giving audience there were two or three of the best interviewers in the country, and they knew he knew this. So the merry game of lead-up and dodge-away again had been carried on for nearly twenty minutes, and the Secretary of State seemed to have the merriest time of them all. He was smiling serenely. Baffling interviewers was one of his recreations.

Donaldson was sharpening his lead-pencil. "What is the cause," he said boldly, "of the administration's antagonism toward Holliday?" He went on whittling his pencil.

General Holliday had chin-whiskers and was the best type of Western statesman. Wolf, the machine man, was no type of statesman; he was a politician. Everyone knew, including the Secretary of State, that Holliday was a better man than Wolf. What decent reason could the administration give for being opposed to the better man? And if the Secretary of State said there was no opposition, he knew, none better, what might be the result. But he had reasons for not wanting to express a preference for either wing of the party. Whatever was said would, in half an hour, be flashed into every big newspaper-office in the country and, what was of more consequence, into the Convention Hall of the Western city. If he refused to answer that, too, would be news, and news that he did not care to have disseminated. It required some thinking to reply, but the reply came without any of the delay that has been made here: "I am not aware that any antagonism has been manifested toward General Holliday on the part of the administration."

It came out very easily apparently, and it was an answer that could be published without embarrassment to the administration. There had been no manifestation of antagonism; that was true.

A momentary lull followed. The reporters were not stopping to admire the Secretary's skilful answer, but they were so anxious to follow it up before he changed the subject that everyone waited for everyone else to do it.

Young Carrington had carefully put down the question and answer, although he did not appreciate the significance of either. He was sitting next to the Secretary of State, and he was the only one who had not said a word. He wanted to show that he was not so green as they thought he was. His heart began to thump, but he stopped chewing his pencil and said to the big man, in a brave voice, "What I would like to know sir, is, will Holliday have the support of the administration if he is nominated? Will he?"

That was what they all wanted to know. But it came out so naïvely, as if the idea had just occurred to him (and so it had), that some of them burst out laughing. The Secretary laughed a little, too, and, turning kindly toward the boy, who had dropped his eyes, said, with a queer, ironical smile, in an amused tone, "He would have the heartiest support the administration *could* give." Then turned and smiled around at the rest of the room as much as to say, "You know what I mean by that," and the others thought they did know what he meant by that and smiled at his ironical evasion, and smiled, too, at the ignorance of the cub. But they were too hot upon the scent of news to delay the interview long and were soon busy asking other questions.

Meanwhile, the cub reporter, wondering why they laughed, sucked in his lower lip and wrote: "He would have the heartiest support the administration could give," but without the queer smile which he had not

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seen and without the subtle emphasis which he had not appreciated.

"How did you make out?" snapped Van Cise, as Carrington came into the room.

It was getting on toward time to go to press with the last edition, and the City Editor was in a hurry to get things cleared up.

Rufus returned jocularly, "Oh, he's the same old fox." He had heard one of the other reporters say that on the way out of the hotel. "Just as we were beginning to get at what we wanted, he jumped up, said he had an engagement and left the room with his stenographer."

The City Editor bent over some proofs again. "Write two sticks—but wait; didn't he say *any*thing about Holliday and the Convention?"

"Hardly anything. Said Holliday would have the backing of the administration, but——"

The City Editor's head popped up. "That Holliday would have *what?* Say that again." He looked sharply at the boy.

"Why, he merely said that if Holliday was nominated the administration would back him."

"Are you sure about that? Are you sure he said the administration would support Holliday?"

"If nominated," returned Carrington.

"That's news," said Van Cise, getting excited internally; "sit down and write all you've got." He glanced at the clock and then began talking very rapidly. "Write as fast as you can. Begin your story 'The administration has come out at the eleventh hour in favor of Holliday. The Secretary of State in an interview this afternoon said, that if Holliday were nominated he would have the heartiest support the administration could give'—quote his exact words. Add that this statement is a great surprise to everybody. Point out the probable effect on the Convention when this news gets there. Then go back and tell of the time of his arrival in town, write the interview chronologically, lead up to this statement again, and—oh, here comes Hopper. Good! See here, Hopper, you take this story with Carrington. Rewrite it and fill in. He doesn't know anything about politics. Never mind your other story. This is more important."

Hopper bristled up with interest. He reached for some copy-paper. The cub mopped his brow. He gasped to himself, "At the hotel they said the story was no good!"

"Come on now," said Hopper. Carrington began a sentence, scratched it out, began it over again. "Hurry," said Hopper, "there's not much time."

The City Editor had rushed into the private office, and now Reed, the managing editor, ran out exclaiming, joyously, "Flat-footed for the General!" and tore down to the end of the room. They were making the forms ready. He began shouting new orders. This was to be the story of the day. It was going in the first column. That involved a new make-up of the first page. The office-boys were asking each other what was the big news that had just come in. The copy-readers knew all about it already. Carrington, the cub, was writing faster than he ever wrote before. Hopper was grabbing his sheets almost before he reached the bottom of them, running his pencil through some words, filling in others, calling "copy" to the boys who carried the sheets to the compositors, who were making the type-setting machines hum. Carrington was now writing on page 5. Page 3 was already in type. "I suppose," he whispered to himself, "they were bluffing at the hotel. Just like me to get fooled."

A few minutes later there was a sudden burst of cheers in the Convention Hall of the Western city. Upon a bulletin-board had been written a message sent by Reed, the managing editor, to the *Evening Star's* correspondent.

For three minutes there was much cheering and throwing up of hats from the Holliday men all over the hall. The *Evening Star* was always popping out with exclusive news, and it was a clean, reliable paper.

It had come just in time. Other dispatches already arrived had reported "the administration continues its past policy of silence." And in a few minutes more the balloting might have begun and the machine would have rushed its man in.

Now several honest Holliday men tried to take the floor at once, and shouted, "Mr. Chairman." The chairman hammered with

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his gavel and shouted, "Order! order!" And there was no order, because the machine men were clamoring also. Finally someone beckoned to the band, which played vigorously and soon drowned out the turmoil. Then the voices stopped. Then the band stopped. Then the Holliday men popped up and tried to get the floor. Again the machine men rose to points of order and disorder.

Meanwhile, over in the press corner of the platform, the Convention's correspondents also were excited—for correspondents. "How in thunder did they get a beat on that?" one of the New Yorkers was asking. Another said, "You'd think he'd give a private interview to any other paper in town before *The Star*."

"But I can't understand," said the *Boston Advertiser* man, "why he gave this news privately to anyone. If the administration were coming out for Holliday, you'd think they'd tell everyone."

"Of course," said a Westerner, "they'd take pains to give it out as a public statement, wouldn't they?"

"If it were anyone but Reed," said one of the New Yorkers, "I would say it was clearly a fake to secure his own promised fat office through Holliday next fall."

"Reed wouldn't dare fake on a thing like that, even if he were that sort," said the *Baltimore Sun* man. "It would simply kill him, kill his political chances, and kill him as a newspaper man."

But the *Evening Star* correspondent wore a confident smile, and only said, "It's a beat on the whole country, and will nominate Holliday as soon as these Western jays regain their heads." But relaxing his confident smile, he turned around and swiftly wrote this dispatch to the home office, like a good newspaper man: "How about interview? all others say noncommittal. Did you have a private interview? I say so here. Better verify before you go to press."

But this did not get through to New York for many precious seconds.

When the dispatch came in, Reed, the Managing Editor, was leaning against the make-up stone, fanning himself and feeling relaxed, excited, but joyous. The older members of the staff, who knew him well enough, were half-jokingly congratulating him on his prospective office. If Holliday received the nomination to-day, as the better element of the party all over the country had been praying, his election in the fall was practically certain. And it took only this added straw for Reed to get the consulship he wanted from Washington. The younger men looked on and grinned, and wished they dared congratulate him. He was a managing editor who was liked as well as feared.

"I'd feel better, though," they heard him say, "if we could hear from the Convention. I've tried three times to get them on the long-distance 'phone; but the Convention wire is still busy. They ought to get to balloting pretty soon."

"Who got this story?" asked another reporter, just down from Harlem. "Carrington," answered someone. Carrington, pretending not to hear, was leaning back in his chair with his feet on the table, very much as the older men sit after writing their big stories. Others had written The Story of other days, but few of them had ever felt the Managing Editor lean over them while writing, and say, "Good work, my boy!" and pat them on the back. It was at this point that Van Cise, the City Editor, looking excited, came running down the room toward Carrington. Close behind him came Mr. Reed with a scared look on his face, a telegram in his hand. "Mr. Carrington," the latter began, "did you ask him that question alone? Did you?"

Carrington looked up puzzled. The Managing Editor's voice was more nervous than he had ever heard it before.

Van Cise interrupted vigorously: "Quick! did you? The Secretary of State—Damn it, say something!"

Young Carrington was wondering what there was to be excited about. "Alone? Oh, why—yes, sir; I asked that question all by myself." He smiled up good-naturedly.

"Good!" exclaimed the City Editor, slapping the desk. "Why didn't you say so before? Then, Mr. Reed, it must be a beat, sir."

But Reed, looking closely at Carrington, only said, "This is all pat, then? Read that." His tone was gentle, as though talking to a scared child. "Quick; this is important." Carrington saw his

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hand tremble as he held out the telegram.

The cub reporter took his feet down from the table. "Why—why, no, sir," he said, getting up, "I didn't have any private interview."

Reed simply stared at him, but Van Cise exclaimed, "What! you just now said——"

"No, I said I asked that question by myself—on my own hook, that is. Why, the others were all right there. I thought——"

"All right there!" exclaimed Van Cise. Reed dropped his hand to his side, and began to blink and smile weakly.

"Good Lord!" groaned Hopper. The rest of the room were gathering round the group, and looked from Reed to Carrington. Van Cise shouted at the cub, two feet away from him: "Young man, see here, did you or did you not quote the Secretary of State correctly? This means a good deal to us."

"Well, look at my notes." He held them up for everybody, looking round for sympathy; but there was none.

"Oh, damn your notes! Did you, or did you not, quote him correctly?"

"Why, I thought you——"

"Never mind what you thought."

"Well, all I can say is——"

"Did you, or did you not, quote him correctly?" thundered Van Cise.

"Well, all I can say—" returned Carrington, his voice breaking in the middle, "is that I sat right next to him and wrote exactly what he said to me, word for word, and if the other papers missed it, that's not my funeral. And you can't get me to acknowledge anything else, no matter what you say."

This was just what Reed, and Van Cise, and all the staff wanted to hear, although they did not look it. Reed was still smiling limply.

"If it isn't so, I'll resign," added the cub, in a lower tone.

"We know that," said Van Cise, and one man laughed.

"Wait a minute, Van," said Reed, in a dreadful whisper, "it may come out all right. Now, Carrington"—everyone was listening intently—"did the other reporters hear you ask that question; were they paying attention?"

The cub reporter waited while the clock ticked three times. "Why, come to think of it, they were laughing at something just then; but I was not paying much attention to them. That was not what I was sent there——"

"Boys," said Reed, gently, "it may come out all right." The rest of the room looked at each other. "Now, Mr. Carrington, you run up to the hotel and get your interview confirmed. Here's the proof. Ask whether it's right or wrong. Hopper, you go with him; run." Then, turning to the Make-up Editor, "Stop the presses until we hear from them." This showed how badly rattled was the calm-looking Managing Editor. The Make-up Editor looked at him and said, "They are running now, sir; we're out on the street already." The newsboys' voices could be heard through the open windows.

"Here's the flimsy's story," said a copy-reader, ripping open an envelope which a boy had just brought in. "Late, of course."

"What does it say?" asked Reed. The copy-reader shook his head. "It does not back us up," he said, handing it to Reed, who skimmed over the typewritten words, rumpled up the tissue paper and dropped it on the floor. "If this had only come just five minutes ago," he moaned. "Van Cise," he added, very gravely, "if our story is not confirmed——"

"Why, we've lost our beat," said the City Editor, "and your office."

"Some of us will lose a great deal more than that," said Mr. Reed, sinking into a chair. He meant his reputation as an honest man.

Up at the Polo Grounds the New Yorks had tied the Baltimores in the ninth inning. Down in the Street, Chicago Gas had closed three points higher than it was before luncheon. Over in the criminal part of the Supreme Court the jury had come in at last and said solemnly, "Murder in the first degree." But along the Row the *Evening Star* had quietly appeared with a big beat in its last edition, and all the other afternoon papers were sad and excited about it. But none of them was half so sad at being beaten as the *Star* was at beating them. And of

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the *Star* staff no one felt worse than the young author of the beat. Unless it was Reed.

A long half-hour had passed. Every newspaper along the Row had sent men up to the hotel to get the Secretary of State to affirm or deny the *Star's* beat. Holliday might be nominated at any moment. So might Wolf. Telegrams were flying back and forth. The Secretary of State had received a bushel.

Although the last edition of the *Star* was out long ago, no one in the office had gone home, not even the women.

"Any word from Hopper yet?" asked Reed. He had stopped making jagged marks on copy-paper now and was pacing up and down the room instead.

"No," replied Van Cise, ringing off and leaving the telephone closet open behind him. "They haven't been able to get anywhere near the old man."

"Well, why not?"

"Sends out word that he gave one interview to-day with the express understanding that he would be left alone the rest of the time."

"What's he doing?"

"Still closeted with Judge Devery and Colonel Hancock."

"Well, can't they get him to say *something* about our interview? He has surely seen it by this time."

"Hopper says they've tried to bribe the Secretary's stenographer; tried sending American District Telegraph boys with sealed messages; tried every scheme they can think of. The place is full of reporters. The morning papers are taking it up too, now——"

"Yes," said Reed, his foolish smile reappearing, "and they'll make a big story of it if our news proves to be wrong."

"Hopper says most of them think that we had an exclusive interview some time to-day and sent Carrington up for the general interview as a blind. It was just like the kid to let us in for this."

"What does the kid say?"

"Still sticks to it, Hopper says, and keeps showing him his ragged-edge notes."

"Say, come here, Van," said Reed.

A boy had just come in bearing copies of an extra edition of the *Evening Earth*. In the first column, corresponding to the position of Carrington's beat, was a headline made up of the single word "CANARD," and the gist of the story beneath it was that the *Star* was a liar, and that the *Earth* could prove it. Everyone gathered around the several copies.

Van Cise whistled. "They must have hustled this through in a hurry," he said.

"Say, there's an editorial inside," the Telegraph Editor remarked.

"Shut up!" said Van Cise. Then to Reed, "Never mind looking at that now, please."

Reed, who had turned his back to them, said, "Oh, I've seen it," and turned around. "There's no mistaking what they want people to think of me. It's quite explicit." He was wondering how many people had read it. A good many had. Carrington up at the Fifth Avenue had read it. Hopper had made him read it twice.

One of the copy-readers whispered, "It looks like a private tip from head-quarters, they wouldn't dare risk a libel suit by such accusations against Reed, if they didn't have a denial from the Secretary of State himself."

"Nonsense," said Van Cise. "There hasn't been time since we came out."

"No, but someone at the Convention may have got him on the long-distance wire half an hour ago and then have rung up the *Earth* and given them the tip exclusively."

The telephone bell whirred and Van Cise ran into the box before the boy could reach it, and a moment later his loud voice came echoing out: "For Heaven's sake, Reed, come here—there, you take this one; I'll switch on by the other one."

"Hello," called Reed, "Yes, hello, hello, Hopper—(keep out, central)—go on, Hopper.—You say he is going to give—oh, *has* given another interview; well, quick, what did he say?—gathered all the reporters in his room, eh? well—Well—yes—had the interview read? Oh, I understand, from stenographer's notes. Well, what? what's that last? No, before that—oh,—yes—yes—no, really?—what!—Good Heavens! go on—(Say, Van Cise, do you hear that?)"

Van Cise, five feet away, in the other telephone box, answered by way of several miles of wire, "Yes, yes, yes (go on, Hopper)."

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Hopper went on : " Well, first, you understand, Young, the stenographer, got down to the question, '*What is the cause of the administration's antagonism toward Holliday?*' and the answer was '*I'm not aware that any antagonism has been manifested toward General Hol'*— Hello ? Hello there ? Can you hear ? "

" Yes, shut up, go on."

—" '*toward General Holliday on the part of the administration.*' Then several of the fellows who were there at the first interview nodded their heads and said, 'There ! what did I tell you ? That's the cause of the young fellow's misunderstanding.' But up jumps that *Earth* man, Munson—you know Munson—and shouts, 'Misunderstanding ? Hell ! it was misrepresentation, malicious misrepresentation, the worst trick ever perpetrated in Park Row '—something of that sort, and was starting out to telephone down to the *Earth* about it. But just then the boy here jumps up, 'Hold up there, Munson —wait a minute, you fellows (his voice got awfully shrill), the next question, sir ! Have him read the next qnestion—the very next question.' The Secretary of State waves his hand for silence and smiles a little. He had a piece of paper in his hand all the time, but I didn't know what it was then. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'that seems reasonable ; let us finish the interview. Young will read the next question, and, gentlemen, we are all likely to make mistakes ; but my stenographer was never known to ; I agree to stand by——' "

" Go on ! go on ! " Reed interrupted. " Give us the facts."

" Well, Young cleared his throat, and everybody quieted down. 'Question,' he reads, '*What I would like to know, sir, is, Will Holliday have the support of the administration if he is nominated? Will he?* Answer : '*He would have the heartiest support the administration could give*——"

"What ! " cried Van Cise. Then from Reed, "Ah, say that over again, Hopper."

Hopper repeated it and then continued " Well, then, the boy jumps up, and shouts, 'There, there, there ! What did I tell you ! *Now*, will you stop jumping on me, Hopper ! ' How about it, eh ? Well, you ought to seen that sick-looking crowd. They hadn't anything to say. They only looked at the kid and then at each other, while Carrington and I put on our hats to go, grinning back at them. The Secretary of State was guying them, too, on the folly of being too certain. What ? "

" Say," interrupted Reed, " didn't either of you get the Convention on the long-distance telephone?" The Managing Editor's instincts were coming back.

" No, but——"

" Well, why——"

" Wait a minute. Then the Secretary waves the piece of paper in his hand, and says, 'One moment, gentlemen, before you go, allow me to read you this message just received from the Convention. Then he read, '*Holliday, 175 ; Wolf,' 132.* I bid you all good afternoon,' he said, and bowed us out. So you see that the old fox had been holding off confirming or denying our interview until——"

" Hopper," interrupted Reed, " report at once to the office ; we'll get out a special edition on this—Begin your copy on the way down in the train—A good detailed story about the interview, and how it was confirmed and all that. We'll write the politics of it down here. The Convention end is coming in over the wire now. Make your best time—and say, bring Carrington along with you ; we want to see him. Good-by." And they both rang off.

In Hopper's story he referred interestingly to what *The Earth* had published (which, by the way, meant a big job for some lawyers next month), quoted all the Secretary's words, dramatically described the reading of the stenographer's notes and had a lot of fun with the old reporters, who let a mere boy flick a big beat out from under their very noses.

Just after the paper went to press, Mr. Reed came down to where the cub was standing with a wide grin on his face. In one hand the editor held a telegram. He put the other on Carrington's shoulder and said, " Mr. Carrington, this is the second telegram from the Convention I have shown you to-day." It read, " Please accept my heartfelt thanks for bringing me the nomination. John H. Holliday."

" I don't know," the Managing Editor added, "but that it ought to have been sent to you in the first place." However, Rufus got something at the end of the week which he appreciated just as much.

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CLOSED DOORS

By Charlotte Perkins Stetson

When it is night and the house is still,
  When it is day and the guests are gone,
When the lights and colors and sounds that fill
  Leave the house empty and you alone:

Then you hear them stir—you hear them shift—
  You hear them through the walls and floors—
And the door-knobs turn and the latches lift
    On the closet doors.

Then you try to read and you try to think,
  And you try to work—but the hour is late;
No play nor labor nor meat nor drink
    Will make them wait.

Well for you if the locks are good!
  Well for you if the bolts are strong,
And the panels heavy with oaken wood,
    And the chamber long.

Even so you can hear them plead—
  Hear them argue—hear them moan—
When the house is very still indeed,
    And you are alone.

Blessed then is a step outside,
  Warm hands to hold you, eyes that smile,
The stir and noise of a world that's wide,
  To silence yours for a little while.

Fill your life with work and play!
  Fill your heart with joy and pain!
Hold your friends while they will stay,
    Silent so shall these remain.

But you can hear them when you hark—
  Things you wish you had not known—
When the house is very still and dark,
    And you are alone.

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THE WOMAN'S PARIS

By Ada Cone

WITH the first of May the white streets silhouette themselves gayly on a cerulian sky in an amber air; the chestnut-trees, in ordered procession, hold up their perfumed candlesticks, and smiling nymphs, all recently emerged from icy caverns, pour once again their feathery fountains, to adorn Paris the beautiful, Paris the horse's Sheol, as a current epigram has it, and the woman's Paradise.

In the fashionable shopping quarter there is an air of expectancy, as of a place set in order and waiting. The modes have been determined for the season and the models prepared. The labor is done, the table is ready for the expected guests, and the host waits in confidence, knowing well that there is no rival table in the world.

And all summer long the women from everywhere, the American among others, and particularly the American, will come here and go, choosing this or that, as it pleases them, like the guests at a holiday buffet.

The quarter of Paris thus devoted to feminine interests is as new as its occupations and witnesses to the modern commercial importance of women. Only a century ago elbowed by green fields, it is today the centre of the city, outlined by a triangle of splendid streets. Starting from the opera-house, on one side runs the avenue de l'Opéra, street without break, without prominence of parts, subordinating all to unity, its beauty in grandeur of proportion. Ante-room to Paris, it is not a rendezvous of Parisians; it is a neutral ground that French politeness abandons to its guests. On the other side is the grand boulevard to the Madeleine, continued by the rue Royale. If the boulevard looks insignificant for its fame, it is that its quality is in psychological conditions that are not, say the Parisians, to be understood by the profane. The shops here, as those in the avenue, are for the visitor, but the subtilties of the boulevard life are for the initiated alone. Along the shadowed arcades of the rue de Rivoli, where the entire stock must be placed in the window to be

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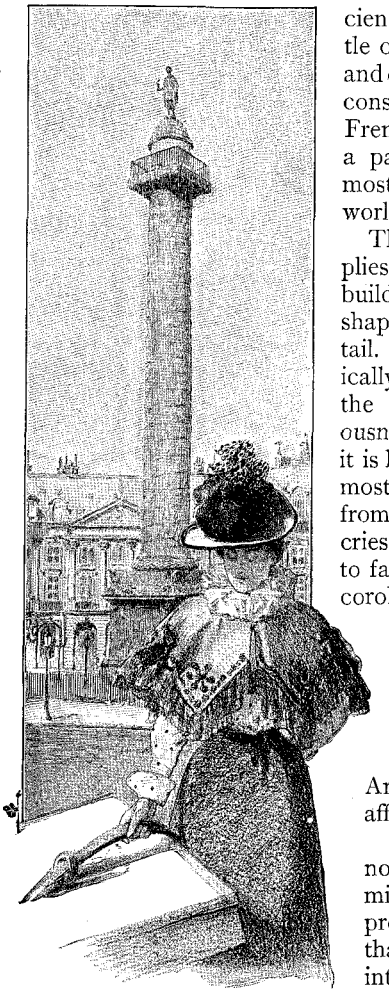
seen, are small accessories of dress, embroidered handkerchiefs, inexpensive and imitation jewels, marvels of their sort, addressed here to the guests of the neighboring hotels in search of trifling souvenirs. The space enclosed by these streets is criss-crossed by other streets, all given up to luxurious industries for women, largely by women. From the rue de Rivoli back to the opera-house a perpendicular to the triangle is formed by the rue Castiglione, the place Vendôme, and the rue de la Paix. Rue de la Paix! seat of the immortal Worth, and of several other immortals that have divided his empire; inner sanctuary of fashion; crucible wherein the social conditions of the passing moment are transmuted into apparel, to become the model ideals of dress for all womankind.

And on the place Vendôme, high up on his column, stands Napoleon in classic undress, seeming to wait for his *valet de chambre* to bring him a costume with his morning coffee, strange presiding genius over the chiffons of a sex he despised.



High up on his column, stands Napoleon.

To this centre of fashion comes the fair Anglo-Saxon between May and December, and is received with open arms. Other people may leave their train at Montmartre or beyond the Bastille, and be left to flounder with the language as they may, but she is greeted in her native tongue, and on debarking finds herself, if she will, landed almost directly upon the grand boulevard, where the heart of the city beats; for Paris loves her—her annual patronage is worth many millions of dollars more to Paris than that of all other people put together.

Our race goes to seek beauty in Paris, as the French come to learn politics of us. This is the simple mechanical law of equilibrium. Anglo-Saxondom fits all life into a uniform jacket of morals; French art accepts nature as it is and embroiders to cover its deficiencies an exquisite mantle of taste, for each object and each act a different and consistent dress-up. The French method makes life a pageant, and Paris the most amusing place in the world.

This taste of Paris applies itself indifferently to build a Pantheon or to shape a common dress detail. Further, pursuing logically its road, it reaches to the adorning of voluptuousness and soft vice, and it is here that Paris appears most sharply marked off from our world. "What," cries the Anglo-Saxon, face to face with this inevitable corollary, "you do not think it your duty to make vice appear hideous!" "Pardon," answers the Frenchman, "duty has nothing to do with the matter. Art does not judge; it affirms."

The Anglo-Saxon has not this freedom of mind; in art he compromises. And the more that it does not enter into his conception of the possible at home does this forbidden beauty intrigue him at Paris. What can be this wickedness that is not like our wickedness? What is this art that explains all, justifies all? And the Anglo-Saxon comes to see.

The American finds an added appeal in his temperament. Tireless searcher of the new in nature's laws, to which other new constantly succeeds, and little disposed to look for ideals outside of life, to him appeals, with tremendous force, the eternal youth that is given by art. Paris has the secret of triumphing over

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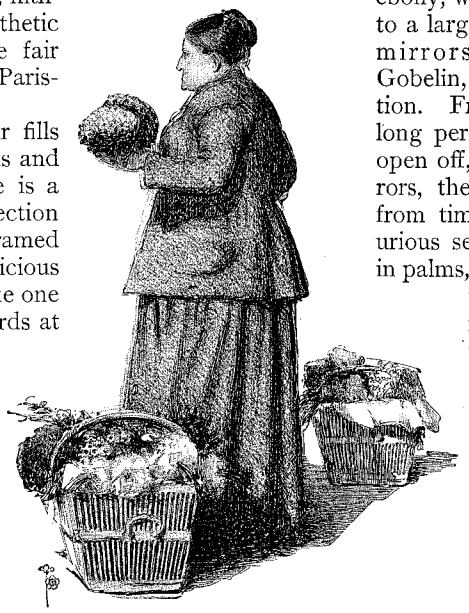
Some *petites femmes* pass.

time ; Paris, then, is the city of his dreams.

But since beauty to the American is largely theoretic, what may be the sensations of the American woman that comes for the first time to Paris to realize what she has imagined of beauty in dress, and what is her influence, if any, on the movement of French industries called fashion? Shall we go about with her a little and see ?

In the rue de la Paix, of an afternoon, the carriages roll up and down, and cross each other in tangles that undo with the polite manners of a drawing-room, conducting, hither and yon, the æsthetic French dame or the fair stranger in search of Parisian elegance.

A discreet murmur fills the air of tinkling bells and rolling wheels ; there is a flash of silver, a reflection of plate glass, and framed in black coupés delicious women that pass make one think of the Fragonards at the Louvre, while on each side the carriages are drawn up two and three deep, and pretty women cross and re-cross the pavement, from the carriage to the doorway and from the doorway to the carriage.



"Fleurissez madame, mon bon monsieur."

The actress of the day has come to try on a gown at Paquin's and Lady X. to order a court-dress of Worth; South Americans and Russians elbow each other on the stairway of the milliner in vogue, while through the windows opposite may be seen the lively manikins at Doucet's, speaking now French, now English, batting the two languages about with the ease of players at ball.

Some *petites femmes* pass, making eyes to the men who are dawdling before shop-windows, while their wives have gone to be fitted upstairs. The little women disappear through the doorway of some popular *coiffeur,* that has the secret of making them all equally beautiful. The street venders cry, "*D'mandez le plan de Paris! les vues de Versailles. C'est pour rien, vingt sous;*" from the shadow of some portal the flower-seller echoes back, "*De jolies fleurs, de belles violettes; fleurissez madame, mon bon monsieur;*" and before the popular dress-making house of the day the carriages grow denser under a forest of beribboned whips, while the double row of footmen lengthen inside the court, mute and still as a gallery of sphinxes leading up to a temple of Isis.

The entrance to the sanctuary is a court of Doric columns, a private staircase conducting to an ante-room in ebony, whence one passes into a larger room, walled with mirrors and panelled with Gobelin, that serves for reception. From the farther end long perspectives of galleries open off, lined also with mirrors, the wall-space broken, from time to time, with luxurious seats adroitly nooked in palms, where the client and the saleswoman murmur their duos; and up and down these galleries, in a tempered light and a perfumed atmosphere, under skies painted by Mlle. Abbema, women in delicious gowns, the latest models of the house, walk back and forth indolently, impas-

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Where the client and the saleswoman murmur their duos.—Page 551.

ively, like people seen through a hashish dream.

Of such are the great houses where the clients come in person to buy. Others whose business is largely exportation, such as Worth's, have not this sensuous luxury of instalment, but look rather like prosperous banks.

The masterpiece for which this elaborate setting exists, the Paris gown, that here bursts full blown on the eye of the client, is not, as the public believe, a creation of the great dress-maker himself, nor is the great dress-maker responsible for the fashion. This model gown is the result of an almost infinite collaboration. Up in the garrets of the criss-cross streets, live a modest class of artists that make projects. They get their inspiration from old portraits at the Louvre, at Versailles, from elegant women in the driveways of the Bois, or from some hazard. They modify, develop, combine, following a drift which they do not control, till they have produced a novel idea that the public is likely to accept, and that is therefore salable. Their projects are fixed in sketches, and they are known as *marchands de croquis*. Others of these specialists make up their projects in cloth, and are known as *marchands de modèles*. These occupy a more important rank than the first, since the models form a demonstration that the ideas can be realized. The model merchant is in relation with the manufacturers, who provide her with the new materials they have imagined, and whose interest it is to have their "truck" presented to the great dress-making houses and so launched on the market.

A good dress-making house buys, it is said, from these idea merchants to the value of some four hundred dollars a year. Besides this every important house keeps a corps of designers on salary, whose business it is to follow society functions, to spy out what rival dress-makers are doing, and

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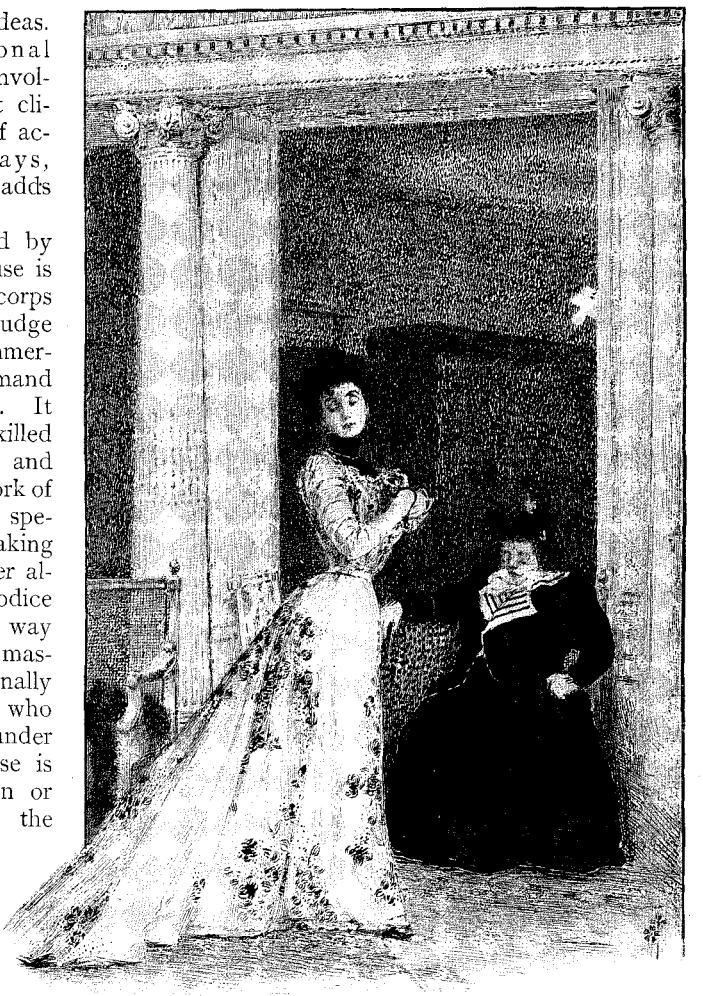
in general to garner ideas. To these professional sources is added the involuntary aid of elegant clients, particularly of actresses of society plays, whose personal taste adds to the general stock.

A project accepted by the dress-making house is there submitted to a corps of trained critics, who judge its artistic and its commercial merits, and command the necessary changes. It is then passed over to skilled dress-makers, cutters, and seamstresses. The work of the latter is minutely specialized, one person making always sleeves, another always skirts, another bodice trimmings, in which way each detail becomes a masterpiece. There is finally the presiding genius, who may be the person under whose name the house is known, or some man or woman whose name the house has swallowed up. An idea thus submitted to the artistic resources of a house becomes, to a degree, individualized, takes on a special manner belonging to the house, so that in a fashionable assembly the initiated can say with certainty—This gown came from Felix and the other from Worth.



The latest models of the house walk back and forth, indolently.—Page 551.

The great dress-maker is not, except in rare cases an artist; he is a business man employing artists and trained artisans on a large scale, engaged in a commerce that returns a very profitable per cent. He is in some instances the director only of the establishment, which a stock company owns. His position makes special calls on him, nevertheless. He must have enough critical knowledge to fill the highest æsthetic demand, and a *flair* that he may, by anticipating, present his clients with the novelty that the social movement will lead them involuntarily to demand or to accept. He is called upon also to act as critic for the manufacturers, who submit to him the designs and colors proposed for the season ahead, and among these he chooses what he will take to be made exclusively for him, what he will take on commission, and what others he will take to pay for if he finds it convenient to use them. He is a sort of barometer, registering the variations of fashion for the use of the manufacturers, who are guided by his choice as to what some time thereafter the great public is likely to demand.

The intention of all this collaboration is to produce a garment consistent with the general movement of fashion, that shall be

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in detail a novelty and in workmanship an art whole. Of the perfectly made gown no one can say afterward how the sleeve was formed or how the skirt. It is a work of decorative art and is to be judged by art laws. The lines and colors play into each other and lose their separate existence. No part of it imposes; it is a whole; it has the repose and mystery that belong to beauty. This does not describe every high-priced gown, but this is the ideal gown.

At the milliner's no decorative background distracts attention or bounds the eye. Hats on tall mushrooms rise innumerable on every side, where one wanders as through the avenues of a tropical forest. Filmy gauzes droop like Virginia moss, flowers bloom that never wither, and rare plumed birds, the creation of the house, poise themselves against backgrounds of cumulus cloud in tulle.

The visitor, bewildered and astray among these marvels, easily forgetting that they were made for wear, gently constrained, finds herself dropping upon an ottoman before a mirror, while among a flutter of pretty girls one with a hat in her hand and a voice of persuasion is saying: "Does madam like this? Would madam like that in another color?" and the manikin sets the confection on over her own perfectly arranged hair, and turns round and round that madam may see the effect.

Of all the details of dress that the French have created, the hat is the most characteristic. If the vainest, it is the most æsthetically instructive. Its reason for being in the French scheme is to relate the head to the decorative form taken at any one time by the rest of the dress. It grows narrow or wide, high or low, with fluid mobility, and without any reference to the primitive idea that the hat is a covering for the head. Its æsthetic is not based on this idea, but on subordination to a certain whole that is conceived of by the French under the word *toilette*, a word the equivalent of which does not exist in our language, or scarcely the idea in our minds, as yet.

Made out of materials that other art would disdain, these vulgar chiffons are saved from incongruous effects only on condition of being submitted to art laws. Their reason for being must find its explanation wholly in art. The ease with which they lend themselves to caricature by inartistic milliners makes constancy intolerable, and no part of dress changes so often as the hat. The leading milliners are those who can produce a constant succession of new ideas.

More limited in its sources of inspiration than dress-making, since it must be guided by what the latter has done, millinery fashions crystallize in much the same way. The great milliner and her aids create provisional effects, which every client of taste by her criticism helps to perfect, till form and color take on a harmony with the last-made form of gown. When a shape succeeds with her clients, the great milliner gives it out to be manufactured, and it thus finds its way to the public.

The staple trimmings are ribbon, flowers, and plumes. The two latter are made by the same manufacturer and alternate, so that after a season of flowers comes a season of plumes, but the ribbon remains in constant demand. It is therefore the ribbon manufacturers that decide the colors, making them to accord with the season's gowns. The syndicate of flowers and plumes guided by the samples of ribbon, establish in their turn a chart of colors for the flowers and plumes. Thus the wheels fit into each other, taking their force of movement from the dress-maker, who takes his force from the public.

The following statistics of French dress exportation are transcribed at the value of five francs to the dollar. In what concerns dress-making proper, the figures are taken from an investigation published by M. Gaston Worth, bearing on the year 1893. M. Worth estimates that the value of material consumed yearly in France for women's dress (gowns and jackets) is $200,000,000, half of which being absorbed privately, leaves as the value delivered to the dress-makers $100,000,000. The cost of making this material into garments is estimated as equal to the value of the material, which gives $200,000,000 as the value of the year's product of the French dress-makers.

The proportion exported in any one year is estimated by the French Syndical Chamber of Sewing, from custom-house reports, to be from twenty to twenty-five per cent. of the whole production, which would give as the yearly value paid by for-

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Hats on tall mushrooms rise innumerable.—Page 554.

eigners a sum approaching $50,000,000. This does not, however, show the importance of foreign clients. M. Worth divides the sales for the one hundred leading houses in the centre of Paris as follows:

	Per Cent.
Sale in Paris to French clients	37
Sale in Paris to foreigners	38
Sale to commissioners	8
Exportation direct	17
	100

It appears from this table that in the important dress centre of Paris the sale of gowns to foreign clients rises to sixty-three per cent., and that more than half of this amount is carried away as private luggage, unregistered by the customs.

The several registered exportation values that follow serve as a hint of the enormous profit to France of dress industries for women. Regarding silk tissues, not tabled here, it may be remarked that this industry,

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living formerly off the throne and the church, and having both these clients destroyed by the revolution, has seen raised up for its saving, in particular, the English-speaking woman. England and the United States buy pure and mixed silk tissues in amounts very nearly equal, and the two together take nine-elevenths of the whole amount exported. In the item also of artificial flowers England and the United States take very nearly equal quantities, and the two together take six-sevenths of the whole export (Statistics of 1895).

Dress-making and underwear (1893)	$41,515,858
Trimmed hats (1893)	8,582,660
Artificial flowers (1893)	2,579,552
Feathers (1893)	4,212,713
Gloves (1893)	9,969,321
Buttons (1893)	1,509,078
Fans (1893)	1,157,281
Perfumes (1895)	2,450,912
Jewellery (average estimate)	10,600,000

In importance on the registered lists of French dress exportation, England and her colonies rank first. The United States come third, but it is toward the United States that the lists are most unjust. We have seen, by M. Worth's table of per cents., that in the principal houses more than half the sales to foreigners are carried away as personal baggage, and if we ask who the women are that have most temptation to evade the customs, the answer is easy. As a matter of fact our countrywomen so preponderate among the direct clients that it has long since become a habit in the rue de la Paix to call all foreigners irrespectively "Americans."

Those who would like to know whether the interest of foreign women in the gowns and bonnets of Paris is not on the wane, are referred to a report lately published by the French Ministry of Commerce, which shows that the exportation in made-up articles of women's dress has increased seven hundred and fifty per cent. in the last twenty-five years.

Thus Paris, happily for its fame and its pocket, dictates to Anglo-Saxon countries the fashion and imposes the supplies. And when we ask whether this must needs be, and whether the American does not help to make the fashion to which she contributes so much money, we shall be answered if we look for a moment at the nature of fashion.

Fashion is a twofold movement. In its large evolution a type dominates for some generations or so, with modification so slow as to be unperceived, the result of social conditions prevailing in the civilized world, forming the drift that is referred to above that is not controlled; in its special action it is a variation from season to season, and from day to day, a constant individual creation on the same general theme. This second movement is the one that is popularly recognized. It is due to woman's present social status, which forces her to constant effort to set herself off from other women, or to emulate other women, by her dress, as men are forced to emulate other men or to distinguish themselves from the mass of men by force or by intellect. The end pursued by both is singularity, that is to say distinction from others, and with women distinction by beauty.

This constant creation of novel ideas incorporating beauty in the highest degree, must take place where art occupies itself most seriously with dress, and where art is at the same time most developed. This productive centre is Paris. Fashion, then, in our day, is created necessarily at Paris, and the industries that feed the movement are necessarily French.

If we reflect in addition to this that with us art is still undeveloped, that it is traditionally in tutelage to morals, and that the beautifying of the person by artificial means beyond a certain limit is an infraction of the racial conscience, we need go no farther than an inductive formula to understand that the American woman does not influence the fashion.

The American when she comes to Paris has seen of the fashion movement but the spent outside wave; the meaningless exaggeration of the fashion-journal draughtsmen and the misinterpretation of copying dressmakers. A certain disappointment on her part may then be presumed, for the Parisian *toilette*, in ratio to its perfection, astonishes no more than does the Venus de Milo at the Louvre. This reserve, and these means so perfectly adjusted as to seem a matter of course, will strike her with surprise. She seeks in bewilderment to analyze, to justify expectation. The untrained eye does not rouse itself to the expected sensations. Is this all? she is likely to ask.

In response to this feeling the Paris

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One with a hat in her hand and a voice of persuasion.—Page 554.

dress-maker is perhaps tempted, when he works for her, to exaggerate a little his means. He says that she likes decided effects, that she wants her gowns elaborated; and the milliner says that she asks for hats too pronounced for Parisian taste. M. Paul Bourget's remark also was in this sense when he said, "The Americans, all dressed in Paris, seem to be overdressed."

If then what she buys in Paris is modified to her dictation, it is not made more æsthetic; if it were it would impose itself as a model for fashion; but some of its perfection is sacrificed. It may take on more character, but it will be a departure from the general ideal, and so cannot lead fashion or have, even in America, more than a local influence.

But the failure to initiate in beautiful dress does not imply any special vulgarity on the part of Americans, it means simply a lesser development of taste in this direction, which she shares with the rest of the world outside of Paris. On the contrary, Paris considers that of all her foreign clients it is the American that does her most credit. Our countrywoman's freedom from prejudice, lively imagination and thirst for art, make her an apt pupil, and these

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qualities are worth to her, in Paris, the reputation of a natural taste.

To have in hand all the elements that cause the American's sensations in Paris, we must consider also what the ideal woman should be, of which this dress makes a part. To what end is this emulation by beauty? for beauty may be an end in itself, but beauty used to singularize is a means. There is but one answer to this: the aim is a triumph in the emotional field. And French art having conceived woman's life as properly confined to this field, could not fail to demand of her a harmonious development according to the conception. By manner and mind, as well as by dress, the ideal woman must charm the senses.

For this result there is no thought of depending on nature alone. The Frenchman knows that nature is never perfect, except in parts, and that art exists to fill nature's gaps. The woman, the work of art envisaged, must satisfy the taste. She and her dress, then, are inseparable. They form two parts of a whole, completing each other, submitting to the same laws, judged by the same æsthetic, developed to the same end.

As this ideal is not in other countries exalted æsthetically to the same degree, it would evidently be useless to look elsewhere for an equal result. Frenchwomen live in an atmosphere of art culture, always under the eye of the critics. When therefore the Frenchman finds it difficult to believe that there is any perfection of feminine development outside of France, this is not mere national egoism, it is the logical conclusion of his method of judging. For other women may be more beautiful by nature, or more intelligent, or more richly dressed; they will fall short somewhere in the whole.

He says that she likes decided effects.—Page 557.

There is no thought, either, of looking

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for the ideal woman in a special class of the rich or of the aristocratic. Putting all to the test of the senses, French art could not fail to recognize that this woman could be born among the slums as well as in the aristocratic faubourg. "The cult of woman in Paris," says somewhere Jules Claretie, "is independent of social position. These princesses of the blood are admitted into their birthright without dispute. They are neither habilitated nor scorned; neither exalted nor disdained. Admired for what in them is not ruined by their vices, they are the accepted queens of a day; surrounded by a court of men, taken as models by the women.

These princesses of the blood, as M. Claretie calls them, attain most nearly the ideal, which explains the common superficial observation that it is the demi-mondaine that sets the fashion. Certainly it is she that most naturally or most assiduously pursues an aim that most succeeds, and these are not handicapped; at the same time it is to be remarked that vice is not the aim but only a consequence of life directed entirely in the channel of the senses; the aim is primarily a voluptuous personality, and the women who pursue it are not necessarily outside of society so called.

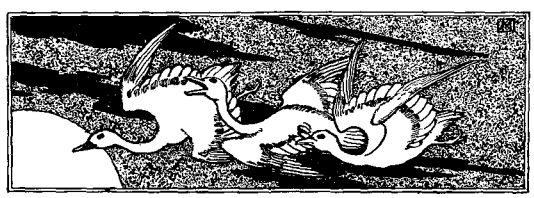
Thus the American in Paris is brought face to face with the social situation that results from pursuing to its farthest conclusion the object of fashionable dress; a situation that must appear to her scandalous. And here the judgment goes easily astray.

It is not to be inferred that because the æsthetic development of the woman along the line we have seen reaches its maximum in Paris, there is, therefore, no morality in France. It is a mistake too easy to make. As a matter of fact the great body of Frenchwomen uphold stiffly either the moral or the class ideal. These, feeling a necessity that does not exist with us, or that exists to a less degree, to set themselves off from those that, being distinguished for fashionable novelty in dress, lay themselves open to suspicion on one or the other or both of these counts, find no means left to them but the old-fashioned, from which they refine away all character in an augmentation of beauty; or the ugly, which does not exclude art either.

The consequence of this is that in principle the American sees in Paris the Frenchwomen of her own moral life in such attire as to pass unobserved, while the novelty and the style she has come to seek, are the appanage of women whose life she looks upon with horror.

This is the situation. In Paris the dress of the fashionable young American is assorted to the dress of the elegant demi-mondaine. Paris recognizes, however, that their motives for dress are a universe apart, and it is here, finally, that the American has an influence in Paris. If in the fashions she imitates, here in the moral field she is an initiator; she is a witness to Parisians that a woman may choose to wear novel and fashionable dress for pure pleasure in variety, and for simple gayety of heart.

Let us, in conclusion, be just. If, in the pageant of Paris, under the gay mantles, there is moral rottenness, it remains no less true that here also an absolute end is reached. Of its importance or its consequences this paper has nothing to do. It is true, also, in spite of the progress we have made, that even with us, as elsewhere in the world, the life of the mass of women is mainly emotional, and that dress conforms, however involuntarily, to the needs of such life. What is attained is only a matter of degree. And for this reason, as little streams run down to big ones, there will long continue to flow through the rue de la Paix a river of gold struck with the effigies of all the kingdoms and republics of the world.



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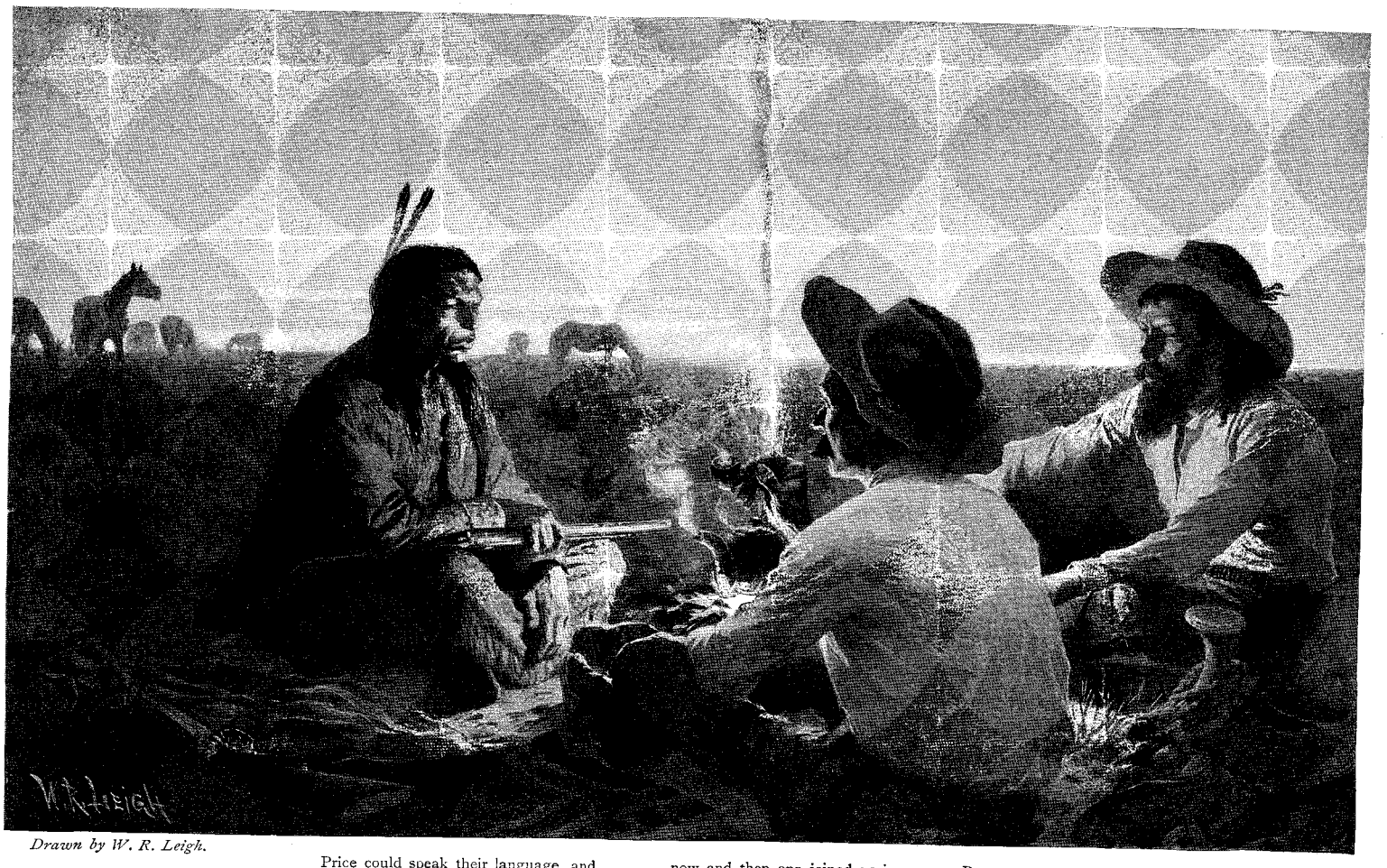

Drawn by W. R. Leigh.

Price could speak their language, and . . . now and then one joined us in camp.—Page 570.

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THE WORKERS—THE WEST

BY WALTER A. WYCKOFF

ILLUSTRATION BY W. R. LEIGH

VIII—FROM DENVER TO THE PACIFIC

PHŒNIX, ARIZONA,
January 3, 1893.

JOURNEYING by no pre-arranged plan, but directing my course according to the promptings of chance circumstances, I have wandered far from a direct westward line from Denver to the sea, but I have come by a way that has furnished in experience all that I could have hoped.

The very first step from Denver carried me out of a due westward course. In the vague, ill-defined manner of a tenderfoot, I knew that Cripple Creek was a relatively new mining camp, and that it lay somewhere beyond Pike's Peak, and I lightheartedly dreamed that, being a new camp, it was just the place for a new-comer; so, late in September, I set out from Denver with Cripple Creek in view.

For seventy miles or more I went south, the earlier part of the walk leading me through the sandy tract which begins abruptly at the very edge of the fresh green lawns that mark the end of irrigation in the city. The road which first I followed gradually faded out on the open plain. Then I cut diagonally across country in the direction of the foot-hills.

Near to the city as it was this bit of country, after weeks of drought, was like a veritable desert. Underfoot was the hot alkali dust, where grew the short plain-grass that lay whitened in tufts of crisping curls, as though dead beyond all reviving. Thick on every side was a growth of stunted cactus, well in keeping with the character of the plain, while the deeper green of the long, sharp Spanish needles was a sad mockery of fertility. Along occasional ravines, washed deep by sudden, rain-fed streams whose beds now lay stony and parched and baked under the hot sun, were here and there clusters of scrub oaks, small in growth but with their wiry branches spreading a luxuriance of small oval leaves which supplied the welcome of a shadow in a desert land. At intervals among the dry, tufted grass small sand heaps appeared, and above them the heads of prairie dogs, piping shrill warning of suspicious approach, or darting in swift flight from one burrow to another.

For some miles I walked through such a region, growing momentarily thirstier as the sun beat down upon me and I inhaled the alkali with the sensation of having eaten soap. The only sign of habitation that I saw was a shanty, a mere shell of boards tacked upon a frame and standing ten feet square, perhaps, and seven feet high. The hill on which it stood sloped to a deep ravine, and past the shanty-door wound a smaller water-course, where a line of scrub-oaks grew, suggesting the presence of a spring. But the bed was dry and yawned in thirsty cracks, and no source of water could I find, although the shanty was plainly inhabited; for the door was heavily padlocked, and a half-starved dog, with a broken leg, limped from his kennel among some old soap-boxes and barked a feeble protest against my approach, and a few fowls were squatting in the dust in the shade of the scrub-oaks, or scratching for food in the dry grass near the shanty.

Two or three miles farther on I came out upon a highway, which follows the general direction of the Santa Fé and the Rio Grande railways, as they parallel each other to the south. Here was a very different tale to tell. There were many ranches along the route with abundant supplies of water from artesian wells, apparently, whose streams were playing ceaselessly over gardens and at the roots of thrifty fruit-trees. I passed through a number of typical Western villages on the march, and once through an encampment of a regiment of regulars, whose officers

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were at mess and many of the men lying at full length on the ground with their legs protruding from under the slight shelter tents, while foraging expeditions could be seen bargaining among their out-houses with the neighboring ranchmen, with all the womenkind and children in interested attendance.

The road was gradually drawing nearer to the foot-hills. Instead of a hundred miles of unbroken mountain-range, from Long's to Pike's Peak, that seemed to rise abruptly from the plain only an hour's walk away, I began to be aware of the magnificent distances so strangely disguised in that clear, rarefied air, and to appreciate altitudes by comparison with lesser heights. The view lost in extent, only to gain in the grander outlines of splendid detail. And with the nearer view there grew clear the marvellous coloring in the exposed strata and the fantastic shapes which mark the play of erosion among the rocks. There were deep saffrons and reds of every hue, from a delicate flush to crimson; there were browns and grays without number, and a soft cream color deepening to yellow, and now and then a jut of rock that in certain lights appeared milk-white. To boundless variety in color was added a weird charm of form with which the imagination could play endlessly. Sitting a rugged bowlder with the dainty poise of an egg upon a conjurer's finger would appear a round-bellied Hindu god in solid stone, and near him, in exquisitely delicate tracery, a flying buttress or the tapering spire of a cathedral, while crowning some sheer height in all the glory of gorgeous color would rise the grim towers and battlements of a mediæval fortress.

It was after nightfall on Saturday evening when I entered Colorado Springs. With the aid of the electric lights I soon gathered an impression of a considerable town of large hotels and wide, regular thoroughfares, with the squares built up, many of them, in detached villas, after the manner of Eastern summer-resorts by the sea. In the course of a walk about the town I came upon an empty prairie schooner, which stood in a cluster of trees on the outskirts of an open square, and creeping under the sheltering canopy I slept there for the night.

The Sunday which followed I remember chiefly for its glorious sunshine and the view which I had in the morning of Pike's Peak. Its summit seemed to leap into the sky as it rose stark and bald above the timber-line, and yet there was infinite repose in its splendid height, standing out clear and majestic in the full rays of the morning sun. I remember, too, a service in a well-filled church, and an odd reminder in its worshippers of the Eastern seaboard, and the exciting expectancy of chance sight of some familiar face, and, finally, the figure of a girl, who, entering after the service had begun, slipped noiselessly into a seat at my side in a pew near the door. A wonderful vision she was of what men mean when they speak feelingly out here of "God's country," for you no sooner saw her than there flashed into sight the long vista of the avenue as it heaves to the lift of Murray Hill. You could see her there—and can see her superior nowhere under heaven—with the light streaming in red, level rays through the side streets on a late afternoon in the cold, crisp air of autumn, with the tan of a summer on the New England coast upon her, and her exquisite figure instinct with the vitality which comes of yachting and hard riding, her frock and jacket fitting her like a glove, and her clear, frank eyes looking you straight between your own and making you feel in her presence what a clean, wholesome, manly thing is life! She little dreamed, as she cordially shared her prayer-book with me, how deeply indebted to her I was for being so fine a type of the finest and handsomest women in the world, and how much I owed her for so fair a vision before I launched into the mining regions of the frontier.

Monday dawned as bright as Sunday had been, and by eight o'clock I reached Manitou and was ready to begin the ascent of Pike's Peak. There was a wide choice of route, for there was a road, and a well-beaten trail, and the bed of the cog railway. I took to the railway as the most unmistakable and very likely the directest course.

With infinite engineering skill the first ascent of the cog-road is cut as a ledge along the side of a deep gorge or cañon, down which rushes a mountain stream of considerable volume. Following the great turns of the cañon the road ascends in the

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shadow of huge rocks, that tower straight above it or slope in a more gradual rise, furnishing place for the cabin of a miner or of some lover of camp life. The mountain-sides are dark with evergreen, which seems to grow deep-rooted in the rock, clinging at times to a bare, protruding ledge with naked roots thrust deep into crevices where soil and moisture are found. The quaking aspen shares this bare subsistence with the pine, and, green with the rich green of late summer at the mountain-base, it marked all the stages of the autumn in the ascent, until at the timber-line I found its leaves turned yellow and fast falling to the ground.

About two miles below Windy Point I had the good luck to overtake a miner, who had been spending Sunday with his family near Colorado Springs and was now on his way back to work in Cripple Creek. He was not at all encouraging as to the prospect of my finding work in the camp, but before we parted at Windy Point he gave me careful directions about the way, and I began to feel, in his calling me "partner" and in his talk of "claims" and "gulches" and "blazed trails," my first intimation of nearing the mining regions of the Rockies.

We separated where the cog-road sweeps around the southern side of the mountain, only because I was bent on reaching the summit before going on to Cripple Creek. All the difficulty of the ascent I found concentrated in the last hour of climbing. It no longer was a matter of steady uphill work, but a succession of short spurts wherein one breathed more by accident than design. You were not tired in the least, but, at an altitude of some 14,000 feet, your breath failed completely in an upward walk of fifty yards, and you were obliged to stand still, panting until respiration became normal again.

Exactly at twelve o'clock I reached the summit, where I found a piercing cold wind blowing and small drifts of snow lying in crevices among the rocks on the northern slope; in an air as clear as crystal my eye swept boundless mountain-ranges to the north and west and south and a boundless plain below, where, at the foot of the mountain, lay Colorado Springs, a few, dim squares formed by the intersection of faint parallel lines at right angles to one another. Above the rushing of the wind among the grim, naked crags which form the summit, a wind, which at that solemn height suggests the sweep of awful interstellar spaces, the only sound I heard was the voice of an attendant in a stone building near by as he sang, again and again, the chorus of "Ta, ra, ra, ra, boom, de ay!"

I remained at the summit as long as I dared, held by the fascination of the view; then I returned to Windy Point and went down the south face of the mountain and across a beautiful grass-grown level to the brink of another descent, where, according to my miner friend of the morning, I should find a blazed trail. I found instead the sheer side of a cañon. I followed the brink of the precipice for some distance, and coming at last upon a less abrupt point, I plunged down and made my way over shelving rock and fallen trees until I eventually chanced upon the trail. This I followed to the deep bed of the cañon, where I saw some claims staked out and lost my way in a tangle of cattle trails. It was growing dark, and there was no sign of the journey's end, but I knew the general direction of Cripple Creek, and the moon was at its first quarter.

Even the cattle-trails failed at last, and in the dark forest I was soon lunging on over bowlders and rotting trees and the *débris* of a mountain wood in the direction of the camp, hoping, meanwhile, that I should not be obliged to spend the night in the open, for at that altitude in late September it was turning "wondrous cold."

Down one ridge and up another I forged ahead through the tangled undergrowth of the forest, and at last, from the top of a rock which cleared the trees about it, I caught the glimmer of a light through the window of a cabin a mile or two away.

It was an ore-crushing camp I found; I was made most cordially welcome, and given a bed on a pile of blankets in a tent where slept the half dozen men of the crew. They were a hearty, healthy lot of young farmers to all appearances, and I gathered that they had come up from Kansas at the time of the "boom" at Cripple Creek.

A walk of only four or five miles carried me into the camp after breakfast next morning. The first view that I had of it

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was very striking, I thought, as I looked down upon it from a sudden turn in the road. The settlement lay in the southeastern bend of a basin whose bottom was as flat as the prairie and well turfed. The hills rose quite bare for some distance about it, and their sides looked oddly, as though heavy artillery had been playing upon them, for they were peppered with holes made by prospectors, with loose earth and stones lying about them.

Straggling lines of wooden buildings followed roughly the rude course of a long, dusty street, which ran southward to the mouth of a gulch and then turned abruptly west until it lost itself on the level. Some of these buildings were log-cabins, of much solidity, and others were trim, substantial frame houses, neatly painted; but for the most part they were crude, unpainted shanties, and there were many tents dotting the hill-sides, and a few lines of light structures which marked the outlines of prospective streets branching from the main thoroughfare.

The camp itself wore an air of desertion, which was only confirmed when I entered it. There were few persons in the streets, and some of the houses were abandoned. The picture found a very welcome contrast when I saw a school-mistress step to the door of a long log-cabin, with grass growing thick on its roof, and ring a bell to summon a troop of little children, who came running and shouting from unexpected quarters, dispelling at once the loneliness and quiet of the place.

It was but nine in the morning, and I had the full day in which to look for work. There were very few mines in actual operation in the neighborhood, I found, but I visited all of them, asking for any form of unskilled labor.

I was struck at once with the wide difference in bearing out here, as compared with the East and Middle West, on the part of employers toward workingmen. It did not take long to discover that there were scores, possibly hundreds, about the camp who were out of work, and yet the manner of men to whom I applied for employment was most uniformly courteous, and courteous in the best possible way. Invariably I found myself treated as a fellow-man, and that was a wonderful salve to one's self-respect. There was no effort at politeness, but simply an instinctive recognition of fellowship.

"Why, no, I ain't got nothing that I can give you to do now, partner," a boss would say. "You see it's like this——," and then would follow a friendly talk on the general situation, as one man might naturally explain a case to another.

It was all easily intelligible. The camp had enjoyed its "boom" during the last autumn and winter, but especially through the spring. There had been the usual rush of fortune-seekers, with an uncommon preponderance, however, of farmers from Kansas and Nebraska. Some silver had been found, but much more gold-bearing quartz and a little placer deposit. Evidently Cripple Creek is to become a gold-producing centre, but the ore discovered so far is of rather a low grade. Very little of it can be worked at a profit so long as it must meet the great cost of transportation by mule train to the railway at Cañon City, more than thirty miles away. There are two railways now making for the camp; so soon as they have entered the region and reduced greatly the present cost of transportation and other costs attached to mining there, many claims will rise instantly to the position of paying properties which cannot now be worked to any profit whatever. The miners were all sanguine of rich results when once this period of waiting has been tided over.

But in the meantime it was "hard scrapping" for a living. There were golden prospects, but very little immediate work, and the best of prospects makes but an indifferent diet. After a long and tiring round of mines, I went at last, very hungry, in the direction of an ore-crushing outfit, which stood in the bottom of the basin near the camp. Nothing in the way of work was to be had there, but I was fortunate enough to see an old prospector test some placer diggings, deftly washing out a panful of soil, and exhibit the few tiny specks of gold deposit at the last.

Turning back to the camp I began a round of the lodging- and eating-houses and shops, in the hope that some opening might be found. But there was as little demand for help there as I had found about the mines, with the exception of one cheap chop-house, where a notice was exposed advertising for a dish-washer. I applied

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for the place with high hope of getting it, but the buxom, stolid woman who was in charge, met every advance on my part with an unvarying "No" and with nothing more, and, worsted at last, I was obliged to withdraw.

It was by mere accident that I drifted in the evening to Squaw's Gulch, and fell in there with an old prospector who was working out the assessment on his claim, and who offered me food and shelter in his cabin and a certain share in the mine if I would help at the work.

When, finally, I left Cripple Creek, Créede was my next objective point. Down the mountain road in the direction of Cañon City I went, but I did not get so far as that on the first day's march, for I was late in leaving Cripple Creek and darkness overtook me when some fifteen miles of the way yet remained. For some time I had been following an excellent road which wound through a charming valley in its easy descent to the plain. The valley narrowed presently, leaving but a few hundred yards between the steep sides of mountains, which hemmed it in. A stream was flowing swiftly along its rocky bed, and the evening winds were blowing with the sound of a low murmur among the pines as I pressed on in the darkness through the ankle-deep dust of the road. It was not a light that first attracted me, but the black bulk of a cabin that seemed to rise suddenly from the ground on my right. Soon I saw that it was occupied, and, going near, I found a side door wide open, with lamp-light streaming from it into the night. For a moment I stood unnoticed in the doorway, and could see at a glance the heavy wooden table and the chairs and the large, old-fashioned cooking-stove, and the prints tacked to the walls, and the cooking utensils hanging behind the stove, which made up the furniture. The floor was of well-planed boards, which had been scrubbed white, and the whole room partook of the atmosphere of cool, wholesome cleanliness, characteristic of the best New England kitchens. And the figure that stood ironing at the table in the centre of the room was in perfect keeping with her surroundings. A tall woman, evidently past fifty, of strong, muscular frame, and with a face of high intelligence, wearing in repose an expression of sweetness and of lady-like serenity, which gives to the wrinkled faces of some women so high-bred and distinctive a grace.

I knocked on the open door, and she looked up in no wise disturbed at sight of a stranger there. I explained my purpose and asked whether there was anything that I could do in payment of shelter and a breakfast. She drew out a chair from the wall and invited me to be seated, saying that we should consider that matter in the morning. For some time I sat talking with her, and while she ironed she conversed in an easy, natural manner, bred of the free life out here, which has in it all the charm of the directness and simplicity of a true woman of the world.

Presently she invited me to meet her husband, and, leading the way, she took me to an inner room, where, in a rocking-chair before a wood fire on a large, open hearth, sat a man of about her own age. He looked his character perfectly, for he was a hard-handed frontiersman of rugged, sinewy frame, with hair and beard unkempt, apparently, but you saw at once that he was faultlessly clean, as was the beautifully whitewashed room in which he sat, with its muslin ceiling sagging here and there. He did not rise to meet us, only turned a little in his chair and allowed his paper to rest on his knees as, for a moment, he fixed upon me his dark eyes full of the unfathomable mystery and sadness of life. I marked in him at once the same well-bred repose and self-possession which I had noticed in his wife.

We talked at first of indifferent matters until I, keen with interest in the shelves of books which I saw about the walls, and other shelves on which fragments of many kinds of rock were lying in order and all labelled, ventured an inquiry as to whether he was interested in geology.

With shame do I confess that there was in my witless head at the moment a patronizing, supercilious curiosity at the fact that the rough old backwoodsman who sat before me in his shirt-sleeves should have surrounded himself with objects about which he could know so little. I got it full between the eyes.

"Yes," he said quietly, in answer to my inquiry, "I have been a good deal interested in the science for the last twenty-five

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years, for my ranch turned out to be remarkably rich in paleontological remains and in geological material, particularly of the cretaceous period."

And then with natural straightforward ease he began to go into details, describing to me his first chance discoveries on the ranch when, soon after the civil war, he had moved out from New England and pre-empted a homestead here. It was a fascinating narrative most modestly told, of one discovery leading to another, of interest awakened in an unknown field, of a book secured here and there, of a widening intellectual horizon, and of an awakening to undreamed-of worlds of infinite interest and wonder, of communication with men of science, of personal acquaintance with some of them, and finally of a recent visit to a great Eastern university where the best of his specimens are all mounted in the Geological Museum. Now and then he would reach down a fragment of rock bearing the impress of some paleontologic form and would illustrate in concrete detail. In a single sentence he would be far beyond my shallow depth of meagre, book-learned science, but he generously paid me the compliment of taking for granted that I knew, and he could hardly have had a more interested listener.

In the morning he was driving to Cañon City and he invited me to go with him. On the way he talked of science, geology this time, and he amply illustrated what he said by means of the vast exposed strata which rose tier on tier in the sheer sides of the cañon through which we drove to the plain.

From Cañon City I crossed the Arkansas and struck up into the mountains in the direction of Green Mountain Valley. The weather had favored me marvellously. Not since I had left my job as a navvy at Buda on the Union Pacific Railway had I been hampered by a drop of rain. Down through Colorado and among the mountains so far, I had enjoyed an unbroken succession of most delightful autumn days. But the clouds began to gather now as I made my way through Green Mountain Valley. I well remember the cold, threatening morning of October 18th, when I walked through the all but deserted mining camp of Silver Cliff. That night I spent with a ranchman in the heart of the rich valley; when I set out in the morning snow had begun to fall, and I realized, with some concern, that I still had a considerable range to cross and several days' march to the mining camp of Créede.

I did not get very far on that memorable 19th. For an hour or two I had no difficulty in keeping the road, but the snow had thickened to a blinding storm by then, and the wind was fast rising to a gale. Anything like that snow-fall I have never seen. A whole landscape was blotted out as in a moment, and the road which just now was a clearly defined way through the valley became almost instantly indistinguishable in the general sweep of flaky whiteness, over which fresh snow was falling so fast that you could not see ten yards ahead.

I found out afterward that I had been very near to losing my way on a plain where I might have wandered in endless circles, for the falling snow instantly covered one's tracks and left no trace of the way one had come. As it was, seeing that it was impossible to make headway in such a storm, I struck out for shelter, and before I realized my actual danger I ran up against a ranchman's cabin.

It was a very small affair, with a lean-to for a kitchen, but a dark little German woman with a soft musical voice, who opened the door, bade me a most cordial welcome; and as she placed a chair for me before the fire, she assured me, again and again, of the anxiety that she should feel if one of her boys were caught out in such a storm, and of her gratitude to anyone who might shelter him. I began to understand that I was coming in for a good deal of vicarious attention, for she took my wet coat and boots to dry them in the kitchen and insisted upon my drinking some hot tea.

It was a very cosy nest into which I had fallen. The ranchman himself was a mild-mannered German, with a blonde beard and dreamy eyes, and an air of abstraction, who looked up to his wife in all things, for she was vastly his superior. Two boys were at home, magnificent young fellows of about fifteen or sixteen, handsome, clear-eyed, ruddy-faced lads, with the carriage of men who are most at ease in the saddle. And visiting

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her, prospective in-law relations, was the fiancée of the oldest son, who is a merchant, I think, in West Cliff. It was worth far more than all the risks of the storm to see her. She was a Swedish girl in the very bloom of youth, and her light hair had in it the living fire of red gold. It was brushed straight back and done up behind her head in a great mass of interweaving coils in which the light played superbly. Some shorter hairs had worked loose, and these fell in almost invisible curling threads of gold about her white forehead. Her cheeks were of the most delicate translucent pink, and her rich red lips were as delicately formed as in the Psyche of Praxiteles.

The child was perfectly unaware of her beauty. In her wide, blue eyes there was not a suggestion of self-consciousness. And the family about her seemed not to consider it either; perhaps they all regarded it, as the poor instinctively accept much in life, as belonging to the natural order and not to be counted in an individual sense.

We had a jolly time that day playing games and telling stories far into the evening. It was perfectly clear next morning, with a warm sun fast melting the deep snow. I could not venture on, however, for the way was too obstructed, and in another day spent in the cabin I got on quite intimate terms with the family, especially with the ranchman's wife, who told me much of their life and many of her troubles. They were very serious, though her life was not without its compensations. It was pitiful to see the care-lines deepen in her sensitive face and an infinite perplexity cloud her eyes as she talked to me of her sorrows.

"My man is a good husband," she would say, "but he's not a good farmer. I don't know what's to become of us. He gets deeper and deeper into debt. Sometimes he works hard and manages well and I think that we are going to get on; and then in the middle of it the prospecting fever takes him, and he leaves everything and goes off into the mountains and spends every cent that he can raise, looking for silver.

"You see a fortune-teller told him once that he'd 'find his fortune in stone,' and ever since then he's been crazy to prospect and he's squandered everything off there in the mountains. The boys have to work too hard and they don't get the proper schooling, and I don't know what's to become of us.

"But there's my son John that keeps store in West Cliff"—and it was beautiful to see her face light up—"no woman ever had a better son than him. He's been like a father to the family. I don't know what we'd ever have done without him, for he's been the greatest help to us in all our troubles."

They urged me to stay longer on Friday morning, but the day was perfectly clear and patches of dry ground had begun to appear through the snow, and so I set out early, hoping to cover before night most of the distance to the entrance of Musa Pass, which leads from Green Mountain Valley over the Sangre De Cristo Range to the San Luis country.

I accomplished it comfortably, and early on the next morning made my way into the pass. The snow lay deep about the entrance, and it deepened as I climbed the range, but a party of prospectors had just come over the trail as I started in, and it was a simple matter to walk in the path which their burros had made through the snow. The prospectors did me another unconscious service, for when I met them two of the five men were suffering keenly from snow blindness, and, taking warning, I tore a strip from a coarse cotton handkerchief and bound it around my eyes, in a way that interfered very little with vision and yet acted as an adequate protection from the blinding glare of the sunlight on the snow.

That night I reached a Mormon's ranch well in the San Luis Valley. It was a matter of easy marching after that, for the snow was all gone in a day or two and I had only to walk by way of Alamosa and Monte Vista and Del Norte to the Wagon Wheel Gap region and so up to Créede.

I was much disappointed there in not finding work in the mines. Numbers of them were in operation, and there were large gangs of men employed, but there were plenty of experienced hands about, and nothing whatever in the mines for a raw tenderfoot to do. Still I had no difficulty, for at the very first asking I got

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work with a gang which was cutting a new road down Bachelor Mountain from the New York Chance Mine to Créede. And so, while not a member of a mining crew, I was a member of one which contained many miners, and I lived in the camp on Bachelor Mountain with scores of the men from the New York Chance and the Amethyst Mines. I fell in eventually with a group of truest Bohemians, a mine superintendent of the best type, and a magnificent chap who was an engineer and surveyor and whom I liked best of all, and a young Harvard-bred barrister who was on the high road to being the District Attorney, and a newspaper editor. I cannot now recall how I came to be one of their number, it was done so quickly and naturally; but I was suddenly aware that I had been accepted as such, and all that belonged to my new-found friends was mine, and the engineer and barrister and I were sleeping three in a bed.

My pen rebels against the necessity which spurs it to so swift a pace over details where it longs to linger. For those were hard but glorious days on the mountain; there were always new and strange men to be known among the crews, men whose emancipation from conventionality was complete, and whose personalities possessed a marvellous richness. The railway and statutory laws and honest women and the ten commandments were there, so that the camp "enjoyed the blessings of civilization," and was widely different from the camps of earlier days—much to the regret of the older men who knew the earlier days and many of the younger ones who would have liked to know them.

Already there were apparent the phases of human nature which seem by a curious contradiction to reveal themselves under the very protection of the vast improvement wrought by the reign of "law and order." But the freer, braver elements of human nature were present, too, and were not always beneath the surface of convention. How it stirred one's better blood to see those free, strong, natural men face one another in the common intercourse of life and meet the exigencies of their work! And under what spells have I sat looking in the eye some tawny-bearded giant of a prospector as he told of thirty years or more among the mountains and in the mining camps, of hardships endured and difficulties overcome and death and danger faced, and of the rare times when he "struck it rich," and then the lordly, vicious days when he "blew it in!" How much may have been concocted for the ready ear of a tenderfoot I did not know; I only knew that it reeked with the red, raw blood of life, and whether true or false it thrust roots deep into grim and stanch realities.

Hamilton will answer as the name of the engineer. It was in his office that the little coterie which I have mentioned would gather in the evenings. There were rough chairs of most comfortable shape, and there was always a roaring fire in the stove, for the nights were bitter cold, and a number of Hamilton's drawings in crayons and blue prints were tacked upon the walls, for besides being a skilful engineer he was a splendid draughtsman. His surveying instruments stood together in a corner, and the ample tables were covered with unfinished drawings and with the tools of his art.

Never was more diverting talk than that which ranged around the room where we sat in easy attitudes, with feet cocked up and chairs tilted, in the soft light of Hamilton's well-shaded lamps and in a deepening density of tobacco-smoke. And the talk was catholic in its range, for the editor was an authority on local and state and national politics, and, as a recent convert to "free silver," he could argue its cause with all the fervor of a novice. The barrister was a man of liberal education who had taught the classics and loved them, and who could, with real enthusiasm, lead the talk back from all things modern to

> "——those old days which poets say were golden."

And the mine superintendent, for all his shrewd and efficient practicality—for he was counted the best superintendent in the camp who, in the face of the declining price of silver and of other difficulties as great, had accomplished marvels with his mine—was profoundly interested in Biblical criticism; he could speak with the knowledge of a theologian on the authorship of the Pentateuch and the question of the inerrancy of Scripture and the authenticity and genuineness of the synoptic Gospels.

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But I liked most of all to hear Hamilton as he would sit left ankle crossing his right knee, his right foot tip-toe on the floor balancing his tilted chair, and his guitar resting on his lap. Over the strings his great strong fingers would pass, striking soft harmonies, and his handsome, manly face would respond to the free play of emotion as in his rich voice and with unconscious vividness of camp speech he would talk of life and of its revelations to him throughout his varied history.

"I have had every experience but that of death," he said very quietly to me one day, when we had come to know each other well. As I watched him and saw his innate, thoughtful courtesy to women, and his strong, tender-hearted love of little children, and the frankness of his life, and his useful efficiency as a man, and his devotion to the truth, and his utter hatred of all cowardice and hypocrisy, I began to understand what royal possibilities there are in the men who prove best fitted to survive in the struggle of the frontier.

It was Hamilton who introduced me to Price. Price shall stand for the name of a prospector of a sort that is becoming rare at the West. The son of an officer in an Irish regiment, he was brought to America in his early boyhood and was reared on the Pacific coast. But the strictures of high civilization were too much for him, and long before he was out of his teens he was living the rough, fortuitous life of the mining camps and cattle tracts of the Southwest. Price is about forty now and his range of occupation includes almost everything from a burro puncher to a member of the Legislature of Arizona. He seems to know, moreover, every trail in the two Territories and every soul among them, to the very Indians and greasers of the youngest generation, and he is just the sort who is looked upon out here as likely at any time "to strike it rich." So far, however, he has not struck it rich; very much the reverse. In the spring he punched his burros up from Phœnix to the Wagon-Wheel Gap region and prospected there all summer, but with no luck. When Hamilton introduced me to him, his burros were in hock and so were his blankets and his very cooking utensils and even his "gun," and he was longing for the means to redeem them that he might get out of the bitter cold of the mountains and down into the balmy Indian summer of the Salt River Valley which was "God's country" to him.

No more ideal opportunity could have presented itself to me. It was late in November and the problem of going alone westward through the thinly settled country was a difficult one, and here, as by miracle, was its perfect solution. Moreover, as it proved, Price was a good fellow with a truly Irish sense of humor and a perfect adaptability born of long habit. And withal he was patient with my inexperience. He taught me the "diamond hitch," and how to make a fire from next to nothing, and tea out of water that was thick and green on the surface, how to cook "spuds" and fry bacon and make gravy and bake bread in a saucepan. He tried to make a burro puncher of me, but his patience gave out there, and he declared finally that I'd "never be worth my salt at that until I learned to swear." Then suiting the action to the word he would take a hand himself at this point, and fairly dancing in a frenzy of rage, would rip the air with uncouth, fluent curses, and the stubborn beasts would meekly take the ford or cease their aimless wandering and quicken their pace along the trail.

I had been working for two dollars and a half a day, the highest wages I had ever received; I soon got Price's animals and gun and camping outfit from the pawnshop, and, on the morning of November 20th, we set out together to cross some five or six hundred miles of the frontier from Créede to central Arizona.

Ours was rather a typical prospecting outfit, I thought, for Price had an old, gaunt Indian pony which he rode, and our blankets and cooking utensils and provisions were made fast (with the diamond hitch) to packing saddles on the backs of two burros, one of which was called California and the other, Beecher. I was free to ride, when I chose, another burro, an uncommonly big one, which Price called Sacramento; but I generally preferred to walk, for the pace was slow, and, besides the three which I have named, there were two little burros, California's foals, and punching five, I soon found, was best accomplished on foot.

We camped that night far up among the

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head waters of the Rio Grande, and next day with much difficulty we began the toilsome journey of the Winnemonche Pass. It was hard work crossing the "divide." For many miles the trail lay through nearly three feet of snow. There was no driving the animals ahead; we were obliged to take turns in breaking a way ourselves, and then leading the animals through. Very soon we were drenched with sweat and with the snow that melted in the heat of our bodies, and all the while we were assailed by mountain winds which seemed to cut to the marrow in one's bones. But we always found a sheltered place in which to camp, where wood and water were plenty, and where, after a good supper, we slept gloriously, huddled close together on our bed of canvas and gunny sacks, our blankets drawn up snugly over our heads.

With what a sense of keen relief did we begin the descent and pass swiftly into warmer regions, where the snow became thinner and gradually disappeared, and the sun warmed us with mild rays, and we came upon a settler's cabin here and there and had speech once more with our fellowmen!

Price had promised me Indian summer when once we should get so far on our way as Durango, and most amply was his promise fulfilled, for we passed through the town on a day when the sun shone from clear, cloudless blue, and the horizon was a *sierra* in sharp lines, and the twigs of distant trees stood clean-cut against the sky, and the withering, dusty earth reflected the glory of the sun, and the cool, buoyant air seemed almost vocal of a solemn ecstasy.

We camped that night in a wilderness region to the south of Durango, where we could see the smoke rising from encampments of Ute Indians, many of whom we met on the next day's march with droves of fine Indian ponies, which they were raising for the market. Our course was southward now across the San Juan River and through a section of the Navajo reservation in northern New Mexico.

The trail led us then through a dreary desert, where at times it was with great difficulty that we got fodder for our burros and wood enough to cook our meals and water enough to drink. After days of such marching and camping, there was immense delight in coming eventually to some cedar grove, where living water flowed and grass grew thick and we could build a huge camp-fire at night of well-seasoned cedar boughs.

The only sign of habitation that we saw for days together was an occasional trader's post, about which we usually found a considerable company of Navajos. Price could speak their language, and the young braves occasionally passed us on the march. Now and then one joined us in camp, shared a meal with us, and, after a long talk with Price, rolled himself in his blanket and slept beside our fire.

At last we came out upon the Santa Fé Railway, not far from Fort Wingate, and followed the line to Gallup, where, in a grove on the hill above the village, we went into camp for the night. As a matter of fact we remained there nearly a week. Quite buried under a soft, wet snow we awoke on the first morning to find ourselves lying in melting slush, and the trail so obstructed that we could not get on. Then a bitter cold set in, and, in a region where I imagined the whole winter like a balmy spring, the thermometer sank to ten and twelve degrees below zero every night until we had nearly perished from the cold.

But the wave passed over us at last, and on December 10th we set out again, really none the worse, for the touch of Arctic weather. Following the line of the Santa Fé Railway we crossed into Arizona, and, from a point due north of it, we cut down to the Petrified Forest and on down to a Mormon settlement called Woodruff on the Little Colorado River. It was two days' march thence to another Mormon settlement, Heber by name, among the Mogollon Mountains.

All this time Indian summer had utterly failed us, and had been succeeded by a season of lowering days wherein light snowfalls were frequent. Price hated snow as he hated nothing else in nature. It got upon his nerves and drove him to a species of madness. Frequently in the course of the journey from Gallup to Heber snow fell at night. Price was usually the first to stir in the morning. We had knowledge of a snow-fall in the added weight upon us when we woke, and it was something memorable to see Price throw back the blankets and the heavy tarpaulin which were

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drawn over our heads, and lift himself on his elbow in the gray dawn, and gaze about with fierce anger in his black eyes upon a pure, white, flawless world, with soft snow clinging to every twig in the still morning air, and delicate crystal prisms beginning to form in the warmth of the coming sun, and hear him growl, in deep disgust,

"This is hell!"

But Heber marked nearly the last stage of that phase of our journey. We spent Sunday, the 18th December, there with an old Mormon elder and his son; worked for them on Monday for our keep and then renewed the march on Tuesday morning. It was a long, hard day's pull up the northern side of the mountain to the "rim-rock," in deep snow through a vast primeval forest of spruce and pine. Then a wonderful thing happened, for we made a sharp descent on the south side and, in the space of a little more than a day, reached a country where there was no snow, and the sun shone warm, and the cotton-wood was in full bloom along the water-courses, and the cedar and live oak stood green against the winter brown of the grass-grown hills.

We had Indian summer once more, and the softest, balmiest Indian summer has accompanied us thence all the way to Phœnix. We had hardships to endure, for the way was long and our provisions sometimes ran out. Once we lost our way for a time in a maze of "box cañons" and had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours, until, late on Christmas afternoon, we came out upon the ranch of a Virginian settler, whom Price knew well, and whose wife gave us a royal dinner of "hog and hominy," which I have heard lightly spoken of as a dish, but which I shall always remember as a most satisfying delicacy.

On we went then over the mountains to the Tonto Basin and through the Reno Pass to the Verde River. We were encamped there over Sunday on January 1st in the former reservation of the now deserted Fort McDowell, and early on Monday morning we started for Phœnix. By a forced march of thirty miles we entered the city at ten o'clock the same evening and had a huge supper in a Chinese restaurant; then, while our animals were eating their fill of fresh alfalfa in a corral attached to a livery-stable, we slept deeply near by on a heap of hay, glad to have reached the end of our six weeks' march across the narrowing frontier.

. . . . . .

San Francisco, Cal.,
February 1, 1893.

Not the most interesting nor profitable and certainly not the most adventurous of the many miles which I have walked in a slow progress across the continent has been this last stage of the journey up through California. And yet the remembrance of it will always have a place apart. Work was plenty, but I made no long stops, pressed on at the rate of thirty miles a day, impelled by the delight of walking in so glorious an air through the marvellous beauty of this Pacific slope.

Fresh from the dusty plains I was soon in the midst of the orange groves heavily laden with ripe fruit all about Colton and Riverside, where the hills were terraced as in the Riviera and the sky was the deep, unfathomable blue of Italy. It was January, and the first, fresh green of the new year was upon the fields and had touched with infinite delicacy the rugged sides of the mountains whose summits flashed white in places from melting snow. The early mornings were frosty, but midday warmed to a gentle glow, and the cool of the evening came with the declining sun.

Many a time, on the plains or in the mountains, in the presence of some Mexican Pueblo of adobe huts in a strangely foreign setting of cedar-trees, with threads of water apparently flowing up hill along the irrigation ditches to scant fields reclaimed from the desert, it had been difficult to realize that one was still in America. Here again was strongest suggestion of the foreign, in the houses which survive from the Spanish period, and especially the old Mission churches, where dwells the dignity of age and one can pass completely into the very atmosphere of Spain.

It was on the third day's march, I think, from Los Angeles that I found myself nearing San Buenaventura. It was late in the afternoon, and the road ahead was an easy upward slope for several miles. Just at sunset I reached the summit. The town of San Buenaventura lay below me, with its long main street curving through

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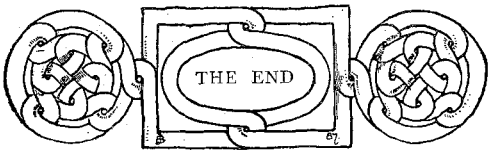
rows of houses of widely various kind, and the Mission church standing on an elevation to the left, with its stucco walls bathed in sunset light, making a strange contrast with the modern town. And beyond, with the sun's red disc a half circle on the horizon line, lay the peaceful sea, with a tongue of living flame across it turning to black coals the islands in its wake. In a moment the sun was gone, the shadow of the evening was upon the ocean, and over the town had fallen the transfiguration light which rests after sunset in spring-time upon Naples.

Three thousand miles away, and a year and a half in point of time for me, was Long Island Sound. I recalled the last glimpse of it as I looked back from Greenfield Hill in the early morning of my start, and saw it radiant in the sunshine of a midsummer day. And here again, after many months and many leagues of land journey, was the sea. Θάλαττα! Θάλαττα! I called aloud, for there was no one near enough to hear.

It was a rare moment, worth living for, that first unexpected glimpse of the Pacific. But strangely enough the feeling which it bred was no harbinger of an eager willingness to end my long experiment. Many a time when work was hard, and far more ardently when there was no work and the physical conditions of life seemed well-nigh unendurable, had I looked with longing to a return to normal living. And yet, as I neared my journey's end I found possessing me a strange indifference to the idea of return. I do not attempt to analyze the feeling, I simply note it as a fact; but in some degree I recognize in it a vague unwillingness to have done with a phase of experience which for me has opened avenues of useful knowledge. Among them all there rises clearest at this moment the way of added knowledge of my country. I may have travelled it to little purpose, but I am conscious at least of a new-born sense of things which comes of actual contact with the soil and with the primal struggle for existence among men. One stands awestruck before the vastness of our great domain and its quick redemption from the wilderness. But most of all it is contact with the people which breeds in one the strongest patriotic feeling. Local conditions and the presence of large numbers of yet unassimilated foreign elements and rapid changes in economic relations and native weaknesses and vagaries are responsible for awful sores upon the body politic, while the power of aggregated wealth grows apace, and fierce antagonisms and sectional differences arise. Yet beneath the troubled surface of events one comes to know of the great body of a nation whose unity has been purchased and made sure by such a cost of blood and treasure as was never poured out upon the altar of a nation's life before, and one sees a people intelligent, resourceful, and hugely vital, having much to learn and surely learning much, assimilating foreign elements with miraculous swiftness and growing stronger thereby, living laborious days wherein the rewards are to thrift and energy and enterprising skill, knowing no defeat and unacquainted with the sense of fear, and awakening year by year to a fuller consciousness of national life and of the glorious mission of high destiny. And with increasing knowledge the love of country grows until all thought of worth in her is merged and lost in reverence, and love of her becomes a summons to live worthy of the name and calling of an American.



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A NEW YORK DAY
BY C.D.GIBSON
"NIGHT"

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The Musician.

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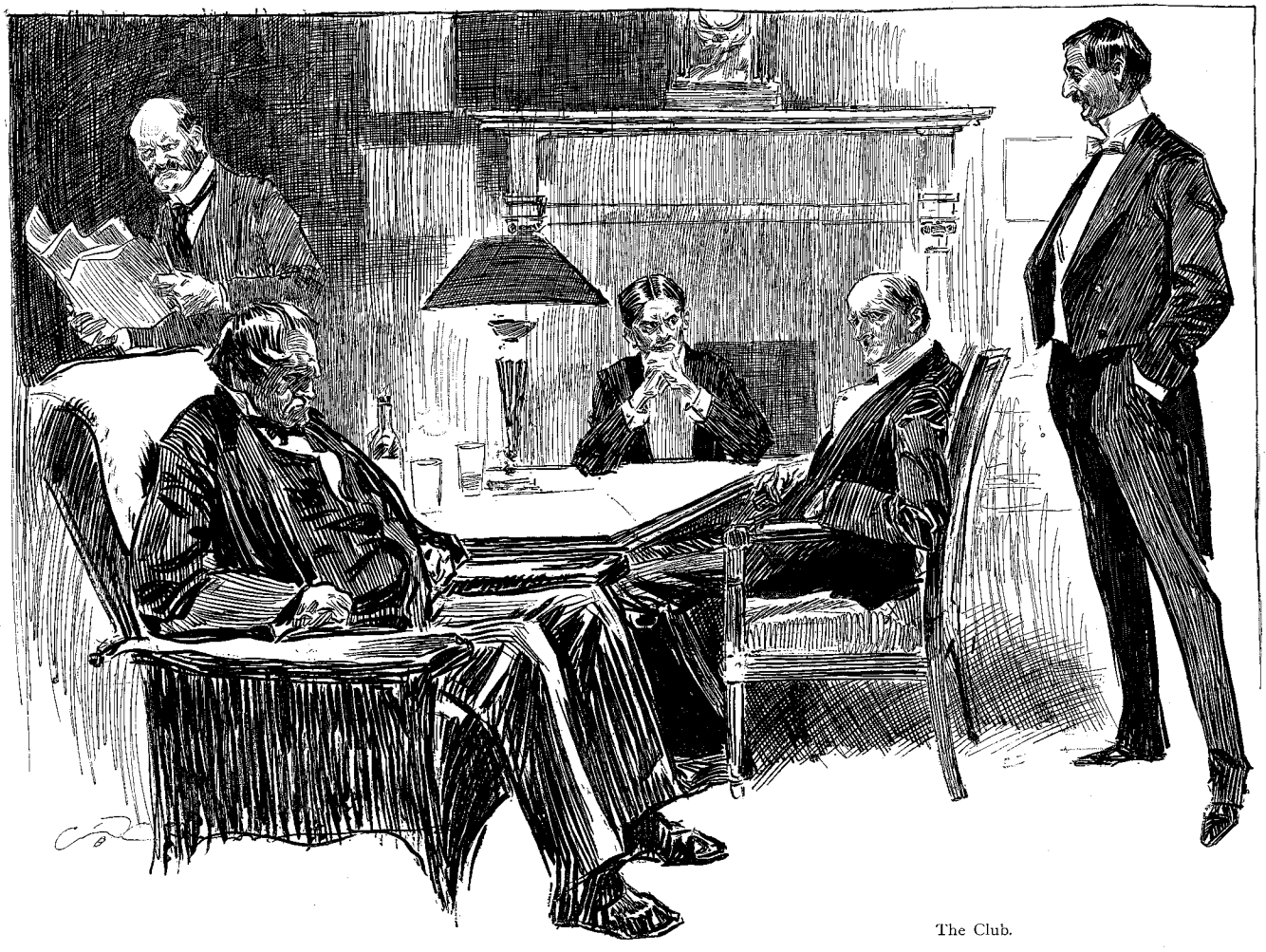

The Club.

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After the Performance.

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Outside Fleischmann's Bakery, Broadway—Waiting for Bread.

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RED ROCK

A CHRONICLE OF RECONSTRUCTION

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY B. WEST CLINEDINST

CHAPTER XLI

LEECH no sooner found himself free and surrounded by a power strong enough to protect him than he forgot the oaths he had sworn so volubly to Andy Stamper that night when he stood in the darkness.

In a little while the prisoners were all indicted, and an early time was set for their trial. Dr. Cary was among them.

In this state of the case, it occurred to the Doctor that the time had come when he could no longer with propriety refrain from availing himself of the offer of his old friend, Senator Rockfield, and of applying to him for assistance. It was no longer a private matter. It was not himself alone that was concerned, but his nearest friends and neighbors.

So Dr. Cary wrote a letter to his old college mate, setting forth the situation in which he found himself and his friends, and asked that, if in his power, the Senator would help him.

He told him that unless some action were taken promptly he saw no escape, and that he seemed doomed to a felon's cell. He told his friend that while he had been present for a little while with the mob that broke into the jail, he had been so for the purpose of trying to dissuade them from any act of lawlessness, and the part he had taken could be proved by a hundred witnesses; but that all those who had been arrested were indicted with him, which would prevent their testifying for him, and if any others were to come forward to testify they would simply subject themselves to immediate arrest.

"I can give you no idea," he wrote, "of the condition of affairs here, and shall offer no proof except my word. Unless you and I have changed since we knew each other man to man, in that old time so long ago, no other proof will be necessary, and if I should attempt to give you a true picture I should strain your credulity.

"If you wish to know the whole state of the case, I would ask you to come down and see for yourself.

"Lying in jail as I am, with the penitentiary staring me in the face, I should not, perhaps, sign myself as I do; yet when I call to mind the long line of men of virtue who have suffered the same fate, and reflect on my own consciousness of integrity, I believe you would not have me subscribe myself otherwise than as

"Your old friend, John Cary."

This letter reached Senator Rockfield at an auspicious time one evening after dinner, when the Senator was resting quietly at home, enjoying a good cigar, and when his heart was mellow. It happened that a number of measures of a very radical character had been lately proposed, and the Senator had gone somewhat deeply into the subject, with the result of discovering an appalling state of affairs in the section from which this letter came. Moreover, Captain Middleton, who happened to be a visitor at the Senator's house at the time, had added some details to those related that moved the Senator deeply.

The Senator read the letter all through twice and then lay back in his big chair and thought profoundly. The letter dropped from his hand to the floor and his cigar went out. His wife watched him anxiously. Suddenly he rose to his feet.

"He was the first gentleman of our class," he said.

He went out.

A half hour later, Senator Rockfield was admitted to the study or private office of the Secretary who had the direction of all

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matters relating to the section we have been discussing, and who controlled everything which related to it.

It was a proof of the Senator's influence that he was admitted to see him at home. And at the instant he entered, the Secretary was busy writing a momentous document. As the Senator came in, however, the Secretary shot a swift, keen glance at him, and his face lit up.

"Ah, Senator. Glad to see you," he said, with a smile which he could make gracious; "I was just thinking of you. I hope I may consider your visit a token of peace—that you recognize the wisdom of our position." He motioned him to a seat.

"Far from it," said the Senator, grimly. Without noticing the chair, he took the letter from his pocket, and opening it laid it on the table. "Read that."

The Secretary's face clouded. He took up the letter and glanced at it.

"Well, what of this?" he asked, coldly.

The Senator's face flushed.

"Just this. That I say this thing has got to stop, by G—d!" He towered above the Secretary and looked him full in the eyes. He did not often show feeling. When he did he was impressive. A change passed over the other's face.

"And if it doesn't?"

"I shall rise in my seat to-morrow morning and denounce the whole Administration. I shall turn the whole influence of my paper against you, and shall fight you to the end."

"Oh, you won't be so foolish," sneered the Secretary.

"I will not? Wait and see." He leant over and took up the paper.

"I bid you good-evening." He put on his hat and turned to the door. Before he reached it, however, the other had reflected.

"Wait. Don't be so hasty."

The Senator paused and half turned back. The Secretary had risen and was following him.

"My dear Senator, let me reason with you. I think if you give me ten minutes I can show you the folly——"

Senator Rockfield stiffened.

"Good-evening, Mr. Secretary." He turned back to the door.

"Hold on, Senator, I beg of you," said the Secretary. The Senator turned, this time impatiently.

"What guarantee have I that this letter is true?" asked the other, temporizing.

"My word. I was at college with the writer of that letter. He was my dearest friend."

"Oh! Of course, if you know yourself that those facts are correct. Why did you not say so before? Take a seat while I read the paper over again."

The Senator seated himself without a word while the Secretary read the letter a second time. Presently Senator Rockfield leant over and relit the cigar he had let go out an hour before, and which he had carried all this time without being aware of it. He knew he had won his game.

When the Secretary was through, he laid the letter down and, drawing a sheet of paper to him, began to write.

"When do you want the order issued?" he asked, pleasantly.

"Immediately. I am going South to-night."

"It will not be necessary. I will issue an order at once that the prisoners be admitted to bail. In fact, I had intended to do so in a few days anyhow." The Senator looked politely acquiescent.

The two men parted ceremoniously, and the Senator, after stopping by the office and sending a telegram South, returned to his home.

As he entered he found his wife anxiously awaiting him.

"I won," he said, and she threw herself into his arms.

The effect of this interview was immediately felt in the old county, and after a little Dr. Cary and the other prisoners confined with him were admitted to bail, and eventually the prosecutions were dismissed. But this was not until after the events about to be recorded.

CHAPTER XLII

THE effect of Leech's return to power was soon visible, and the gloom in the old county was never so deep as it became now. It appeared as if a complete overthrow had come at last.

Popular opinion veered suddenly, and whereas but a little while before all mouths

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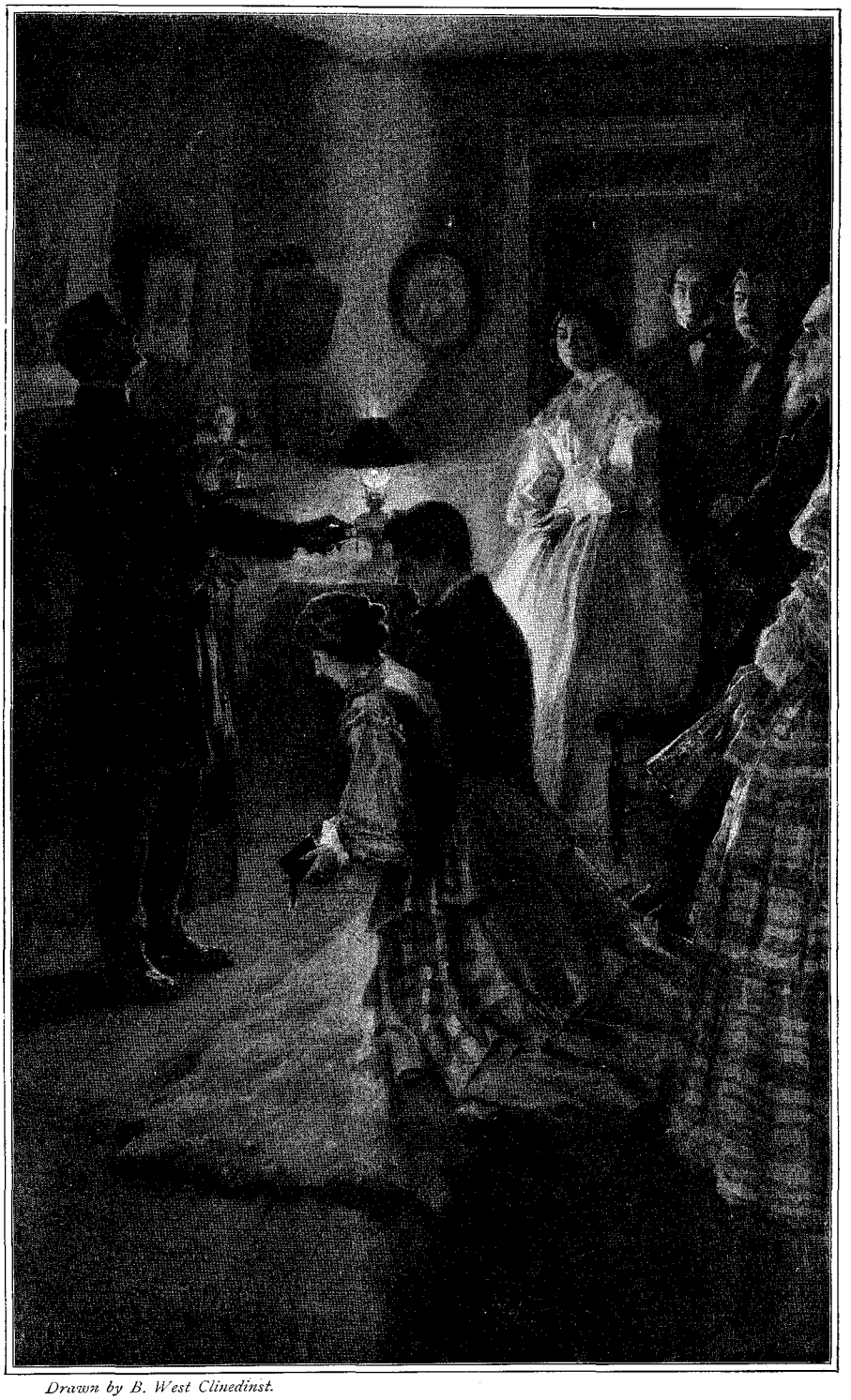

Drawn by B. West Clinedinst.

"And there, in the little parlor, Steve and Ruth were married."—Page 592.

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were full of wonder at Steve Allen's daring *coup*, now, that it had failed, many were inclined to blame him.

Steve was deeply offended by some of the things said about his act by certain members of the secret society, and he met them with fierce denunciation of the whole order. It was, he said, no longer the old organization that had acted for the public good and with a high purpose. This was a cowardly body of cutthroats, who rode about the country under cover of darkness, perpetrating all sorts of outrages and villainies for purposes of private vengeance. And he defied the whole gang. In this attitude he had many friends on his side. Yet even these were forced to admit that his carrying Leech off, as it turned out, was unfortunate. Steve even thought at times of leaving the State and going West.

But this idea passed away in the stress of the present crisis. He would not leave the State in the hour of her darkness.

In this contingency he took a step which no one had contemplated.

Ever since the escape of Leech, Steve had in a measure been a sort of refugee. Not that he was in actual hiding, for he went boldly about the upper part of the county; but he had to observe a certain prudence as to his movements: to absent himself from the county-seat, and was obliged to be constantly on the watch.

He had not seen Ruth Welch since the general arrest of his friends; but he had heard that her father openly reprobated the act, and that she had visited Mrs. Cary and Blair, and had expressed the greatest indignation about the outrage. He also knew, however, that Major Welch had warmly deplored the kidnapping of Leech, and had done all he could to aid in the discovery of the perpetrators of this act.

Another cause of anxiety began to make itself apparent to Captain Allen about the same time. He knew that Captain Aurelius Thurston had long been an ardent if a somewhat intermittent suitor of Miss Welch.

Captain Thurston, as has been seen, shortly after his arrival, went back to his old flame, Miss Elizabeth Dockett, and was soon as deeply immersed in that affair as he had ever been with Miss Welch. As Miss Elizabeth, however, treated him with unexampled rigor, and Mrs. Dockett never for an instant permitted him to forget that he was occupying the position of a tyrant, the Captain found himself obliged to seek at times the aid of a friendly ally, and turned to Miss Welch for consolation, who cheerfully rendered him in another's behalf all the service she had declined in her own. Thus the little Captain was much more welcome at the Welch's home than he had ever been before. His duties at the court-house, as commandant of the county, were sufficient to account for all the time he spent there, including whatever hours he passed up at the old Dockett place among the trees and lilacs, while his presence at the Welch's could only be attributed to one cause. So everyone declared and Captain Allen believed.

Matters were in this condition when the news came that the next week had been set as the time for the trial of the Red Rock prisoners. Judge Bail had already arrived, the jury had been selected, and the witnesses were being summoned.

Captain Allen received the announcement of this one morning. That evening he rode down to the court-house, and, tying his horse, walked across to Captain Thurston's camp. He knocked at the door of the office in which was the Captain's headquarters, and on being bid to enter opened the door.

Thurston sprang to his feet as Steve entered, and stared at him in blank amazement.

"Good-evening, Captain Thurston." Having shaken hands, Steve flung himself into a seat.

"Give me a cigar. I have come to have a talk with you," he said, lightly.

Thurston handed him a cigar and lit one himself, his face perplexed and a little troubled. Steve saw his perplexity and smiled.

"I have come to see what terms I can make through you, Captain, before I give myself up."

"Wait. I am not authorized to make any terms. I must notify you——" Thurston was beginning very seriously. But Steve interrupted him.

"I did not say with you, but *through* you. I would not place you in such an embarrassing position. I suppose you would

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not mind seeing what terms you could make with your friend, Colonel Leech?"

Thurston flushed.

"He is no friend of mine," he said, hotly.

"Oh, I thought you had made up," said Steve, maliciously. "Well, he will be if you give me up to him. But I thought you might make a little better terms for me than I could myself, as he seems to prefer the city to the county just now, and I fear a communication from me would not meet with the consideration at his hands that the closeness of our intimacy a short time since should secure for it."

"What in the d——l are you driving at, Allen?" asked Thurston. "You know what I think of Leech and how he regards me. But that does not alter the fact that I am sent here to catch—ah—to apprehend you; and if I do my duty, I should have you arrested."

"Of course, Captain Thurston, do your duty," said Steve, coolly, his face hardening a little and his upper lip curling slightly.

"No, no, Allen; I did not mean it that way. I am only trying to get at what you want. I am a little mystified."

His evident friendliness soothed Steve's ruffled feelings.

"I want to see whether I would not be accepted as a propitiatory offering in place of my friends—of others who have done nothing and deserve no punishment. I am the head and front of the whole business. I am responsible for all they are charged with, and they are not. And I want to get them released, and give myself up in their place."

Thurston looked deeply troubled.

"I do not want to arrest you. I must say that you are the last person in the world I wanted to see. But if you stay here I must arrest you. If, however, you came here with any idea that I would—I mean, that I could make terms with you, I do not wish to take advantage of your mistake. There is a door. You can walk out of it while I go and call the sergeant of the guard."

Steve shook his head.

"No, no; I am going to give myself up. It is the only thing I can do to help them. Perhaps if these scoundrels get me they may let the others off. I am the one they are after. But I want you to help me. You are a gentleman."

Thurston looked at him a moment, and then reached out his hand.

"Allen, I promise you I will do all I can."

The two men shook hands across the table, and Steve, settling himself comfortably, gave Thurston an account of all that had taken place between himself and Leech the night of his capture, and between himself and the band of Ku Klux the night they had come to take Leech from the place where he had confined him. He had known of the plan to rescue Leech and had connived at it to save Leech from the Ku Klux.

"But why did you carry him off?" asked Thurston. "I can understand all the rest; but I do not see how a man of your sense could have supposed that you could accomplish anything by such an act."

"It was to gain time, Captain Thurston. You do not know how desperate we are. But for that Dr. John Cary and Jacquelin Gray would be to-day wearing convict suits; Leech had already appointed the time for that. I tided over that crisis."

He went on and gave Thurston an account of all that had taken place in the county under Leech's régime since Thurston had left. It opened the young officer's eyes, and when Steve was through Thurston's face was filled with a new sympathy.

"Allen, I will do all I can for you," he said again. And he did. He wrote to Middleton and his friends.

The news that Steve Allen had surrendered himself caused the greatest commotion, and not only there, but throughout the rest of the State.

When Leech heard that Steve Allen had surrendered himself, he could not at first believe it. But when the report was verified he was wild with joy. He told again and again, with many new embellishments, the story of his own seizure and incarceration, and the horrors of the midnight meeting, when in his hearing he was tried and condemned to death without a trial. (In his later relations there was an intimation of threats of torture having been used, and no mention of the mode of his escape.)

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He had visited the national capital, and he redoubled his energies in pushing the prosecutions of the Red Rock prisoners. His fortunes were more promising than ever. His ambition had taken a higher leap, and he felt that now no power could keep him from the attainment of his wishes. His name had been mentioned in the United States Senate, and someone asked, "Who is Colonel Leech? "

"I will tell you who he is," said the Senator who was quoting him. "He is a man who in a short time will be your compeer on the floor of this body."

This retort was unction to Leech's soul.

Meantime the same state of affairs that gave Leech so much hope was destroying the last hope of the people of the old county. A black pall seemed to have covered them. The local press raved in impotent rage, and declared that open war would be better than that to which they were subjected.

Just at this juncture the order which Senator Rockfield had secured from the authorities had come down, and the prisoners were released on bail. The order, however, was issued before Captain Allen surrendered himself, and did not include his name or apply to him. So when Dr. Cary, General Legaie, Jacquelin Gray, Andy Stamper, and the other residents of Red Rock were released, Captain Allen was still held, and bail was refused in his case. This, at least, was some consolation to Leech.

The discharge of the other Red Rock prisoners inspired Leech to hurry up the prosecution of Captain Allen. If he could get Allen shut up within the walls of a Government prison for a term of years, he would be free to carry out his schemes, and of this he had no doubt. Bail was the judge who was to try the prisoner, and the witnesses were being gotten together. As his plans developed, Leech's ideas enlarged. He did not want to prosecute Steve for a minor offence. He wished to put him entirely out of the way. A long term only would now satisfy him. The offences with which Steve was charged were not grave enough, the penalties not heavy enough. The attack on the jail when Rupert was rescued had been thrown into the background by the more recent outrages committed by the Ku Klux.

Leech determined to drop the prosecution for the attack on the jail, and to prosecute Steve Allen for the Ku Klux outrages, as to which the Government was more particularly interested. The difficulty was to establish Allen's connection with the Ku Klux. Leech knew that Steve had left them, if he had ever belonged to their organization. So he was somewhat at a loss to prove his connection with them as an active member. Accident, however, suddenly threw in his way the means to accomplish his wish, and to punish two enemies at once.

Leech had been in the upper end of the county looking after witnesses, when he met Miss Welch. She gave him a cold bow and was passing on, but he stopped her with an inquiry after her father.

"He is very well," said the girl, coldly.

"I suppose he, like all loyal men, is rejoicing over the capture at last of the head of all the trouble that has been going on down here?" Leech's face wore a soft smile.

"I was not aware that he was captured. I thought he surrendered." Ruth's color deepened in spite of herself.

"Well, we have him safe at last, anyhow," smiled Leech, "and I think we'll keep him. It puts an end to the outrages down here, and your father, of all men, should rejoice. He is too good a citizen not to."

"My father is too good a man to rejoice in anyone's misfortune," said Ruth, warmly; "and Captain Allen has had nothing to do with the outrages you refer to. He never had anything to do with the Ku Klux—except once or twice. I have his own word for it."

Leech's eyes were resting on her face. "Ah! You have it on good authority." His tone was most polite, but Ruth fired up.

"I have. Captain Allen is a gentleman, and when he says that he never has had anything to do with the Ku Klux since the first or second time they acted in this county, I am sure it is so. What he has done since then he did alone." She could not resist this shot.

Leech did not appear to mind it. His mild eyes were glowing with a sudden light, almost of joy.

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"No doubt, no doubt," he murmured; and, as Ruth was moving on:

"Please remember me kindly to your father and mother."

As she rode away, Leech actually slapped his thigh, and he smiled all the way home.

CHAPTER XLIII

RUTH had heard of Captain Allen's surrender the day after it took place. Mrs. Stamper, passing through from the railway on her way home from a visit to her husband in jail, had stopped and told her all about it. She was in great excitement over it.

When Mrs. Stamper had passed on, Ruth was on her way to her own room when she met her mother.

"What on earth is it, Ruth?"

"Oh, mamma!" Ruth began; but she was unable to finish and burst into tears. Mrs. Welch drew her into her chamber; and in there Ruth opened her heart to her.

"I know I ought to hate him, mamma," she wept; "but I do not. I have tried to hate him, and prayed — yes, prayed to hate him; but I like him better than any man I ever met or ever shall meet; and even when I cut him on the road I liked him. I hate myself; I am humiliated to think that I should care for a man who has never said he loved me."

"But he has said so, Ruth."

"What?" Her eyes opened wide with a vague awaking something.

"He has been to see your father, and has asked his consent to pay you his addresses."

Ruth sprang to her feet as if electrified.

"Mamma!" The blood rushed to her face and back again. She seized her mother and poured out question after question. Her whole person seemed to change. She looked like a different being. Mrs. Welch could not help enjoying her joy. For once she let herself go, and gave herself up to the delight of thorough and complete sympathy with her daughter. She told her everything that had occurred, and Ruth in return told her mother all that she knew and thought of Steve.

Just then Major Welch opened the door. He stopped and looked in on the scene in wonderment. Ruth rose and flung herself into his arms.

In the conference that ensued, Ruth, however, found ground for more distress. Her father had heard the whole story of Captain Allen's surrender of himself. He had gotten it from Thurston. He did not believe Steve's action would be effectual to obtain the release of his friends, and Allen had put himself in the power of those who would move heaven and earth to secure his conviction. The dispatches that had come from the city clearly indicated this.

Under the new revelation that Major Welch had received, his interest in Captain Allen had naturally increased. His only hope was, that proof as to Captain Allen's case might not be easy. It was at recent acts that the new laws under which the prosecutions were being pressed aimed, and it might not be possible to prove Captain Allen's participation in them.

His carrying Leech off could be proved, of course; but while Leech would naturally press the prosecution for this, since Leech had been released, the Government might not now take it so seriously.

As her father discussed Captain Allen's chances earnestly, Ruth sat and listened with bated breath, her eyes, wide with anxiety, fastened on his face, her hands tightly clasped, her color coming and going as hope and fear alternated. She had not spoken of her brief interview with Leech, and did not now attach any importance to it.

One afternoon, a few days later, an official rode up to the door and served a summons on Ruth to appear as a witness for the prosecution in the case of the Government against Stevenson Allen. With this notice he brought also a letter to Major Welch from Leech, who wrote the Major that for reasons of importance to the Government he had found it necessary to request his daughter's attendance at the trial. She was the only one, he said, who could prove certain facts material to the case for the Government.

As Major Welch read the letter his countenance fell. He saw at once that Ruth's knowledge of Captain Allen's part in the acts of the Ku Klux organization filled out Leech's case, and that Captain

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Allen was in graver danger than he had apprehended.

The next day it was known in the county that Ruth had been summoned by Leech, and that the object of the summons was to have her prove Captain Allen's confession of his part in the acts of the Ku Klux. The excitement in the community was intense, and the feeling against the Welches was stronger than it had ever been, stronger even than before the trial of Jacquelin's case. It was said by some that Major Welch and his daughter had trapped Steve and were taking their revenge for his part in Jacquelin's suit. The neighbors they met on the road scowled at them as they passed. Even old Waverley, whom Ruth met one afternoon, was short in his replies to her inquiries. She asked after Miss Thomasia.

"I don' think she'll last long," said the old servant, significantly, and passed on.

Ruth had not heard she was ill. Ruth had always felt that Miss Thomasia and she had one thing in common. Ruth turned her horse and rode slowly back to the little cottage amid the vines. An air of oppressive stillness surrounded the place. For a few moments she thought of drawing back and going home. Then her courage returned. She sprang from her horse, and, tying him, walked up to the door and knocked. It was answered by old Peggy. She looked at Ruth so suspiciously that it went to the girl's heart. She did not know whether Ruth could see Miss Thomasia or not—she thought not. Ruth persisted, however. She took her seat quietly on the little veranda. The old woman looked puzzled and disappeared. Presently she returned and said Miss Thomasia would see her. Ruth went in. Miss Thomasia was sitting in a little rocking-chair. Ruth was astounded to see the difference since she saw her last. She looked years older. She received Ruth civilly but coldly and let her do the talking. Ruth kept well away from the one subject that was uppermost in both their minds. Presently Ruth could stand it no longer. She rose to go and bade her "Good-by."

"Good-by, my dear," said Miss Thomasia. They were the words with which she always said her adieus. Her voice was feeble and she spoke very low. There was something in her tone, something of resignation and forgiveness, that went to Ruth's heart, and as she turned away a deep sigh caught her ear. She turned back; the old lady's thin hands were tightly clasped, her eyes were shut, and her lips were trembling. The next moment Ruth was down on her knees beside her, her head buried in her lap, pouring out her story.

"I must tell you," she sobbed. "I came to tell you and I cannot go away and not tell you. I know you love him, and I know you hate me—they all hate me and think I am hard and cruel. But I am not, and neither is my father."

She went on, and as she told her story, the old lady's hands came and rested on her head and lifted her up, and the two women wept together.

CHAPTER XLIV

MIDDLETON happened to be present in the gallery during the debate in which a Senator had asked, "Who is this man Leech?" and another had replied, "He is a man who will soon be your compeer on this floor." The speech had astounded Middleton. Could it be possible that Dr. Cary and Jacquelin Gray and General Legaie were in jail, and that Leech was about to become a Senator! It seemed incredible to him. It was that night that he had the conversation with Senator Rockfield about Dr. Cary.

A letter he got from Major Welch and Reely Thurston finally determined him to go South and see for himself, and he went.

His arrival at Brutusville was regarded differently by different people. The Welches were delighted to see him, and so was Reely Thurston. Leech met him with a show of much cordiality; extended his hand and greeted him with warmth. Middleton, however, could not for his life refrain from having his old feeling of repulsion. He was conscious of a change in Leech. Instead of the former half-apologetic manner that was almost obsequious, Leech now was bold and assertive.

The day after Middleton arrived, he met Moses, the trick-doctor, face to face.

After the arrival of the troops Moses had

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returned, and had been much about the court-house and Leech.

He advanced to meet Middleton, his hat in his hand, grinning and showing his repulsive teeth and gums. It was almost a shock to Middleton to meet him.

"How's Mass Middleton—my young master? Glad to see you back, suh. Does you 'member Moses—ole Moses?"

"Yes, I remember you," said Middleton, almost grimly. The negro burst out into a loud guffaw.

"Yas, suh. I knows you 'members *him*. Yaw-yaw-yaw-ee. Done lay de whup on Mose' back too good not to 'member him. Yaw-yaw-yaw-ee. Dat wuz right. Now you gwine gi' me a quarter for dat." He held out his hand, his eyes oscillating in his peculiar way.

Middleton pitched a dollar into his hand and walked on hastily, followed by the thanks and protestations of gratitude of the negro. He did not see the look that Moses shot after him out of his small eyes as he followed him at a distance, till he went into Mrs. Dockett's. The trick-doctor, as he turned back, muttered, "Yas, done lay the whup 'pon Moses's back. Dollar don' pay for dat. Ain' Cap'n Middleton now—jes Marse Middleton. Ump!" He disappeared with his uneven gait around the rear of Leech's law-office.

Most of Middleton's other friends received him with even greater cordiality than he had expected. Mrs. Dockett invited him to come and occupy his old quarters, and made him understand distinctly that it was to be as her guest. She did not board any Yankees now—except Captain Thurston, of course. She had to take the Captain in for old times' sake; she could not let him be starved or poisoned at that hole of a hotel.

Middleton laughed as he thanked her. He knew which way the wind was setting with Thurston. He was staying with his cousins, he said. But he hoped Mrs. Dockett would be good enough to let him come to dinner sometimes and eat some of her fried chicken, which was the very best in all the world, as he knew by experience. Mrs. Dockett declared that he was flattering her; but this Middleton stoutly repudiated. He had said so in every country he had visited, and there was no reason why he should not say so now. In fact, he so flattered Mrs. Dockett that the good lady declared at the table that evening, looking hard at Captain Thurston, that he was quite a model, now that he no longer wore that horrid blue coat but dressed like a *gentleman*.

"By Jove, Larry," said Thurston, "you've been acting on the lessons I gave you. You've captured the brigadier first charge. Keep on and you may capture the whole army, my boy."

"You blackguard!" said Middleton. "You yourself flatter and humbug every woman you meet, so that you think every one else must be playing the same game."

"Have you told the Senator's daughter about the chickens in this country?" drawled Thurston.

For reply, Middleton shied a pillow across at his friend. "Of course I have; and how about you?"

"Oh, I like Mrs. Dockett's chicken, too." To Middleton's surprise, Thurston actually flushed a little.

"Reely!"

Thurston's eyes twinkled, and he grew red.

"Well! And she?"

"Larry, how could any sensible woman resist my charms?" he laughed.

"Are you engaged?"

"Only in a military sense—as yet."

"But she likes you?"

"Larry, she's the most unaccountable creature."

"Of course."

"Such a vagabond as I am. And how charming she can be! She's about six girls in one—one minute one thing, the next another."

"That just suits you. You need just about that many to be in love with."

"She's the only girl in the world I ever was in love with."

Middleton whistled.

"Here! you are not talking to her now, but to me. Have you told Ruth Welch that?"

"She's my confidante."

"She is! That accounts for it," said Middleton.

"She likes Allen," said Thurston, explanatorily.

"Oh!"

"And Miss Cary likes Gray."

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"Ah!" After a pause, "Who told you so?"

"I have it from the best authority."

"Miss Cary, or Gray?"

"Miss Elizabeth."

"Oh! excuse me."

A few mornings after Middleton's arrival he was driving to the county-seat, when he met Dr. Cary walking. It had rained the night before, and the road was muddy; but the Doctor was trudging along with his old black saddle-pockets over his shoulder. Middleton pulled up and sprang out and greeted him.

"Has your horse gotten away?" he asked.

The Doctor smiled, half grimly. "Yes, some time ago." The smile died slowly out. "I have no horse now," he said, gravely. "I lost my horse some time ago, and have not been able to get one since." Middleton looked so shocked that he added, "Usually my patients send a horse for me, but sometimes I have those who are no better off than myself." Once more the smile flitted across his worn face.

Middleton asked to be allowed to take him to his destination. The old gentleman at first demurred, but on Middleton's insisting, yielded. He indicated where he was going. How broken he looked! "It was a little warm," he said.

"Why don't you borrow the money to buy a horse?" asked Middleton, presently. "I wish you would let——" The Doctor interrupted him.

"Ah, sir, I have borrowed too much money already. I could never pay now. Steve Allen lent me his horse; but Leech claimed it under some writ. I don't know just what."

When they arrived at the place to which the Doctor was going, it was a negro cabin.

"I have to look after them, sir," said the old fellow, explanatorily. "I don't know what they will do when I am gone."

The deep sincerity in his face took away any suggestion of egotism.

Middleton drove on in deep meditation.

As he drove into the village, he was met by a carriage and pair in which sat Leech and a negro. They were both dressed in long black broadcloth coats, and the negro wore a shiny new beaver.

That very evening Middleton began to negotiate for a horse that he thought would suit an old man. His plan was to buy the horse, and when he went away ask Dr. Cary to keep it for him and use it.

As he was looking at the horse, Leech came by. He stopped and looked on, a smile on his sallow face.

"If you want a good horse, don't buy that one. I've got a lot on my place, and I'll lend you one."

"Thank you; I prefer to buy," said Middleton, coldly, examining the horse.

"All right, I'll sell you one—cheap. I've got the finest lot you ever saw. Some of the old Cary stock," he added.

"I've no doubt you have," said Middleton, dryly, a frown gathering on his brow.

"You used to be a better judge of a horse than that," laughed Leech.

Middleton straightened up and turned on him so angrily that he stepped back involuntarily. The next instant, however, he recovered himself.

"Find a good many changes since you went away, I guess." His voice was full of insolence, and his face wore a provoking smile. Middleton was trying to control himself.

"Some of your friends sort of gone down the hill—and some in jail." He nodded his head in the direction of the court-green.

"Are you trying to be insolent to me?" asked Middleton, straightening up and taking a step nearer Leech. "If you are, you are making a mistake." His face abashed even Leech, and he changed his tone. He did not mean to offend him; he was only jesting when he called them his friends.

"I don't wish to be jested with," said Middleton, turning away.

As Leech went on he smiled to himself. "Ah, my young man, times are changed," he muttered to himself, softly, "and if you stay here long you'll find it out."

Middleton concluded his purchase, and that evening rode his new horse up to Dr. Cary's. Jacquelin Gray was there. Jacquelin was not glad to see Middleton and he did not pretend to be glad.

Middleton was unusually cordial to him; but this only grated on him. There was a smile in his eyes which Jacquelin, tortur-

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ing himself as every fool under like circumstances does, interpreted as a glance of triumph. This was the more biting to him, because Blair was unusually gay that evening. She was excited, and her cheeks, that were sometimes pale, now were flushed, Jacquelin felt, with pleasure at Middleton's presence. She talked mainly to Middleton, to Jacquelin scarcely at all. And at length Jacquelin rose and said he must go.

"Why, aren't you going to stay to tea? I thought you were," Blair asked in genuine surprise. Her color had suddenly vanished and she looked at him with a vague trouble in her eyes.

"Thank you, no," said Jacquelin, shortly. "Good-evening, Captain Middleton." He bowed ceremoniously.

"I hoped to have had the pleasure of riding back with you," said Middleton.

"I am walking," said Jacquelin, grimly. He went out. Blair excused herself hurriedly to Middleton. "Oh, Jacquelin," she called, "will you take this letter for me, and mail it to-morrow morning?"

"Can't I take it?" asked Middleton. "I am going by the office."

"Oh, Jack will take it, thank you."

As she gave him the letter she glanced up in his face inquiringly. But Jacquelin's eyes avoided hers. He took the letter and stalked out. How he hated Middleton! And how he hated himself for doing it.

He strode down the road, full of bitterness, weaving himself a web of fancies that stung him at every step.

At a fork in the road, just on top of a hill some distance before him, he caught for a second the outlines of a man's figure clear against the sky in the cleft between the trees. It moved with a curious dip or limp that reminded him for a moment of Moses, the trick-doctor. The next second it disappeared. When Jacquelin reached the spot, he stopped and listened; but there was nothing but silence. Only a momentary crackle of a piece of bark as an opossum or something moved up a tree deep within the shadows. He could not go home, because he had told his aunt he would stay at Dr. Cary's to tea, and she would want to know why he had not done so. So he wandered on.

When he reached home Miss Thomasia had retired, and he went silently to his room, cursing his fate and Middleton.

Early next morning, Jacquelin was awakened by voices in the yard. Someone was talking to Miss Thomasia. All Jacquelin heard was that Captain Middleton had been shot the night before, at the fork of the road that led to Dr. Cary's. Jacquelin lay still for a second, quite still, and listened. Could it be a dream? "The body had been found right at the fork by Dr. Cary, as he was going home from seeing Mrs. Stamper, and the Doctor had sent for Mr. Jacquelin."

Jacquelin's heart stopped still. He sprang from bed and threw open a window.

"What's that?" he asked.

Old Gideon repeated the story, with further details.

"Is he dead?"

"Nor, sir, he ain' dead yet; but de Doctor say he ain' got much show. Ef he hadn't happen to git dyah pretty soon after he was shot he'd been dead sho'."

"Thank God!"

Jacquelin had felt like a murderer. The thought of Blair stricken in the moment of her joy came to him like a stab in his heart.

Old Gideon was giving particulars.

"Some thinks 'twuz dem Ku Kluxes—some dat dee wuz after somebody else, whoever 'twuz. I don' know who 'twuz," he asserted, with manifest veracity. "But I sholy don' 'prove of folks shootin' 'roun' at folks dataway, dat I don't! Dee done sen' for Mr. Welch and de Capt'n at the cote-house."

When Jacquelin reached Dr. Cary's he was met by Blair, white-faced and tearful.

He walked straight up to her and held out his hand. "Blair." His voice had all the old tenderness. The lover had disappeared—it was only the old, old friend, the brother.

"Oh, Jacquelin!" and she burst into tears.

A night or two later, the Doctor had just come home from the court-house where he had paid Steve a visit. He was much depressed. He would write to Senator Rockfield and see if he could not help in some way. He looked so fagged and worn that

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Mrs. Cary and Blair urged him to put off the letter. But he said it must be done at once. The day for the trial was approaching, and every hour was precious now; so he wrote the letter. Just as he finished, a messenger came for him. Jane, Sherwood's wife, was ill, and had asked him to come and see her. Mrs. Cary interposed; it was impossible—he ought to be in bed that moment. The Doctor then rose.

"I must go, my dear," he said, quietly. Mrs. Cary yielded. He tottered a little as he walked. She went out with him and saw him mount the horse the messenger had brought, and ride away in the darkness.

The sun was almost rising when they saw him come riding up through the orchard. As they went out to meet him he sat up very straight.

He almost fell as he dismounted, but recovered himself and sent the horse back by the boy who came with him.

"How is Jane?" asked Mrs. Cary; but it was not of Jane she was thinking.

"Very sick," he said, wearily. "I am glad I went. She would have died if I had not gone."

As he reached the door he sat down on the step and passed his hand over his brow. The next second he sank forward.

With a cry to Blair, Mrs. Cary caught him. She raised him up. His eyes opened once and rested on his wife's face, and a faint, weary smile came into them; his lips murmured his wife's name, and then Blair's, and then his eyes slowly closed, and with a sigh his head sank on Mrs. Cary's arm. And the long fight was done.

CHAPTER XLV

THE term of Court approached, and the trial of Captain Allen was set for the first day. The old county-seat was in a fever of expectation and apprehension. A dark cloud seemed to have settled like a pall over the place, that even the soft afterglow of a summer evening could not lighten. The sounds were subdued, and the faces of the people gloomy and grim. The Judge had arrived and had taken his room in the old hotel. Leech, solemn and self-assertive, with a quicker trip in his step and a gleam of joy in his pale blue eyes, had come with him, and was also quartered in the hotel. Some said he was afraid to go to his house; some, that he wanted to be near the Judge, and keep his mind filled with devilment. The jury was assembled and kept together; the witnesses had been brought to town, and were also keeping together. The lawyers were consulting, with locked doors and closed windows, those who represented the Government in a room adjoining Leech's and not far from the Judge's, and those who were for the prisoner, in Steve Allen's office. Mr. Bagby and General Legaie were the leading counsel. The crowd in the village, sullen and almost awestruck, were discussing, in groups, about the streets or on the verandas, the points in the case with the intelligence of men trained by sharp experience to feel the gravity of such an occasion and to weigh the chances. It was known that the principal evidence against Captain Allen was his own confession. Leech could not prove any act of his without that. The lawyers could break down all the witnesses except one—the one whom Steve had been fool enough to talk to; her testimony they could not get around. Mr. Bagby and General Legaie had said so. Mr. Bagby said that a man was a fool ever to confess anything. That showed what a fool a man was, to go and tell a woman what he would not tell his nearest friend, just because he was in love with her.

Such were the views of a group assembled on one of the street-corners.

This gave the discussion another turn. Was Captain Allen really in love with Miss Welch? someone questioned. He had been in love with her, beyond doubt, but had stopped visiting her—they had fallen out. Some thought she had led him on to get out of him all she could; others, that he had stopped, and that she was taking her revenge. Many considered that it served him right.

Just then the sound of wheels was heard, and the next moment a close carriage with a good pair of horses drove by rapidly, leaving a trail of dust. It was Major Welch's carriage, and though the curtains were half drawn the group recognized the occupants as Major and Mrs. Welch and their daughter, and one other person; and a number of hoots followed them as they passed down the street toward the

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hotel. Andy's countenance and stock both fell.

As Steve Allen lay in the darkened jail that night, his reflections were as bitter as death. Better a thousand times that he had died in battle and lain with his comrades who had left honorable names.

He was aware at times that this was a weakness, for he had moments when he recognized that an undeserved sentence could not degrade. But, in spite of himself, the horror of it would come back to him. And with it was another wound. The blow had been struck by Ruth Welch. The girl whom he had given his whole heart to, and to whom he had spoken as he would not have spoken to any other man or woman, had turned and betrayed him. But for her he would be free tomorrow. He knew it himself; and his lawyers, in their last interview with him, just over, had told him so. They had a single chance. The witness was in a condition of high excitement, they knew, and they might by severe cross-examination confuse her and destroy the force of her testimony. This Steve promptly vetoed. He would not have it done. The old lawyers gazed at him in dismay.

"My dear sir, it is your only chance."

"I do not care, I will not have it," said Steve, firmly. "I said it, and I will have no cross-examination on that point."

"That is Quixotic."

"Then I'll be Quixotic. I've been so before."

They left him, saying good-by with that mournful sympathy which showed how forlorn was their hope. As they reached the outer door and passed across the court-green, old Mr. Bagby said: "That is really a most extraordinary young man; and to think that such a man should be sentenced to a felon's cell."

The little General breathed a deep and fervent oath.

"What a pity that he could not have married that nice young lady, Miss Welch—such a nice young lady!" proceeded Mr. Bagby, half in soliloquy.

"Marry her! Marry that woman! The viper!" exploded the General; "I'd rather die!"

"Oh, a very nice young lady," pursued Mr. Bagby to himself as he walked on, feeling his way in the darkness. He did not tell the General that he had lately had an interview with Ruth Welch which had raised her in his esteem and changed her in his mind from the viper which the General conceived her to be to the "nice young lady" of whom he muttered in the dusk of the summer night.

This interview with his lawyers had been over an hour ago now, and the high stand which Steve had taken with them had lost some of its loftiness, as the hardness of his position stood nakedly before him. After all, had Ruth Welch not betrayed him? Why should he sacrifice himself for her—for a mere sentiment about her? This thought flitted before him, but only for an instant. He put it away from him with a gesture of bitterness. At least, he would be a gentleman, whatever befell. He turned, and going across to a table opened a drawer, took up a pistol, and looked at it attentively, with a curious expression on his face. He was thinking deeply. Suddenly his expression changed. "Never! Cowardice!" he muttered, and flung the pistol over on the bed. It had come to him that it would be taken as a proof of fear as well as of guilt. Moreover, the thought had come that he might still be of use. The feeling that followed was one of mingled dread and thankfulness, and a sensation of almost content and peacefulness fell on him. He turned to the window and, looking out through the bars into the darkness, began to pray in thankfulness. It soothed him.

At that moment his door opened and a voice said:

"A visitor to see you, Capt'n. Will you come to the parlor?"

Steve did not stir for a moment, but after a little walked slowly through the corridor into the front room, which was dignified by that name. It was lighted by a small lamp, the rays of which hardly reached the walls, and was empty. But he could hear from the voices that there were two persons in the next room. Steve walked to the open window and waited, looking out, with his head resting on his arm against the bars. The same reverie that he had been in when he was interrupted continued.

The door opened and closed softly.

"Captain Allen," said a faint voice. Steve turned.

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"Miss Welch!" He stood dumfounded. Before him, with her veil only half thrown back, was Ruth Welch. She stood just inside the door, as if rooted to the spot, and, as Steve did not move, the whole space of the room was between them.

"Captain Allen," she began, and then faltered. After a second, however, with an effort, she began again.

"I have come to see you—to see—see if there is nothing I can do to—to help you."

At the words Steve's heart hardened.

"No, thank you; there is nothing," he said. His voice was hard and unnatural. She made a movement almost as if she shrank back. But she began again, speaking very slowly:

"I do not know what to say. But I want—I want to see if there is nothing——" She broke off and began again: "You don't know how deeply—how terribly, I——" Her voice failed her. She stopped and wrung her hands. "Is there nothing—nothing I can do?"

Steve stood like a stone.

"No, nothing; thank you."

"I thought there was—there might be. You do not know how terribly I feel. I hoped there might be some way for me to help you—to atone for my folly. I did not know——"

Her voice failed again, and she put her handkerchief to her eyes.

Steve up to this time had not said a word or stirred from where he stood. His heart began to relent.

"You need not reproach yourself," he said, but still coldly. "I have not done so. It was my folly, not yours."

"Oh, no, no! I will not let you say that," she broke out, suddenly. "You trusted me. You have been only brave and noble. But I did not know. I thought, when I told it, it would help you. You will believe that, will you not?"

She came a step or two nearer him in her earnestness, and gazed at him pleadingly.

"Yes, if you say so," said Steve.

"I do," she declared. "I thought that it would set you in the right light; but that dreadful man knew how to turn it against you. Oh! it all seems like a terrible nightmare! I have done everything I could. And my father has, too. Do you know of no way at all?" Her voice faltered so that Steve could scarcely hear her.

"No; none whatever."

"Yes, there is one way—I have heard—I have been told of one way in which my testimony could not be taken."

Suddenly she broke down.

"How can you be so hard on me—so cruel?" she sobbed.

Steve came a little nearer to her.

"Miss Welch, do not distress yourself," he said, quietly. "There is no way to help me; but it is not your fault. I believe what you have told me."

"There is one way," she said, not looking at him.

"And that is——?"

"To marry me," she said, faintly.

"What!" Steve almost tottered.

"To marry me. If I marry you I could not be made to testify against you. I have been told so." She had recovered her composure and was speaking quite calmly.

"I could not let you do that," said Steve, firmly, his face now as white as death.

"I have come to ask you to do it," she went on, speaking quite as if she were but finishing her first sentence. "And afterward you could get a--a—divorce." She broke off, but began again. "I would go away and hide myself, and never, never trouble you again." Her composure deserted her, and with a sob she buried her face in her hands. If she could have seen Steve's face at that moment. When Steve spoke his voice had quite changed.

"I could not do that," he said, gently. "I could not allow you to sacrifice yourself."

"It would not be—yes, you can."

"No," said Steve, almost sternly. "Do not—I beg you."

He turned away.

She stopped sobbing.

"Go," he said. "Leave me—please."

She turned without a word, and moved slowly toward the door. As she put out her hand to open it, she suddenly sank down in a heap on the floor. In a second Steve was at her side. He stooped and lifted her as if she were a child.

"Ruth!" he said. He caught the hem of her dress and crushed it against his lips. "I could not let you do that. I could not let you sacrifice yourself." Ruth opened her eyes, and closed them again.

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"It is no sac— Do you not see— Oh, can you not see—that I love you?"

"What! Ruth!" Steve stood her up and held her at arm's length. "Ruth Welch, for God's sake do not tell me that unless it is true." His eyes were fastened on hers with a gaze that almost burnt her.

"It is true," she said, and tried to turn her face away. Steve did not stir.

"Wait," he said, hoarsely. "Does your mother know of this?"

"Yes."

"Where is she?"

"In the next room."

Steve suddenly clasped her in his arms.

Steve had an interview with Mrs. Welch. He told her that while he had loved her daughter better than his life ever since the day he had met her, and while the knowledge that she cared for him had changed the world for him, that very fact would not let him permit her to take the step she proposed. He would not let her sacrifice herself by marrying him when under a criminal charge and with a sentence staring him in the face. Mrs. Welch met this, adriotly. It would prevent the horror of her daughter having to appear against him and give testimony in open court. She did not believe Ruth could stand the ordeal. She knew she would not testify, even if she should be sent to jail and kept there.

Steve raised the point that it was too late, as it was now midnight, and no license could be secured or clergyman found. But Mrs. Welch was prepared to meet this objection. Captain Thurston had authority under the law to issue the license, and a preacher could be secured. Mr. Langstaff had come down to the court-house with them, she explained.

So in a short time these preliminaries were settled; a number of friends were quietly brought in: General Legaie and Mr. Bagby, Reely Thurston and Jacquelin Gray and Andy Stamper, who had gotten wind of the matter and asked to be allowed to come; and there, in the little parlor, Steve and Ruth were married.

CHAPTER XLVI

THE next morning the case was called, and the whole village was astir. It had been discussed in the little conclave held after the marriage, whether anything should be said about it until after the jury was impanelled. It was decided to announce the marriage before the beginning of the trial, and take the postponement that would almost inevitably occur. This was accordingly done.

The secret was well kept, and there was no suspicion on Leech's part of what had taken place. There was an air of triumph even in the folds of his loose coat and the stoop of his thin back.

But an idea got abroad that something unusual would happen. The lawyers for Captain Allen were still grave, but they wore a more confident air than they had worn yesterday. It was known that Major Welch had been to the railway station the night before and had gone there again at daybreak.

When Captain Allen walked across the green from the jail to the court-house, he wore a look of confidence which cheered the hearts of his friends. And the crowd pressed after him into the court-house that was already jammed.

Mrs. Welch, with her daughter, closely veiled, was already in the court-room, seated just behind Steve. The case was called, and the Court asked the usual question, if the counsel were ready. Leech replied that the Government was ready, and looked across at the array of counsel for the prisoner. After a moment's pause, old Mr. Bagby rose.

"If the Court please," he said, slowly, "we are ready for the defence. But before entering on the case, there is a statement which I feel—which we feel—it is proper we should make, as we do not wish to *surprise* the Court, or to take any advantage of a state of facts which may cause a *surprise* to the other side."

He turned to Leech, on whose face a look of wonder was beginning to appear.

"I believe—I see among the list of witnesses summoned for the prosecution—the name of a witness—" (He took up the book containing the list of witnesses and scanned it as if he had not seen it before) "of a young lady—a—Miss Welch—who I believe has been summoned — ah — whom I understand has been summoned to prove—ah—to testify to certain statements alleged to have been made by our

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client which are deemed material?" He looked across at Leech, who was staring at him in vague wonder.

"Am I right in this, Colonel Leech?" His voice was never so unctuous and his manner so civil as when he was preparing a deadly thrust.

"Umph!—I don't know. I believe there is a witness of that name to prove some of the prisoner's confessions. There are a number of others. We are not dependent on her at all," said Leech, indifferently.

"Ah," said the old lawyer, drawlingly, and took his seat. "I was misinformed," he added, slowly, with a bow. "I understood she was a material witness — a very material witness. If she is not, of course ——" He looked benignantly at the jury and shut his lips. He was apparently relieved. Leech cleared his throat nervously. He saw he had lost whatever advantage Mr. Bagby's disclosure would have given him.

"I did not mean that. I did not mean to say she is not a material witness."

The old lawyer turned his eyes on him. "A *very* material witness?"

"Oh, well, yes; I suppose you might say so."

Mr. Bagby rose again.

"Then I will continue my statement. I am informed that this young lady is summoned to prove certain admissions of my client respecting his supposed connection with the secret order for the suppression of which the law under which this prosecution is made was framed; that she is a very material witness—so material, indeed, that but for her it is possible this particular prosecution might not have taken place."

Leech cleared his throat ominously, and Mr. Bagby looked at him benignly.

"I am inclined to credit this statement, not only from facts within our knowledge, but because I understand that these admissions by our client, whatever they were, were made in the course of conversation of a kind peculiarly confidential, under seal of a friendship unusually close and intimate, and I cannot believe that the learned counsel would have wished to violate wantonly such a confidence. I can only think he considered that his duty required it. And I am glad to say I have his own statement that such was his view of the case" (he took from his hat a paper) "in a letter which he wrote to the young lady's father.

"It is under these circumstances that I feel it is due to the Court, and may lead to a different disposition of the case, to say to the Court that the young lady in question is not an eligible witness in this case." (He here took from his hat another paper.) Leech threw back his head and laughed aloud in his contempt. "She has been united in the bonds of matrimony to my client, and is at present the wife of Captain Allen, and thus is not an eligible witness against him."

He turned and bowed low to Ruth and resumed his seat slowly and sedately amid the dead silence which had fallen on the court-room. The next moment the crowd took in the situation, and the old court-room rang with cheer after cheer. Even the jury were moved to grin and exchange looks and words of wonder and satisfaction.

During the tumult that went on, Leech's face was a study. Surprise, dismay, baffled revenge, rage, fear, doubt, craftiness, dissimulation, all had their place. He glanced about him at the shouting assembly, and gauged all the elements. He saw Major Welch hand Mr. Bagby a batch of telegrams, and he saw the other lawyers' faces light up as the telegrams were handed on to them. He calculated all the chances. And when the judge, with sharp reprimands and angry threats, had quelled the noise and restored order, he rose.

"It was true," he said, "that the testimony of the witness mentioned was material in the aspect of the case as it stood at present, and it was true that he had summoned Miss Welch as a witness only under the strictest sense of duty and at the greatest cost of pain to himself. He was glad that they at last recognized it. He had not known that the friendship had been carried so far. Had he known it the Court would have been spared some trouble and the Government considerable expense. As it was, while he was not prepared to say that the Government could not compel the witness to testify when the disability had arisen under such circumstances" (here he glanced at the Judge

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and read on his countenance that this view was untenable), "or could not convict without the witness, his idea of his duty to the Government was so high that he was unwilling to risk going to trial under the circumstances until he had summoned one or two other witnesses who could prove the same facts, and he should therefore ask for an adjournment till next day."

Mr. Bagby urged that the case proceed or that the prosecution be dismissed. This Leech "could not consent to," and the Court refused it. Then the old lawyer more firmly insisted that his client be admitted to bail.

Leech was about to resist this also. At that moment, however, a dispatch was handed him. It was from his friends at the national capital and stated that Major Welch had secured an order to admit Captain Allen to bail. He turned the dispatch over carelessly, face downward, leant back, and said aloud to the man who had handed it to him: "I'll send an answer. Wait a little," and rose.

This motion, he said, he should be glad to assent to, and indeed was about to propose it himself, and he hoped he might add his congratulations to the young couple, and his friend Major Welch, if it was not too late.

The bail was quickly arranged and Captain Allen walked out amid the cheers of the crowd. The delight and enthusiasm of the people about the court-green, among whom the story had rapidly spread, knew no bounds. There are some things that strike chords in all hearts, and the happiness of a newly married couple is one of them. The negroes had responded to it as quickly as the whites, and when Captain Allen, who had immediately on the announcement been joined by his wife, walked from the court-room with her at his side, blushing and pale by turns, the enthusiasm of the crowd broke forth. White and black pressed up to congratulate him and to shake his hand and to say pleasant things to the bride.

Through this throng Colonel Leech had to push as he made his way from the court-house, his bundle of books and papers hugged to his chest. His sallow cheeks were deadly white and his face was drawn, but the look of baffled rage in his eyes was not seen, as he kept them turned to the ground. Many whom he had deemed his closest followers were among those who congratulated Captain Allen, and he knew by these weathercocks that the wind had turned and the game was lost.

CHAPTER XLVII

In the old stories the climax used to be considered attained when the young couple became engaged. Like the hero and heroine of the fairy tales of our youth, in that golden land of "Once upon a time," all that was to be told of them after they were engaged was that "they married and lived happily ever after." In the modern stories, however, this seems to be but the beginning of new adventures. Marriage, which used to be the entrance to bliss unalloyed, appears to be now but the "gate of the hundred sorrows," and the hero and heroine wed but to find that they loved someone else better and pine to be disunited. Nothing is so conventional as to love one's own husband or wife, and nothing so tame as to live pure and true to one's vows in spirit as well as in fact.

It must be said at once, that this is not a story of that kind. The people described in it knew nothing of that sort of existence. Still, when we have come so far together, it is necessary to go a little farther.

The temporary adjournment of the case against Captain Allen was but preliminary to a continuance, and finally the prosecution was altogether dismissed. The prosecution of Major Welch's son-in-law was a very different thing from that of a mere citizen of that section; but the investigation that followed triumphantly proved that Captain Allen's part in the movements that had taken place had been precisely what he asserted they were.

Not that this was the end of the troubles in the Red Rock County, and in the section of which it formed a part, or of the struggle that went on between the people of that section and Mr. Leech and the other vultures who were preying on them. The talons of those vultures were too firmly fixed to be easily dislodged. This struggle continued for some years longer, and Captain Allen came to be the recognized head on one side, as Leech re-

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mained for some time the head of his side. But to narrate this would lead this history into altogether other lines.

The day after the events described in the last chapter, Ruth received a letter containing a deed, which had just been recorded, conveying to her the property which Major Welch had bought of Still and restored to Jacquelin. The letter asked her, as Steve's wife, to accept the place from Jacquelin and Rupert as a wedding-present. And it said things about Steve over which Ruth shed tears, though her radiant face showed how happy she was.

As to the "Doctor Moses," he had a somewhat curious career. Jacquelin's statement of what he saw the night of the attempted assassination of Middleton cast suspicion on Moses, and he was arrested. But Leech appeared as his counsel, and at least twenty witnesses testified to his having been at the Bend all night. So he was at once discharged, and the shooting of Middleton was in the public press generally charged to the bands of midnight assassins to whom it was the custom at that time to attribute all outrages that were committed, at least where the objects were Northern men. One paper, indeed, alleged that Jacquelin himself was concerned in it, and charged that his crowning infamy was in attempting to place the shooting on a colored physician in the county—one of the few men whose education had enabled him to enter one of the learned professions. The prophesies of Moses greatly increased his prestige, and he was perhaps the person most feared by his own race in the whole county. Finally, however, he became such a dread to them that they rose and he was run away from the Bend. Nothing more was heard of him in the county. But some years later, in one of the adjoining States, a negro was hanged by a mob, and from the accounts that were published in the papers there was good reason to believe that Moses had at length come to the end of his rope.

Did our limits permit, the marriage of several other couples besides Steve and Ruth might be chronicled. But the novelist cannot tell, at one time, all he knows. Be this known, however, that some citadels are captured by assault; so others surrender after a siege, and this both Jacquelin and Captain Thurston discovered.

When the engagement of Captain Thurston and Miss Elizabeth Dockett was announced to Mrs. Dockett, it was by Miss Dockett herself. It must be left to the members of Mrs. Dockett's own sex to say whether Mrs. Dockett was surprised or not. But if Miss Elizabeth had struck her flag, Mrs. Dockett had not. Her first pronunciamento was that she had not a word to say against Captain Thurston, who "was a perfect gentleman," but that "she wanted him to understand that everyone who came into that house had to dance to the tune of 'Dixie.'" This the Captain professed he was prepared to do, and would only ask that he might sometimes be allowed to warble the "Star-Spangled Banner."

A little before the term of the court at which the Red Rock case was to come up again an offer of compromise was made to Jacquelin, and was accepted.

Under its terms the house and a part of the plantation became his and Rupert's, while the overseer's house, with something like half the estate, remained to Still.

Jacquelin was at first unwilling to make any terms with Still; he was satisfied that with the evidence he now had he should win his case, and that Still could be sent to the penitentiary; but Bail was to sit in the case again, and Steve and Jacquelin's other friends believed he would if possible fling Jacquelin out of court, and the upper court was just then composed of Leech's creatures, so that no one could be sure of winning his case, whatever its merits. Whilst, as to Still, he was reported to be so feeble that his death was expected at any time.

There were perhaps other reasons that moved Jacquelin. Miss Thomasia, when she heard of Still's offer, promptly urged its rejection; she would never allow that wretch to be lawful owner of an acre of their old estate, though, she added, she would perhaps not live to set foot there again.

"Yes, you shall," said Jacquelin; and he wrote that night and accepted the terms proposed. His first act was the fulfilment of his pledge to his mother on her deathbed, and she was laid beside her husband in the Red Rock burying-ground, in sight

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of the old garden in which she had walked as a bride.

When Miss Thomasia entered the door, she stopped and clasped her hands tightly.

"Well, thank God for all His mercies!" she said, fervently, and, taking her seat in an arm-chair, she spent most of the afternoon knitting silently and looking around her with softened eyes, and lips that moved constantly though they uttered no sound. Later she went out into the garden and looked at the remnants of the flowers that were left, and there Steve and his wife found her when they came to take tea with her that first evening, and there, still later, Jacquelin brought Blair to tell of his new happiness.

THE END.

THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

YORKTOWN

ANOTHER summer had gone. Another winter was to be faced. It was well for America that Arnold's plot had failed, but there was nothing inspiriting in a baffled treason, and there had been no fighting and no victories to help people and army to bear the season of cold, of waiting, and of privation which lay before them. When Washington retreated through the Jerseys, in 1776, it looked as if the end had come, but at least there had been hard fighting and the end was to be met, if at all, in the open field with arms in hand, and all the chances that war and action and courage could give. Now, four years later, the Revolution seemed to be going down in mere inaction through the utter helplessness of what passed for the central Government. To those who looked beneath the surface the prospect was profoundly disheartening. It was a very dark hour, perhaps the darkest of the whole war. To Washington, keenly alive to the underlying causes of the situation, and laboring for union and better government, even while he bore the entire responsibility of the war, the outlook seemed black indeed. No matter how evil the military conditions, no matter how serious the defeats and checks in the field, he never wavered so long as the difficulties could be met by fighting the enemy on any terms. But this ruinous, heart-breaking waiting, this creeping paralysis and dry rot which were upon the Government wore upon him and galled him, because he seemed so helpless in dealing with them. We catch a note in his letters at this time never to be found at any other, not even when he declared that, in the event of final British victory, he would cross the mountains to found a new state and begin a new struggle in the Western forests. It is not the note of despair, for he never despaired, but there is a ring of desperation and of anger in his words very rarely to be heard. In October, 1780, he wrote: "Our present distresses are so great and complicated that it is scarcely within the powers of description to give an adequate idea of them. With regard to our future prospects, unless there is a material change both in our civil and military policy, it will be in vain to contend much longer.

"We are without money, without provision and forage, except what is taken by impress; without clothing, and shortly shall be, in a manner, without men. In a word, we have lived upon expedients till

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Drawn by Howard Pyle.

Washington Firing the First Gun at the Siege of Yorktown.

The group of officers on the left of the picture, behind the gun, are Rochambeau, de Lauzun, Montmorency, and General Knox.

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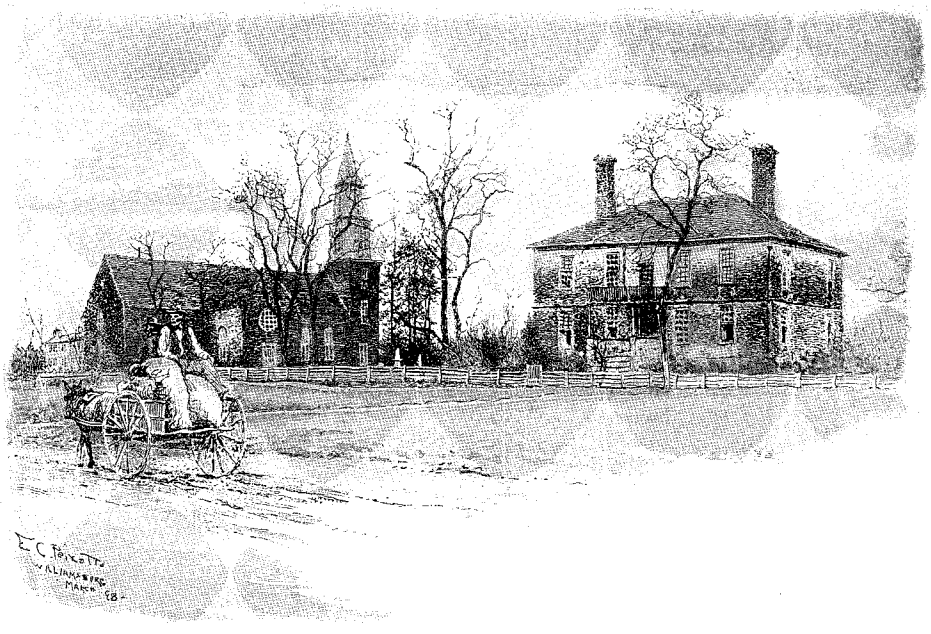
we can live no longer. The history of this war is a history of temporary devices instead of system, and economy which results from it."

Then follows the often and patiently reiterated advice as to the improvements and changes in government essential if the contest was to be continued. Congress read these letters and, as usual, did little or nothing. They passed a resolution for taxes to be distributed among the States, and that was all. Resolutions advising reluctant and independent States to pay money were well-intentioned things after their kind, but wholly visionary, with no reality, no actual meaning to them. They were small comfort to the General of the hungry, half-clothed, dwindling armies who was dealing with things exactly as they were. Presently what Washington foresaw and dreaded came to pass. A portion of the Pennsylvania line in quarters at Morristown revolted, attacked their officers, and marched to Princeton. Here was something not to be avoided, not to be met by debate and resolutions. It was a hard, ugly fact, it looked Congress angrily in the face, and Congress was not so used to facts as their General. A committee was hastily appointed, with Sullivan at its head, and betook itself to Princeton together with Reed, the President of Pennsylvania, to meet the mutineers. Washington had started to come himself, but the suspicion born of Arnold's treason woke once more into life, men began to doubt about the other troops, and he decided to leave the matter with Congress. Reed and the committee promptly yielded to the demands of the mutineers, who gave up Clinton's emissaries to a deserved execution as spies. This was all very well, but the Congressional method of quelling mutiny soon bore its natural fruit. Part of the New Jersey line followed the evil example set and revolted, expecting to achieve the same results as their fellow-soldiers of Pennsylvania. But Washington, by this time, had had quite enough of the Congressional system; he came to the scene of disorder himself, crushed the mutiny with a strong hand, and that particular danger was over.



The Home of Chancellor Wythe at Williamsburg, where Washington Stopped on his Way to the Siege of Yorktown. Beyond is the old Bruton Parish Church, built about 1713.

The mutiny in reality was but the expression, in rough, inarticulate fashion, of the hatred of wrong, injustice, and suffering inflicted on the army and on the Revolution by the imbecility of the Government. It said, in a rude, emphatic way, what Wash-

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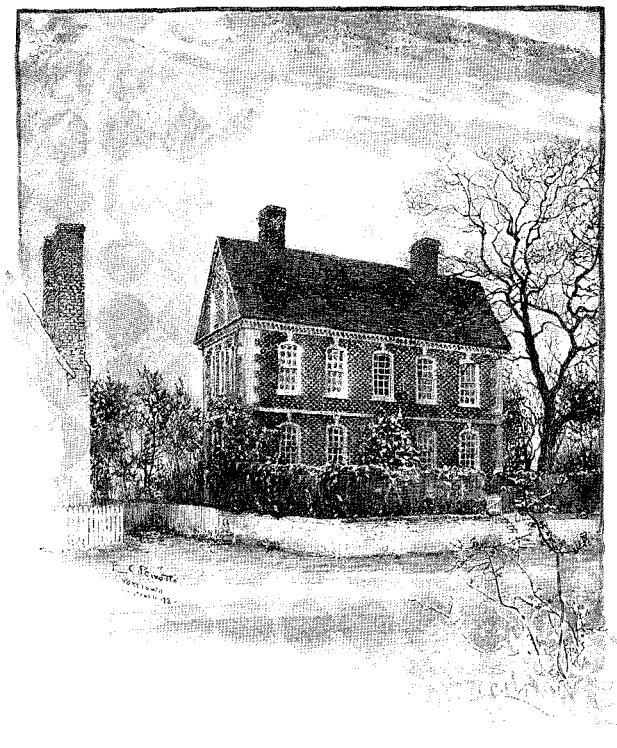
ington had been saying over and over again, by word of mouth and countless letters. It declared harshly that the Government of Congress was a failure, that the Confederation which had been formed, and at last agreed to, was no better, that American soldiers were ready to fight, but that they could not carry on war without arms, clothing, money, or recruits. The man with the musket was getting to the point where he meant to be fed even if others starved—a perilous point for inefficient rulers at all times. Better government was demanded, a government which could act and execute and do something, and Congress replied by futile efforts to obtain for itself power to levy a duty from customs, and had much talk and debate, but no other result. Very clearly the American Revolution was getting into sore straits. After having won in the field it was in imminent danger of going ingloriously to pieces because the thirteen States could not bring forth a government that would govern. It is an unpleasant picture of inefficiency to look back upon, due to local prejudices, State-rights, and an inability to rise to the heights of union and achievement. The worst of it was that nothing could be done. No new and efficient government could be created in time to work. The hard problem was how to win victory before chaos came, with the broken instruments which alone could be had. To young Laurens, going abroad, Washington wrote that our only hope was in financial aid from Europe; without it the next campaign would flicker out and the Revolution die. Money and superiority of sea-power, he cried, were what we must have. To the man who believed that the Revolution to be worth winning must be won by Americans, this con-



The House of Governor Nelson at Yorktown.

Governor Nelson was in command of the Virginia troops at Yorktown, and ordered his own house to be heavily bombarded, as it was occupied by Cornwallis and his staff at the time.

Hall in Carter's Grove, an Old Colonial Mansion on the James River.

The balustrade still bears deep cuts made by the sabres of Tarleton's troopers when the land was raided by them on their way to Yorktown.

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fession must have brought exceeding great bitterness of soul. It casts a flood of light on the darkness and doubt and peril of that unhappy time when the new year of 1781 was just beginning and the American Revolution was dragging and grounding on the shoals of broken finances and a helpless Government.

Fortunately for America, the sole dependence of the Revolution was not upon Congress. Social efficiency, expressed in civil government, had broken down wofully under the long stress of war, waged by weak and incoherent States against a powerful and centralized empire. But when organized society failed the spirit of individual enterprise, so strong in this new land, stepped in and took up the burden as best it might, very manfully and energetically struggling with a task beyond its powers, but still capable of at least some partial solution. This was what happened now in Philadelphia. Robert Morris, born in England, and coming to this country as a boy, had raised himself from poverty to wealth, and was a rich merchant in the Quaker town. He had given himself to his adopted country. He was a patriotic, energetic man, with strong faith in the American cause, and great confidence in Washington. Congress had undertaken to establish certain executive departments with single heads to take the place of their own committees—a gleam of practical sense in the midst of much vain talk and resolving. In December, 1780, they made Morris Superintendent of Finances, a dreary office where there were demands to be met and constant outgo, with but little or nothing to come in, and no means of imposing taxes or enforcing their collection. Nevertheless Morris took the office and faced the situation bravely. He at once organized a bank, to which he subscribed largely himself, and this gave the country some intelligent machinery for financial operations. With him in his heavy task was associated Gouverneur Morris, of the old New York family of that name, no relation in blood to Robert, but like him in patriotism and energy, possessed of high and indomitable courage and keen wit, with a good deal of hearty contempt in his soul for the blundering and the ineffective people of this world, of whom at that moment, and in that place, he had examples enough before him. It was Gouverneur Morris who wrote "Finance. Ah, my friend, all that is left of the American Revolution grounds there." In this temper these two men took hold of what by courtesy was called the Treasury of the Confederation. They got some order out of the existing confusion. That in itself was much. But they did even more. By straining their own credit, by the bank, by foreign loans, by one expedient after another they in part effected what the Government ought to have done, and they got some money. It was a mighty assistance to Washington, and one can imagine the relief it must have been to have men to deal with who were trying, however imperfectly, to get something real done instead of contenting themselves with debates and resolutions, and other well-meant nothings, when the times cried loudly and imperatively for deeds, not words. He was enabled at last, feeble as the relief was, to get something also, in a military way, and it was none too soon, for the war, which had died down to nothing in the North, was beginning to flame up in a new quarter.

Charles Earl Cornwallis.

After an engraving by F. Haward, published in 1784.

When Greene made his great move, and

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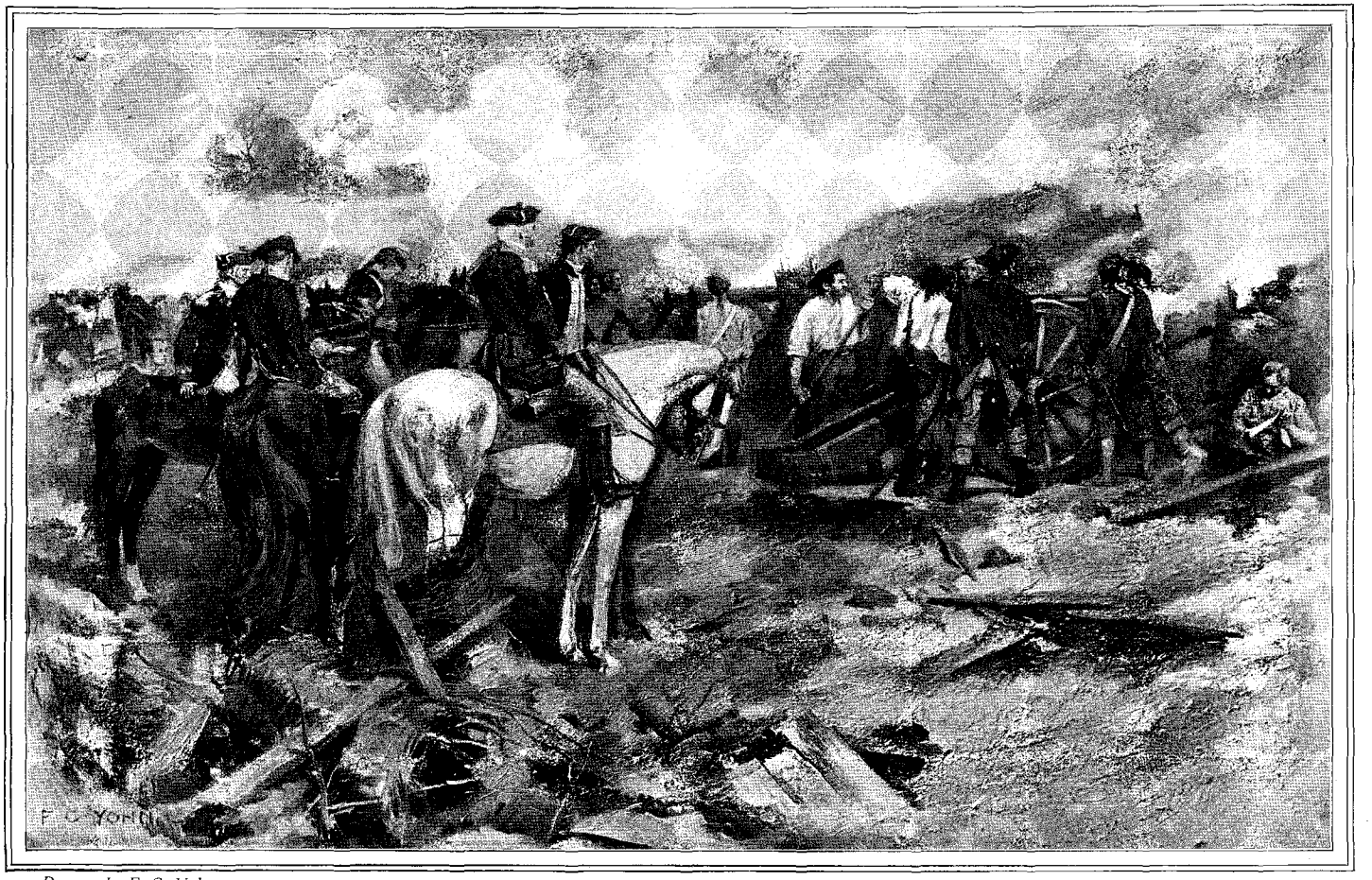

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The Siege of Yorktown.

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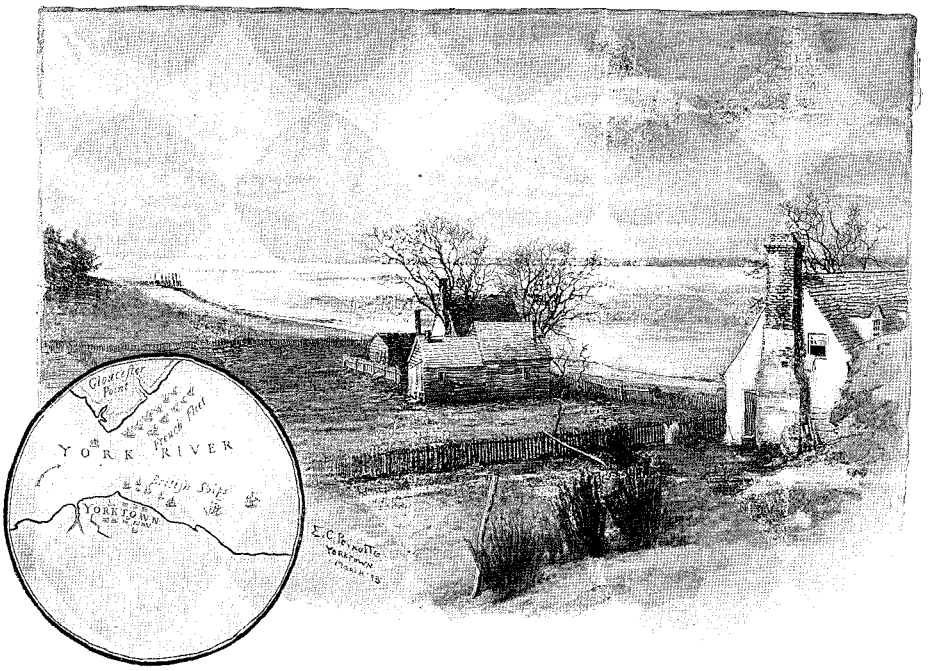

York River, Seen from the Inner British Works, and Looking toward Gloucester Point.
The map shows the position of the French and British ships at the time of the siege.

marched South, striking in between the forces under Rawdon and the main army under Cornwallis, he knew very well that one of two things must happen, and this choice, which he forced upon his antagonist, is one of his chief claims to distinction as a soldier. Cornwallis was obliged either to follow Greene, in which case his campaign was confined to the southern extremity of the American Colonies, was an obvious failure, and ceased at once to be formidable, or else he must leave Rawdon to his fate with Greene, and press on toward the North, as he originally intended. Neither course was pleasant, and it was not intended that either should be, but he chose, probably wisely, and as Greene anticipated, the latter alternative. By so doing he left Greene a free hand to redeem the Southern States, but he entered himself upon the populous and rich State of Virginia, which was quite undefended, and which, untouched, had been a strong resource and support to the general cause of the Revolution. It is true that every step of his advance brought him nearer, as Greene well knew, to the main continental army under Washington, but this seemed to Cornwallis a remote danger, if he thought of it at all. He was encouraged by the plaudits and favor of the Ministry, who praised his work in the South, and held him up as the one thoroughly successful general. Clinton, of course, as Cornwallis thought, would hold Washington where he was, the Ministry would back him up, and he would pass from the disagreeable work of failing to catch or defeat Greene, to the agreeable business of sweeping through Virginia, and breaking the Confederation in twain at a vital point.

He was, however, not the first in the new field. Clinton, in his inert way, had already cast his eyes in that direction, and, in 1779, had sent one of his useless expeditions to raid and plunder, and return without results, which was apparently his permanent theory of the way in which a war of conquest should be conducted. The next year he sent Leslie, who was to cut off supplies from the American army in the South, make a strong diversion in this way, and thus co-operate with and help Cornwallis. Unfortunately, the men from across the mountains inconsiderately came over just at that time, fought the battle of King's Mountain, and compelled Leslie to withdraw at once with his fleet and army,

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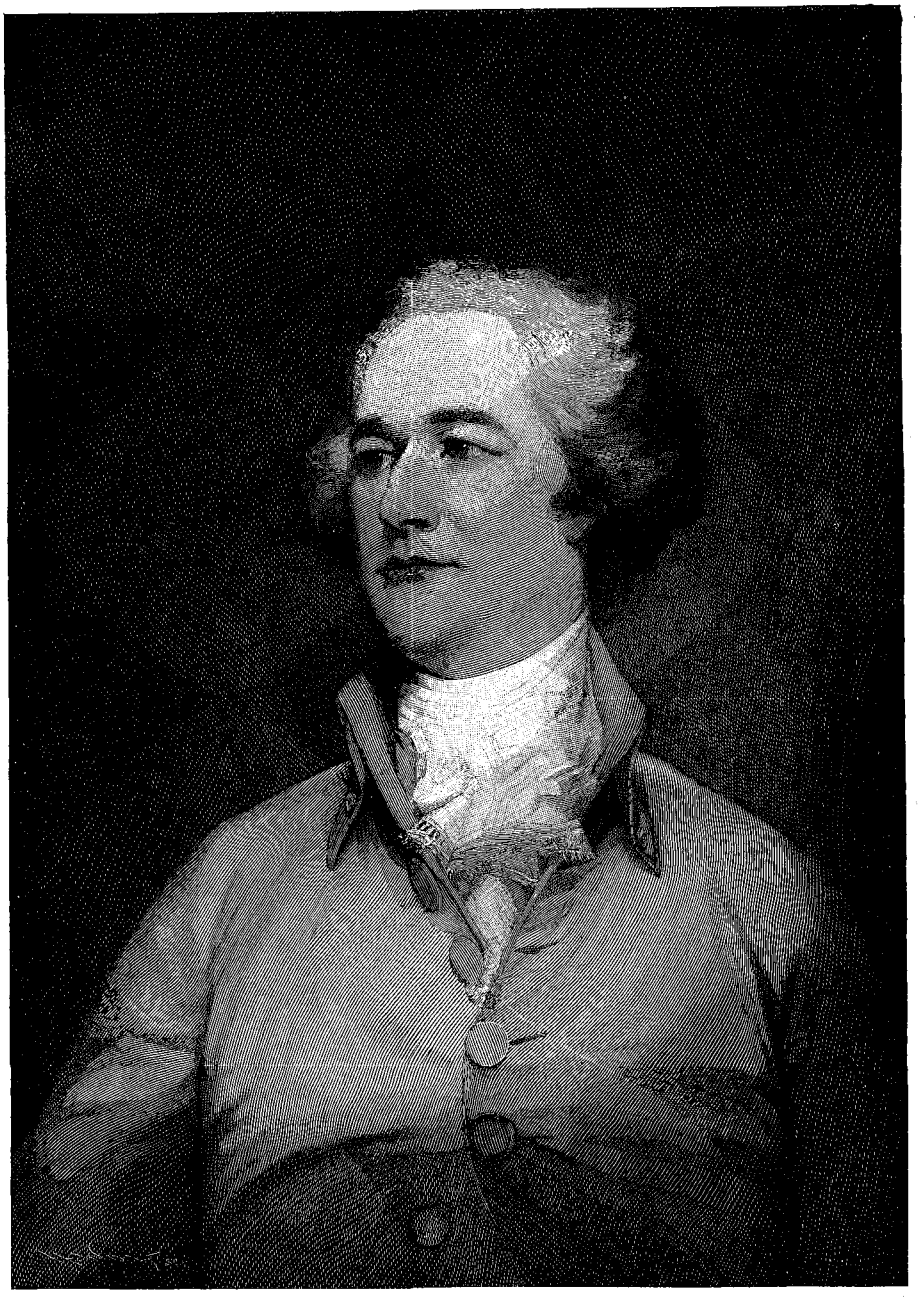

Engraved by Henry Wolf.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

From the Painting by John Trumbull, 1792.

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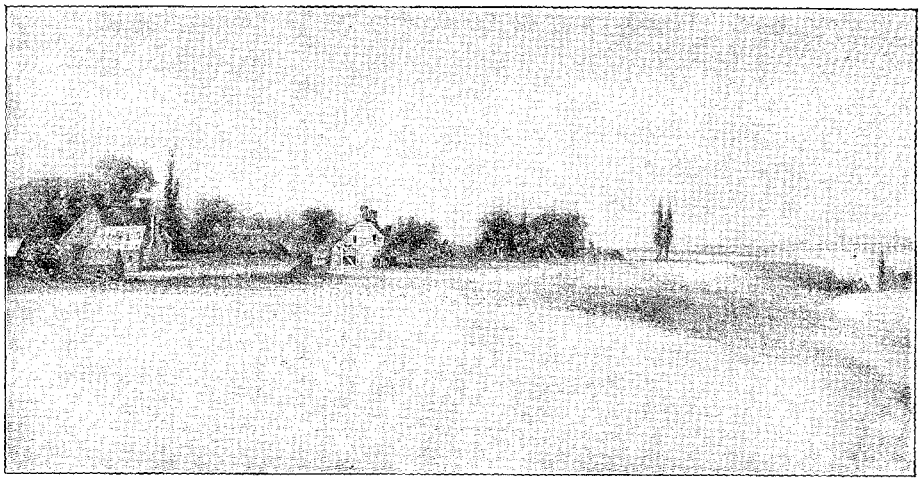
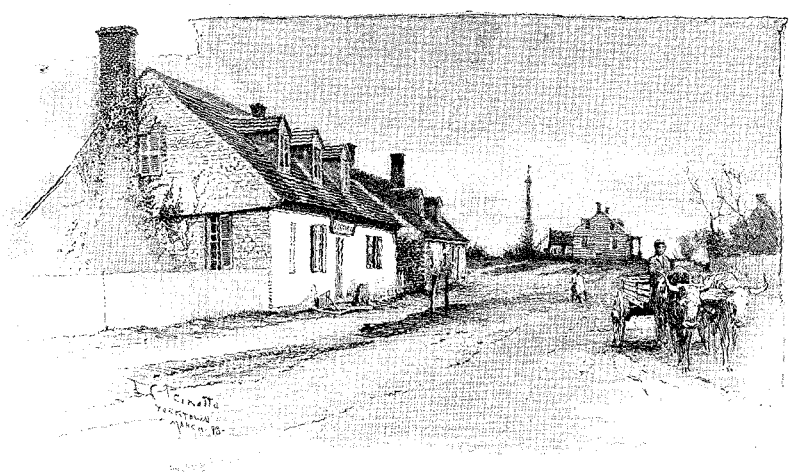


Yorktown, 1833, from the Field of its Surrender by Lord Cornwallis (October 19, 1781). Residence of Governor Nelson on the extreme left of the picture.

From an old print, after the drawing by John G. Chapman, made in 1833; now in the possession of Senator Lodge.

and go directly to the support and reinforcement of Cornwallis. Now, again stung into action by the praises which the Ministry heaped on Cornwallis, and spurred by jealousy, he determined to be beforehand with his younger and more successful rival, and sent another of his pet expeditions, strong enough to rob and burn and to defeat small parties of militia, but too weak to conquer or hold the country. This third expedition was entrusted to Arnold, whose treason had in nowise diminished his activity, and who pushed rapidly on into the interior of Virginia. Steuben, left behind by Greene, wisely refused to sacrifice his little force against a very superior enemy, and kept on the south side of the James River. Arnold pressed rapidly forward to Richmond. His march was practically unimpeded, for Virginia had been generously giving men and supplies to the Southern campaign, and there were no suitable preparations for her own defence. Jefferson, now Governor, on the arrival of the enemy did some violent ridings to and fro, tried, in a rather hysterical way, to do the work of weeks in a few hours, and quite naturally failed. Arnold, moving fast, offered, with his characteristic mercantile spirit, to spare Richmond if he could be allowed to take off the stores of tobacco. This was re-



The Principal Street in Yorktown.

In the distance is the monument erected in 1881 to commemorate the surrender.

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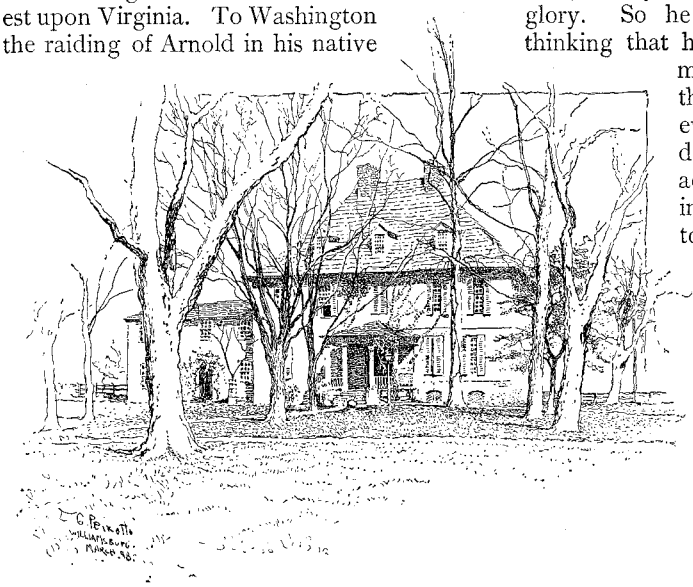
fused, and he then burnt houses, destroyed all the property he could, and after failing to capture the arms at Westham, returned down the river to Portsmouth. Clinton's third raid was over, with a net result of one unlucky Governor much disturbed, and some houses and tobacco burned; but his zeal, now fired with emulation, was not as usual content with this performance as sufficient for a year's campaign. In March he sent a fresh and strong detachment of two thousand men to Virginia, and a month later, another. The first body was led by General Phillips, who joined Arnold and took command of the combined forces.

Meantime other eyes than those of Clinton had begun to look with interest upon Virginia. To Washington the raiding of Arnold in his native State was particularly odious, and he had moreover an intense desire to capture the traitor, upon whom he was profoundly anxious to execute justice, for he was a firm believer in the law of compensation and had no feeble tenderness about punishing criminals. With this purpose in view he detached Lafayette, with twelve hundred continentals, to go to Virginia in pursuit of Arnold. Lafayette slipped away with his men and got safely and quickly to Annapolis, where he was to be met by the French fleet from Newport and convoyed to Portsmouth. All had gone as Washington had planned it. Arnold, penned up at Portsmouth by the Virginia militia, would have fallen an easy prey to an enemy in control of both land and sea. But the French fleet fell in with that of the British, under Arbuthnot, off the capes of the Chesapeake. An action ensued. Both sides claimed the victory, and the result was what is usually described in polite historic phrase as indecisive, but the British won, for the French were obliged to return to Newport and Arbuthnot held the Chesapeake. No convoy therefore for Lafayette and his men; no capturing of traitors this time; all these things quite obvious and no doubt very disappointing and even grievous to the young Frenchman, always eager for fighting and glory. So he turned northward, thinking that he had marched many miles in vain. When, at the head of Elk, however, he was met by orders to return South and act with Greene. Watching Virginia, Washington had detected signs of events which might be crucial in their developments and which called up visions of possible successes so large as to make the capture of an escaped traitor seem trivial indeed. The despatch of Phillips, with two thousand men, with a probability of more to follow, gave an importance to the situation in Virginia which it had not before possessed. Washington knew Clinton too well to suppose that that gallant gentleman had any comprehensive or far-reaching plan in sending a series of detachments to the Chesapeake, or that there was, in the mind of the British general, any intention beyond many other similar expeditions previously projected into space apparently just for luck. But he also knew that these successive detachments meant, as a matter of course, the accumulation of a considerable mass of men in Virginia. Quite clear it was also that Cornwallis, to the southward,



The Home of the President of William and Mary College at Williamsburg, Va.
Used by Cornwallis as his head-quarters in the campaign preceding Yorktown.

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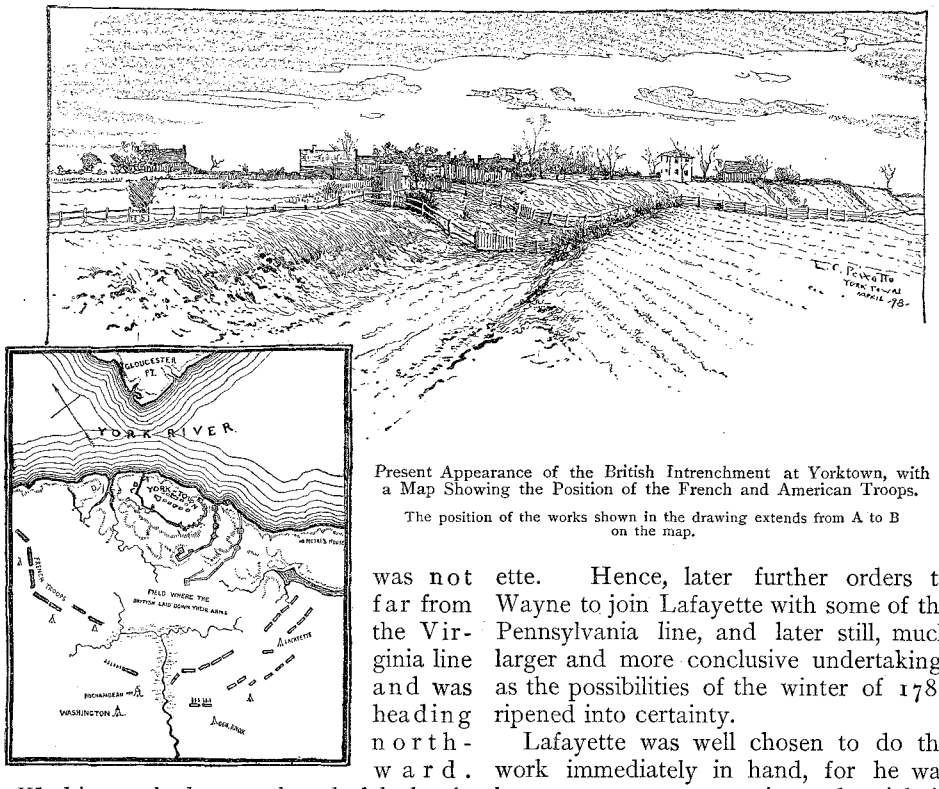

Present Appearance of the British Intrenchment at Yorktown, with a Map Showing the Position of the French and American Troops.

The position of the works shown in the drawing extends from A to B on the map.

was not far from the Virginia line and was heading northward. Washington had not yet heard of the battle of Guildford, or of the bold movement by which Greene had thrust himself between the two British divisions and was carrying the war to the South. But it was plain to him that the chances all favored the advance of Cornwallis to the North, and his consequent junction with Clinton's detachments. That meant a strong army in Virginia. If Greene was at the heels of Cornwallis, then he must be strengthened. If he was not, then arrangements must be made to reach the latter from the North. An army of the enemy was gathering in Virginia so large as to not merely threaten the country at a central point, but to offer probably an opportunity, if rightly managed, to win a victory as decisive as that of Saratoga. There was a strong indication that the vital point in the war might suddenly shift to Virginia, and preparation therefore must be made so that either he himself or Greene might be in a position to take advantage of it. It was only a chance as yet, but it was a great possibility, and tentative movements must be begun in order to seize the opportunity if it really came. Hence the orders to Lafayette. Hence, later further orders to Wayne to join Lafayette with some of the Pennsylvania line, and later still, much larger and more conclusive undertakings as the possibilities of the winter of 1781 ripened into certainty.

Lafayette was well chosen to do the work immediately in hand, for he was brave, generous, energetic, and quick in movement. By pledging his own credit he obtained shoes and clothes in Baltimore for his troops, and then making a forced march he reached Richmond and took possession of the city. He was only just in time, a mere twenty-four hours ahead of the enemy, but still he was in time. Phillips and Arnold, marching up the river, had forced Steuben to retreat from Blandford, and pressing on arrived at Richmond too late. Lafayette was there, too strongly posted to be attacked, and the British fell back down the river, ascending again and reoccupying Petersburg on the receipt of news that Cornwallis was coming. On May 13th Phillips died, and Arnold, being in command, undertook to open a correspondence with Lafayette. The young Frenchman refused to have anything to do with him on the unpleasant ground that he was a traitor, which exasperated Arnold, who began to threaten ugly reprisals, when Cornwallis appeared, and having no liking for the betrayer of West Point, sent him back to New York. Thence Arnold went on one more plundering, burning raid into Connecticut, which

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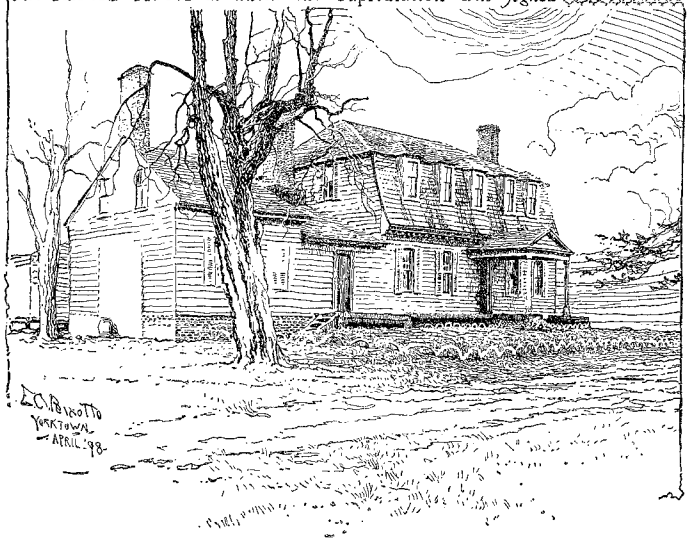
ended with the capture and destruction of New London and the murder of Colonel Ledyard and seventy-three of his soldiers after they had surrendered. With this appropriate exploit performed by the troops under his command, Arnold disappeared for the rest of his life from the history which he had soiled and blackened, and served in obscurity the king who had bought him.

Cornwallis, rid of Arnold and with seven thousand men now under his command, set himself at once to cut off Lafayette and prevent his junction with Wayne, who, after many delays, was now coming to Virginia, in obedience to Washington's orders. Lafayette, however, had not been brought up in the school of Washington and Greene in vain. Holding his little army well in hand, he moved with such judgment and rapidity that he entirely evaded Cornwallis and effected his junction successfully with Wayne at a point on the Rapidan. While he was thus escaping, the British general, baffled in his main object, sent out two expeditions, one under Simcoe and one under Tarleton. The first forced Steuben, who thought the main army was upon him, to retire in haste and leave the stores which he was guarding at the Point of Fork to the enemy. The second was intended to capture the State officers of Virginia, who, warned in time, made good their escape. Jefferson had but short notice, only five minutes, tradition says, but enough to get upon his horse and gallop away to the woods and into the hills. Net result of all this again is easily stated, and consisted of some military stores and one runaway Governor. The two expeditions are quite Clintonian in conception, execution, and outcome, and show how far the inert dulness which thought to conquer a continent by raids had come to reign supreme in the British military mind.

While Cornwallis was thus idly beating the air with parties of horse and foot, scattering about the country to capture stores and catch civil officers, Lafayette, strengthened by the contingent under Wayne, marched down against the main British army. By a quick movement he got between Cornwallis and the stores at Richmond, and the former then began to retire down the river with the Americans following him. By the end of June the British were at Williamsburg. Then came an indecisive skirmish between detachments under Simcoe on the one side and Butler, sent out by Lafayette, on the other. As the enemy continued to fall back toward the coast Lafayette determined to give them battle at the crossing of the James and advanced to Green Spring. There Wayne attacked with his usual impetuosity, and also, as was likewise not unusual with him, a little too soon. He supposed that he had only a detachment to deal with, when, as a matter of fact, the main body of the enemy was still on the north side and in his immediate front. Once engaged, Wayne faced his difficulties and his very superior foe with his usual dash and daring. He charged the British line. Lafayette came gallantly to his support, and between them they checked the enemy and brought their army off in safety from a most perilous situation. The American

The MOORE HOUSE *in which the* Capitulation *was signed*



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loss was 118 in killed, wounded, and missing; the British lost in killed and wounded 75. It was a sharp and well-fought action, and despite the mistake at the beginning, the army was handled with skill and courage by the American generals. After the battle Lafayette withdrew to Malvern, destined to a much greater fame and much harder fighting in a then distant future, and there rested his men. Cornwallis, on his side, continued his retreat to the coast, sent out Tarleton on the conventional raid in Bedford County, which had the conventional results in fire and destruction, withdrew to Portsmouth, and thence betook himself, on August 1st, to Yorktown, where, by the 9th, he had all his army assembled about him, and where he began to intrench himself and build strong works of defence.

It was the first week in August when Cornwallis thus took possession of Yorktown and Gloucester. His northern movement had failed. He had left the Carolinas open to Greene and could not return thither. Clinton's jealousy and vacillation had weakened his force, and now had the solid result of preventing his reinforcement. That Cornwallis was uneasy is clear, although how fully he understood the perils of his own position cannot now be absolutely determined. But if he himself did not measure accurately his own conditions, there was an opponent far away to the North who perfectly apprehended both the situation and all its possibilities.

To Washington it had been perfectly clear for many months, that within the year now passing into summer a decisive blow must be struck or the Revolution, if it did not go hopelessly to pieces, would certainly fail of complete and true success. The conditions of his problem, from the military point of view, were plain. With the allied French and his own army he must strike the English and destroy one of their principal armies by bringing an overwhelming superiority of numbers to bear at the point of contact. To do this the command of the sea was vitally necessary, if only for a short time, and that command could be had only through the French fleet. As the year 1780 was closing Washington considered carefully a plan for combining with the Spaniards in the seizure of Florida, and thence advancing through Georgia and taking the British forces, against which Greene was operating, in the rear. Rochambeau objected, and the plan is now of interest merely as showing how Washington was scanning the whole country and devising every possible plan to meet the emergency and deal the fatal blow. His time was limited, short even, and he knew it. If the Revolution was to be won, as he wanted to win it, it must be done within the twelvemonth, and he meant that it should be. For this reason every possible scheme was considered, so that no chance should slip by.

The Florida plan came to nothing. Then mutiny reared its head; ugly, threatening, but not without use in frightening Congress and in leading to some displays of energy. With the mutinies put down, Congress awakened and Robert Morris fighting the financial difficulties, the spring opened a little more brightly in matters domestic. Then in May came news of De Barras with a French squadron at Newport, six hundred more men for Rochambeau, and, what was far more important, sure tidings of the sailing of a powerful fleet under De Grasse to the West Indies. The factors in Washington's problem were getting nearer, the instruments he must use were coming within reach of his hand. How was it going to be possible to bring them all together and produce the great result?

The first real step was a consultation with Rochambeau at Wethersfield in Connecticut, on May 21st. There it was decided to move on New York if De Grasse would co-operate. There, too, was the plan of moving South against Cornwallis discussed. Hence a claim from Rochambeau that the Virginia compaign was his idea, and eagerness on the part of the modern antiquarian, to whom any view is distasteful if it is accepted, to prove that the French General thought of Virginia and not Washington. Very idle arguing and conjecturing all this. Washington had been thinking not only of Virginia long before Rochambeau knew aught about it, but of Florida too, and New York. He was thinking of every place where there was an English army, and of every combination which might result in the complete destruction of one of them. He was wedded to no plan, and to no one place. The point at which he could com-

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bine land and sea power was the only point at which he aimed, and those conditions once fulfilled his campaign was made for him. Naturally he thought first of New York, which he had been watching so long, and where the principal hostile army was posted. Perhaps he could get the fleet there, and then the work would be done. Perhaps he could not, and then Clinton, threatened by the allied forces, would be at least debarred by his presence from helping Cornwallis.

So, on June 18th, the French left Rhode Island and joined Washington. On July 2d an attack was attempted on the forts on the upper end of Manhattan Island and failed. Then followed a reconnoissance in force with a distinct result of alarming Clinton to such extent that no more men were sent to Virginia, and orders went instead to recall troops already there.

So it was not in vain that the first movement had been made against New York, and the importance of the effect on Clinton soon became manifest, for a great alteration was at hand in the conditions of the campaign. The change came in a note from De Grasse stating that he would enter the Chesapeake with a view to a combination against Cornwallis, as suggested by Rochambeau. He said his time would be short; that he could not remain long on the coast. The great moment had come, brief, fleeting, to be seized at all hazards. Washington did not hesitate. New York was naturally the object first in his mind, evidently the most important place in America, that which he had hemmed in so long in order to prevent the movement up the Hudson. Clinton and New York were worth more than Cornwallis in a post of no value, but he could not get De Grasse to New York, the fleet was essential and Cornwallis would do.

The probable need of going South had been plain to Washington's mind some time before the decisive letter had come from De Grasse. On August 2d Washington had written that the arrival of troops made New York perhaps impracticable, and that it might be necessary to go South, thus preparing Congress for the contingency daily growing into a certainty. After it was known that De Grasse had turned finally to the Chesapeake no time was lost. Then it was that Washington began to move, and that letters went to the New England governors pleading for troops with an earnestness beyond even that which he was wont to use. So too went demands for money to Robert Morris, who manfully did his best, which was but little, but still something. Slender funds, no proper means of transportation, apathetic States, and a central Government almost totally impotent, were harsh conditions for a general obliged to carry troops over three hundred miles to the southward, and very quickly, too, if he was to win his prize. Then, too, in another direction the weakness of human nature seemed likely to mortally wound the great scheme at its most vital point. De Barras, at Boston, with the French squadron assigned regularly to the American station, was an important factor in the situation. But De Barras, the senior in rank, was nettled by his junior, De Grasse, having command of the great fleet fresh from France. His orders gave him an independent command, and he made up his mind to sail away to the northward, and leave De Grasse unassisted. This was something to be prevented at all hazards, and a very skilfully drawn and urgent letter went on signed by both Washington and Rochambeau. The appeal was successful, De Barras relented, yielded personal feelings to the good of the cause, and sailed shortly after from Newport with a siege-train and tools, taking a wide sweep to avoid the British.

Thus one great peril was passed. De Barras mollified and secured, Washington turned his whole attention to making a rapid march to the South. His movements about New York, although not carried out to their original conclusion, were by no means wasted. They served admirably to annoy Clinton, fill him with alarm, and cause him to not only withhold reinforcements from Cornwallis, but aided by his personal jealousy led him to order more troops back from Virginia. Washington thus turned his attack on New York into a feint, and used it as the first step for the real movement on Virginia. So secretly did he do it that even his own army was in the dark, and Clinton was completely deceived. Washington gathered

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provisions and forage as if for prolonged operations against New York, erected ovens even, and gave a perfect appearance of a protracted campaign. Heath was then left in command of the troops that were to remain and check the British in New York. Then, on August 19th, the allied forces started for the South. They began as if about to make an attack on Staten Island, fixed in this way the attention of the enemy, and drew the whole army safely and unopposed across the Hudson and into New Jersey. On September 2d the Americans were marching through Philadelphia, followed soon after by the French, and the deceived Clinton awoke at last to the fact that Washington had slipped by him and was away out of reach and going straight to Yorktown. On September 8th the allied armies were united at the Head of Elk waiting for the fleet.

In due time the fleet came, and with it mastership of the sea, but not without hindrances very happily overcome. The British this time made the mistake, unusual with them in naval campaigns, of not concentrating their fleet and holding control of the sea. Rodney, instead of pursuing De Grasse with his entire force, sent Hood to the North with only fourteen ships to join Admiral Graves at New York. Hood brought the first news of the arrival of De Grasse, and Clinton, convinced at last that the danger was really in Virginia, reluctantly allowed Graves to sail to the South. Missing De Barras, whom they had hoped to intercept, they kept on to the Chesapeake. De Grasse, who was then landing additional troops under St. Simon to go to the aid of Lafayette, although somewhat weakened, stood out as soon as the English appeared, and, on September 5th, gave them battle just as Washington and the allies were hurrying southward from Philadelphia. This action also was called indecisive, but the victory this time was with the French. The English burnt one disabled frigate, and in the course of five days sailed back to New York, while the French, returning to Lynnhaven Bay, found De Barras safe with his transports and siege-train. They were masters of the Chesapeake. At the supreme moment the sea-power was in the hands of the allies, and Washington's one essential condition of complete triumph, so prayed and longed for in the weary years gone by, was at last fulfilled. The prize of victory had been won in the indecisive action by England's failure to concentrate her fleet, by Rodney's failure to rise to Nelson's level, and follow and fight the main force of the enemy wherever it went.

The really crucial moment had been passed, but there were still many trials, many obstacles to be overcome, and one great peril to be put aside and escaped. It was hard work to get transports, but in some fashion Washington gathered them and had assistance from the French fleet. Nowhere else did it seem possible to get help. Congress selected this particular moment, the eve of a great and decisive battle, to consider the question of reducing the army. One stands in silent amazement before such an exhibition of human fatuity, and the student gathers from it an impression of the utterly worn out and unnerved state of the central Government which nothing else could give. The army luckily was not reduced, but a legislative body which at such a time could even contemplate such a step was not likely to be of much help to a fighting soldier struggling manfully in a sea of troubles. Congress did not actually destroy its army in the presence of the foe, and that is all that can be said, and the statement is pitiful enough. The State Governments were little better, but they were not wholly negative; they made some efforts, slow and feeble, but still efforts to aid the General and his army. It is not easy to know just how the result was attained, but in some way or other Washington drove through his entanglements, gathered transports here, there, and everywhere, and especially from De Barras, whom he had himself brought to the Chesapeake, and finally got the allied forces afloat and on the way to Yorktown. Then he turned off with Rochambeau and went to Mount Vernon to see for a day the well-loved spot, to look out over the broad river after a separation of six years, to recall all that had passed, perhaps to dream for a moment of the final and complete victory which he saw at last within his grasp.

Whatever his thoughts, he did not linger long. In two days he was again on his

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way, and on the 17th was on the Ville de Paris congratulating De Grasse on his victory and making plans for the siege. Now at the last moment came a great peril which threatened to wreck everything. Like D'Estaing at Savannah, De Grasse had a sudden cold fit because much alarmed at news of British reinforcements, and began to reflect on the advancing season, the gales coming from the West Indies, and other unpleasant possibilities. So he made up his mind that he could not fight in the bay, and announced firmly that he must depart at once with his fleet and would leave only two ships for the siege. All the hopeful plans began to totter, failure and ruin seemed drawing near. More diplomacy was needed; more of the appeals which had brought De Barras from Boston. So Washington wrote another of his strong letters of remonstrance and argument, and zealously supported by Lafayette, prevailed. "A great mind," wrote Washington to De Grasse, "knows how to make a personal sacrifice to secure an important general good," and the fine compliment had its effect. It may not have been wholly sincere as to the "great mind," but the gratitude it expressed came from the heart of the chief whose plans seemed about to fall in chaos and ruin.

So the last great danger-point was passed and, on September 26th, the troops landed at Williamsburg, and, on the 28th, marched on Yorktown. There they found Cornwallis occupying an intrenched camp outside the town. The next day Washington extended his lines with the Americans on the right, and Cornwallis, seeing that he was outflanked, withdrew to the town and the inner line of defences. The next day the allies marched in and took possession of the abandoned works. This shut Cornwallis in completely, as on the Gloucester side the neck was occupied by the Virginia militia under Weedon and the French cavalry under the Duc de Lauzun, a typical French noble, a man of camps and courts, of many adventures both in love and war, and altogether a very brilliant figure against the sober background of the American army. Here, when their troops were posted, a sally was attempted by Tarleton and his legion. Lauzun was out one morning with a small force and stopped at a house where, according to his universal habit, he found the hostess a very pretty woman, a fact he had time to note before she told him that Tarleton had just been there and had expressed a strong desire "to shake hands with the French Duke." This was enough for Lauzun, who at once left his pretty woman and riding forward, ran in to the English cavalry. Tarleton, true to his word, made for the Duke at once, who was quite ready to receive him, but a lancer riding against Tarleton flung him to the ground and the French seeing their leader in danger, charged briskly and gayly upon the British, who had come up in some confusion, and scattered them in all directions. Tarleton lost his horse but managed to escape himself, and so passed off the American stage leaving a memory of some brilliant feats sullied by many cruelties and the massacre of prisoners.

It was not a very serious attempt, this wild dash of Tarleton, but it was the only sally really undertaken before affairs were desperate, and served to show how hopeless the British position had become. Nothing remained, indeed, but to draw the net which had been so skilfully and successfully thrown over Cornwallis. On October 6th the heavy guns arrived, De Grasse consented to stay until November 1st, and the siege was driven forward rapidly. On the same day the first parallel was opened within three hundred yards of the British lines. On the 7th and 8th the French opened fire on the left, and the Americans on the right, and the British were forced back from an outlying redoubt. The fire was continued on the 10th, and the earthworks of the enemy suffered severely. On the 10th more guns and a heavier fire, and some of the British ships were destroyed by the French fleet. On the 11th the second parallel was opened with slight loss and Cornwallis wrote to Clinton that his situation was desperate, that he was losing men fast, and that the enemy were closing in upon him. So the work went on for two days, more heavy firing on one side, crumbling defences and falling men on the other, a brave struggle against fate. On the 14th Washington decided that the two advanced redoubts on the British left were practicable and ordered an assault. The American light infantry under Lafayette were given the

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redoubt nearest the river, while the other was assigned to the regiments of Auvergne and Deux Ponts and the Grenadiers of Gatinois, all under the Baron de Viomenil. Alexander Hamilton led the main attack for the Americans, while Laurens commanded on the flank. Hamilton dashed forward with his accustomed impetuosity leading his men, who had unloaded muskets and trusted wholly to the bayonet. On they went over the abattis, over the obstacles and up the parapet, and in ten minutes they had the redoubt. The Americans lost 42 in killed and wounded, the British, who surrendered as soon as their assailants poured over the parapet, 8 killed.

The French had a more serious task. The redoubt assigned to them contained more men and was more stubbornly defended. They removed the obstructions under fire, moved steadily forward, and after half an hour's hard fighting the redoubt was theirs. Count de Damas, Chevalier de Lameth, and the Count de Deux Ponts were all wounded; it was a well-delivered assault, not without serious loss, and the regiment of Auvergne, for its share in the day's work, recovered from the King its proud title of "Auvergne sans tache."

The redoubts taken in such prompt and brilliant fashion were at once included in the American line and Cornwallis saw the bitter end coming very near indeed. On the 16th he ordered a sortie under Colonel Abercrombie, which was made with great gallantry, but all in vain. The British forced their way into a redoubt held by the French only to be driven out again with heavy loss. Then Cornwallis moved part of his troops to Gloucester to try to escape by water. The attempt, hopeless in any event, was completely frustrated by a storm, and on the next day the men were brought back. All was over now, and Cornwallis, with his ammunition nearly exhausted, his works shattered, and his army exposed to a destructive fire, offered to surrender. On the 18th the articles were signed. They were the same as those imposed upon the Americans at Charleston when Lincoln surrendered and were complete. Between 8,000 and 9,000 men constituted the land forces, and these with their guns, standards, and military chests went to the Americans. Four ships, 30 transports, 15 galleys, and some small craft, with between 800 and 900 officers and seamen went to the French. The besiegers had lost 75 killed and 199 wounded; the British 156 killed, 326 wounded, and 70 missing. It was a final and complete result, very characteristic of the man who had planned it. This time all his conditions had been fulfilled and the outcome was inevitable. The British had no chance from the beginning. They were outnumbered and held in an iron grasp, both by land and sea. Theirs was the gallant struggle against fate which brave men make, and they went down before a plan which left nothing to chance and a force which afforded no loophole for escape. Sir Henry Clinton arrived off the Capes on the 24th with a fleet and reinforcements, heard the news and returned to New York, a closing performance very characteristic of English generalship in the American war. He was too late, and he was trying to play the game with an opponent who was never too late and who never forgave or overlooked mistakes made by his enemies. Six years had taught Washington much and Sir Henry Clinton nothing, so the great soldier triumphed over the physically brave gentleman of good family, who, ignorant of the conditions with which he had to deal, had seen his men slaughtered at Bunker Hill, and still despising his opponents, had arrived too late to save a British army from surrender at Yorktown. There is much room for reflection here on the vast advantage possessed by the man of veracious mind and clear intelligence who looks facts steadily in the face and meets them unflinchingly, be they ugly or fair to see. This was perhaps the greatest among the many great qualities of George Washington, and in it we may find an explanation of the military career which began in the capture of Boston and closed in the trenches of Yorktown.

So it all ended, and nothing remained but the forms and ceremonies so dear to the heart of man on great and small occasions alike. The 19th of October was the day fixed for the performance of these functions so agreeable for one side, so painful to the other. At noon on that day the two redoubts on the left were surrendered, and the Americans marched into one and the French into the other. At

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one o'clock the redoubts on the Gloucester side were given up. At two the garrison of Yorktown marched out; at three the cavalry and light troops from the Gloucester side. An hour later General O'Hara, in the absence of Lord Cornwallis, who kept his tent on the plea of illness, apologized to Washington for his chief's failure to appear and handed his sword to General Lincoln. Then the British troops, in new uniforms, moving steadily and finely, as if on parade, marched between the French and the American lines, piled their arms, and returned to their camps prisoners of war, to be dispersed and held in different States.

It was all very quietly done after the fashion of the men of English race, and with the good manners of the Frenchman. Yet it was a very memorable scene, full of meaning, not only to the actors, but to the world, and big with a future of which the men ranked there together in the fields of Virginia, their arms gleaming in the autumn sun, little dreamed.

It had been stipulated by the lovers of forms and ceremonies that when the great moment came the bands of the beaten army should play a British air. So on they marched between the silent ranks of the conquerors, the music sounding to the air well known then of "The World Turned Upside Down." The tune probably expressed very accurately the feelings of the men engaged in the unhappy business of laying down their arms that October afternoon. Their little world had indeed been turned upside down, and they were the helpless prisoners of men of their own race whom they had seen fit to ignore and despise. But that surrender at Yorktown reached far beyond the little circle of those engaged in it. It meant that the American Revolution had come to success. On one side were ranked the men of the soil who had come out victors in the long fight. Over their heads fluttered a new flag which had earned its right to live, and was the emblem of a new nation born into the world. A very great event. But there was a still deeper meaning behind that flag and that nation. They were the outward and visible signs of the momentous fact that an armed people had won their fight, set aside old systems, and resolved to govern themselves. Over against the American line were ranked the ordered troops of Louis XVI. Above them floated the white flag and the lilies of France. They had helped a people in arms to cast out kingly rule, and in a few years they, too, would be themselves a people in arms against all Europe, and against all kings. The lilies would have withered, the white flag would be gone, and in its place the three colors of the American Republic would begin the march which was to end only at Moscow. Very significant was Yorktown to England, for it was the breaking of the British Empire. Very significant to the thirteen little States thus set forward on the hard road which was to lead them to a nation's place, and to possibilities most significant to all mankind, for it meant that the new force of democracy had won its first great battle. The movement which had begun at Philadelphia had marched to some purpose. The drum-beat, faintly heard at Concord, was sounding very loudly now to the ears of a still inattentive world upon the plains of Yorktown.

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TORPEDO-BOATS IN THE WAR WITH SPAIN

By John R. Spears

BECAUSE public opinion regarding the value of torpedo-boats as vessels of war has vibrated through a wide arc within the past year, it may not be a waste of space to recount here just what these curious little modern ships have done in the war that has been waged for the expulsion of the Spanish Government from the American continent; for time was when the people believed that torpedoes of one kind or another were the chief bulwark of our defences against foreign aggression, and a time came when the officers of the navy were worried beyond measure by a belief that the Spaniards had brought a flotilla of superior torpedo-boats safely to this side of the Atlantic. And then, when at last the Spanish squadron, with its best torpedo-boats, was annihilated, we were told, by the press, with many similar expressions of confidence, that "one of the sharpest lessons of the war has been the dissipation into thin air of the torpedo-boat phantom, for, when once discovered, . . . such a construction is helplessly lost."

We used to hear about the active work of such torpedo-boats as were in commission long before the war began. A part of our squadron was stationed at the Dry Tortugas, and a part at Key West. There was neither telegraph cable nor regular ship communication between the Tortugas and Key West, but Admiral Sicard, who commanded the squadron, sent communications from his head-quarters in Key West to the Dry Tortugas ships, at will, by means of the ever-ready flotilla of torpedo-boats. It is about forty sea miles from one place to the other, and a torpedo-boat could, and did, jog over and back, regardless of weather, in from seven to eight hours, using only a part of its engine-power in the voyage, and it was apparent that in case of need the round trip might have been made in four hours.

As time passed on, and the threat of war was made ominous by the presence of two powerful Spanish cruisers in Havana harbor (the Vizcaya and Oquendo), the Admiral was obliged to establish a picket-line out at sea for the protection of his Key West ships; for they were anchored in a roadstead off Sand Key light, the open sea stretched away to Havana, and there was nothing to prevent aggressive Spanish officers coming over in a night to attack our ships as they lay there.

By this time we had brought all our available torpedo-boats to Key West, and the flotilla included the Foote, Lieutenant William L. Rodgers; the Cushing, Lieutenant Albert Gleaves; the Ericsson, Lieutenant N. R. Usher; the Winslow, Lieutenant J. B. Bernadou; the Porter, Lieutenant John C. Fremont, and the Dupont, Lieutenant Spencer S. Wood, the whole flotilla being under Lieutenant-Commander W. W. Kimball.

Having such a flotilla, with each boat commanded by an enthusiastic member of his profession, the Admiral was no longer anxious about the safety of his big ships, for the torpedo-boats were sent, two every night, to patrol the sea outside of the anchored squadron.

And it should be said, too, that it was more important to send them there in foul weather than in fair, just as it had been necessary at times to send them through a gale on a mission to Dry Tortugas.

Just what this reference to the weather meant to the torpedo-boat crews can be fully appreciated only by one who knows the sea, but a landsman can get an idea of it. For instance, green brass buttons became known at Key West as badges of honor, and the mark of a torpedo-boat officer. For the brass buttons and the lace on their uniforms were turned green by the sea-water that was dashed over their boats, even when only an ordinary breeze prevailed. Every man on deck, when there was any breeze at all, was wet to the skin before the boat had passed the flag-ship on its way to patrol duty. Nor was that all, or the worst. Here were boats at largest 175 feet long by 17 broad, and drawing less than six feet of water. Half of a lead-pencil afloat in a tub of water will give an idea of the proportions of the boat. If the

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pencil be tapered from the centre to both ends, the proportions will be accurate. Then agitate the water as violently as possible with a spoon, and see how the pencil is served !

Fortunately for us, not one great storm has come to worry our navy up to this writing, but the waves of the sea between Florida and Cuba, where the trade wind blows contrary to the current, are ugly enough in an ordinary breeze ; they were so ugly, in fact, that they swept solid across the rounded decks of these boats in a common blow.

So it happened that when it became necessary, one day, to send the Cushing as a despatch boat over to Havana Harbor a sea came over her low-lying bow, caught her executive officer, Ensign Joseph C. Breckenridge, hurled him against the light wire rail, and thence into the sea to his death.

That was sad enough. That the torpedo-boat service was really dangerous was made apparent, then, to the public, as it had been apparent all along to the men of the navy.

Until war was declared, of course, the services of the flotilla were confined to messenger work and picket duty. But beginning on that morning in April, when Sampson headed away for the Cuban coast to establish a blockade, they were not only to have new duties, but the old ones were to be increased in notable fashion.

As will be remembered, when the Nashville, Captain Maynard, fired the first shot of the war in capturing the Spanish merchant-ship Buena Ventura, the torpedo-boat Foote was sent to carry orders to Captain Maynard and bring back his report.

Then, too, when the Cuban coast was reached that afternoon, and the Pedro was captured, and a lot of other vessels had to be overhauled and officially notified that certain ports were blockaded, the torpedo-boats were the most active vessels of the squadron. It was a right hard day's work, in fact, for their crews, because there was a stiff breeze blowing, and they rolled and pitched and ploughed along through the smoking spray, and the solid rollers as well, until the unaccustomed spectators wondered whether quarter-inch plates could ever stand such a strain.

Then night came down and these, with the lighter cruisers, were stretched out as a picket line across the harbor mouth. Just what the torpedo-boats did that night has never been told officially and never will be, but a rumor reached the newspaper men that three of these boats went inside of Havana Harbor.

It was alleged that Captain John C. Fremont, of the Porter, went so close to the Alphonso XII. at anchor inside that he might have sunk her had he been permitted to do so. When these officers were asked about their venturesome trip they laughed and said something to the effect that they had "scouted a little."

Before telling further about the actual work of the torpedo-boats it seems best to give here an authoritative statement of the real work that the designers of such boats have always had in view when making them.

In "Notes on the Year's Naval Progress," issued by our Navy Department in 1896, wherein are described the British naval manœuvres of the previous years, it says (pp. 174–175) :

"The object of the torpedo-flotilla exercises was : First, ordinary exercises . . . to accustom officers and men to handle their vessels ; second, *deploying for lookout purposes ;* third, target practice ; fourth, torpedo practice ; fifth, to ascertain how nearly the best torpedo-boats can prevent modern ships of war from using a channel such as the English Channel, *at night*, in time of war ; also to what extent torpedo-vessels accompanying ships at sea *can protect the ships from torpedo-boat attacks ;* sixth, to what extent, *if at all*, it is desirable to use torpedo-vessels for sea-going purposes." (Italics not in the original.)

If to this we add that these boats were also expected to attack blockading ships *at night*, and *in time of battle* to make a dash from behind the ships of their own squadron, through the smoke, at a nearby enemy, the whole object of building a torpedo-boat is properly set forth.

With this in mind we find that while our boats had been in active service for months, the only work they had done that had been contemplated by their designers was that of picket duty.

The service as despatch boats was utterly foreign to their design, and it was

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not fair to their crews and to the reputation of the torpedo-boat service. For a tug would have had sufficient speed for any ordinary despatch service, and it would have steamed over the waves where the torpedo-boat, because of its model, necessarily went through them. The men did not complain, but the relatives of Ensign Breckenridge had a right to do so, for he was lost because his boat was sent on duty for which she was never intended.

But now that the war was really begun the services of the torpedo-boats as messengers were rapidly extended, and their crews began to complain in private bitterly, though not for themselves. From the blockading squadron to Key West was a run of eighty miles through a rough sea. The English had experimented to see whether it was advisable to use torpedo-boats "at all" for the high seas, but we used them constantly. The rough work not only wore out the men; it brought such strains on the delicate machinery that constant repairs were needed. And that is to say it kept the boats out of tune—it unfitted them for the work they were designed to do in case the long-expected and hoped-for Spanish squadron should suddenly arrive. It was because of this that the crews complained.

This is not to carp at the Admiral or even at the authorities in Washington. At that time there were neither tugs nor any other craft than these torpedo-boats available as messengers. The fault lay in our having made no provision for such a service before the war began.

And then came another demand on the torpedo-boats. They were on blockade duty and they were the only vessels we had that could enter shoal water, so, their officers being utterly fearless, they were sent scouting along shore and in broad day at that. The bombardment of Matanzas, recently described in this Magazine, was brought on because the shore batteries there fired on the Foote when she was sent into the bay. The affair of the Winslow, at Cardenas, wherein Lieutenant Bernadou won promotion, was another case in which a torpedo-boat was used in broad daylight in an attack beneath the guns of well-located shore batteries. Never, in the history of naval warfare, was there a more striking misuse of a war-vessel. The writer has heard naval officers call it murder. And yet, astounding as it must seem, the results of these misuses of torpedo-boats were taken up and paraded by the press, to show that torpedo-boats were "not likely to prove as useful as had been hoped."

Meantime an incident had occurred off Havana, during the first week of the blockade, that has no small bearing on the question of the usefulness of torpedo-boats—an incident of which the reporters did not then learn. On one of the breezy nights as the Porter was patrolling as a picket, and expecting the Spanish cruisers to come along at any time, the form of a big cruiser suddenly loomed out of the mists. Captain John C. Fremont at once displayed the fleet's night signal, but got no response. There could be but two conclusions from this: either the cruiser was an enemy or her lookouts had failed in their duty.

With feelings that are indescribable the captain headed his boat for a position near the cruiser and within a few moments had arrived so close to her that he had her absolutely in his power, for she was no more than 120 yards away, while the effective range of torpedoes is 800 yards.

Pointing all three of his torpedo tubes at her—even the one that must be fired across his own deck, Captain Fremont bade his men stand by and then once more displayed the signal that every American ship was bound to answer, and again there was no reply; yet to be absolutely certain that it was an enemy sneaking away from port he showed his signal a third time. As before no answer came.

At that the men at the tubes awaited, with firm hands, the order to fire, and in a fraction of a second they would have sent the unerring torpedoes on their flight, when Captain Fremont saw that the ship had three smoke-stacks, remembered that all the Spaniards had but two each, and sang out his discovery just in time to save the stranger from destruction. The cruiser was the New York, and the lookouts covering the space where the torpedo-boat lay had failed.

The people who had part in that incident are not among those who think that torpedo-boats are worthless.

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From Matanzas and Cardenas we pass to the chase of Cervera, where the Porter, one lone torpedo-boat, accompanied the squadron that went to San Juan, Porto Rico. We expected to find the Spaniards in that harbor. It was believed that they had half-a-dozen torpedo-boats, and in fact, when located, they were found to have three torpedo-boat destroyers, which is another name for big torpedo-boats. We had one to meet their three. That was highly complimentary to the Porter from one point of view, but it was unfair to the torpedo-boat service. She fanned along under the shelter of the Iowa, as the squadron approached the forts, and had Cervera been within, and aggressive enough to come out, she would have been ready for a dash at him, but the whole literature of torpedo-boats shows, as the training at our Newport school has taught, that a torpedo-boat attack, to assure success, must be made by a group and not by one lone boat, even at night. And yet here was one lone boat for a battle in broad day and under the guns of shore batteries at that.

There was one feature of this expedition of a torpedo-boat to Porto Rico that has been entirely overlooked by the public. From Key West to San Juan and back was a journey of about 2,000 miles, and this boat, delicate as her machinery is necessarily, was as fit for action when she returned to Key West, as the famous Oregon was after her journey of 16,000 miles around the Horn. When we consider the difference between the two boats and their machinery the journey of the Porter is at least quite as remarkable as that of the battle-ship.

While the Porter was on the San Juan voyage the other torpedo-boats were scattered about, hither and yon off the Cuban coast and at Key West. At no time were they grouped for effective use against the enemy's squadron. Even when Schley went to Cienfuegos and thence to Santiago he had but one torpedo-boat.

A little later Cervera was located at Santiago, and a blockade of the port was established with results that as a whole set the nation wild with joy ; and we had very good reason for joy. But there are details of the doings off that port that are not exactly joyful though very interesting.

For instance consider the blockading squadron in the days before the battle came. Night after night the picket line was maintained by the battle-ships and the armored cruisers New York and Brooklyn. These had to steam in until under the guns of the forts and there lie in wait for Cervera's torpedo-boats to come out. Battle-ships that towered like hills above the sea were set opposite a dark hole from which torpedo-boats with a freeboard of six feet were expected to come creeping through the murk. With these battle-ships were two converted yachts, the Gloucester and the Vixen, and one or two torpedo-boats on occasion.

The place of honor each night was occupied by two of the big ships, one of which kept her search-light on the harbor's mouth and the other with no light of any kind showing lay a little way off on one quarter. This darkened ship was called the guardship. The Indiana and the Texas took turns as guards because their search-lights had been put out of commission by the recoil of their own great guns.

Every man on those ships understood very well the peril in which they were placed. As the search-light swept to and fro along the beach line and across the mouth of the harbor their eyes followed the beams with eager glance or strove to pierce the gloom between. These men were eager to meet the enemy in open battle, but to search for an enemy that might come wholly unseen and with irresistible power—that was another matter. What was the effect of this strain on the men who stood on lookout for torpedo-boats night after night ? They came to seeing the ghosts of torpedo-boats—they thought they saw an enemy where none existed. One night a cave in the rocky shore where the waves broke white with foam seemed to be the black hull of a torpedo-boat coming swiftly with its curl of spray under its bow. Instantly the crew sprang to their guns and opened fire. There was tremendous excitement, and then nothing more having been seen of the fearsome spectacle, after a few minutes had passed the boatswains piped down and the off watch turned in rejoicing to think that at least one of the enemy's torpedo-boats had been sunk.

Another night a long swell of the sea

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with a breaking crest set the guns a roaring, and again there were thankful hearts because "a torpedo-boat had been sunk this time, anyway!"

On another night still a railway train—the regular one o'clock train from Siboney—hurrying along on the track near the sea was seen by the lookouts, and this time the gunners were sure of their game. For the black sneak did not disappear at the first shot! There it was moving along with smoke and lights showing. How the guns roared then! Pretty soon, however, someone observed that the fearsome thing was too high above the sea to be a torpedo-boat, and the facts in the case became apparent. There was no rejoicing after this bout with the ghosts, but on no less than four occasions was a Spanish torpedo-boat reported as having been destroyed off Santiago, when, in fact, none had been.

Nor is that all to be told, for every torpedo-boat in our flotilla was more than once fired on by our ships, the officers of which supposed, in spite of the well-arranged night-signals, that the enemy had come afloat, while coal transports, newspaper tugs, etc., that are not shaped like torpedo-boats, were also fired on for the same reason.

The captains of our big ships habitually slept on the bridge, when they slept at all, at night, in order to be ready for service instantly. The strain cannot be imagined by the unaccustomed, but the reader will recall that Captain Charles E. Clark, of the Oregon, after his magnificent work at Santiago, broke down at last.

In what has been said so far there is nothing regarding the use of torpedo-boats in actual battle between ships, because the story has been confined to the operations around Cuba where, until July 3d, there was no such battle. But at Manilla, and when Cervera made his dash from Santiago, it was squadron against squadron, and the Spaniards had a chance to use their torpedo-boats, though we, in these fights, had none really at hand.

At Manilla, according to the admirable report of former Lieutenant Stickney, the Spanish torpedo-boats "cut no figure at all." The Yankee fire was too hot for them, and they fled. At Santiago the Spaniards had two of the best torpedo-boats in the world, but what use did they make of them? The craft that was designed for night use only, and on dark nights at that, was brought out to battle in the light of a beautiful summer day. But supposing it were necessary for the squadron to come out in broad daylight what would common-sense, not to mention naval training, suggest as the proper place for these boats? When Sampson went to San Juan he kept the Porter under the shelter of the thick-walled Iowa until close in, when he sent her off just to the east of the harbor entrance, where she could make a dash at the enemy's ship coming out, while its crew would be engaged by the battle-ships off the harbor's mouth.

Instead of keeping the Pluton and Furor under the shelter of his big cruisers whence, if they could be of any use in day-time, they might dash out to attack our nearest battle-ship, Cervera left them far in the rear of all. When they cleared the harbor our ships had had time to close in so near that these two unfortunate boats were obliged to face the fire of the Brooklyn, the Texas, the Iowa, the Oregon, the Gloucester and the Indiana. There were five big ships carrying an aggregate of one hundred and two guns in their secondary batteries (six-pounders and one-pounders) of which fifty-one at least would bear on these two torpedo-boats. The Gloucester kept at least two more six-pounders firing steadily after the torpedo-boats appeared. Nor is that all, for every one of the big ships aimed the larger guns as well as the small ones at the torpedo-boats.

In the face of such a battery as that came two Spanish torpedo-boats, having a clear space of at least two miles to cross before they could reach our nearest battle-ship. What does the reader think of that?

But suppose Cervera had massed his cruisers and with the torpedo-boats sheltered behind them had made a dash straight at our Texas and Iowa—suppose that he had determined to fight his way out man-fashion—with "uncircumspect gallantry," so to speak! Suppose the Spanish ships had been manned by the dominant race instead of Spaniards!

As for our one torpedo-boat, the Ericsson, present on that occasion, it had been taken with the New York to the eastward. That was hard luck for Captain Usher;

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but he arrived back in time to carry his boat under the guns of the Vizcaya that were being fired by the heat of her burning decks and there serve gallantly as a life-saver instead of a life-taker.

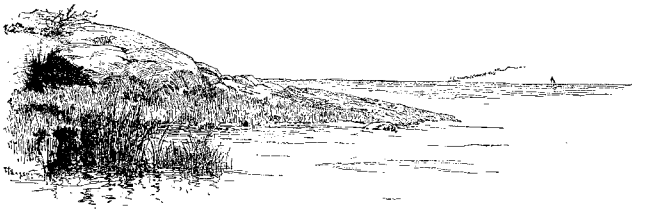
The story of the services of torpedo-boats in this war may be summed up as follows: They had part in a few drills. They have seen months of service as despatch-boats. They have been constantly in use as pickets at sea as well as near port. They have served as scouts. They have blockaded ports. They have uncovered masked batteries around shoal water harbors. They have had part in one squadron battle in broad daylight.

In their drills, though under conditions never likely to prevail in a night attack on a squadron, they scored more times than they failed. As despatch-boats in smooth water they were swift and serviceable, but on the high seas in foul weather they were found rather too frail. As pickets and scouts, whether at port or for a squadron at sea, they served admirably so long as small repairs and a machine-shop were not too far away. With a repair-ship in the squadron, they would have done still better. As blockading-vessels their coal capacity was deficient. For an attack on shore batteries their guns (one-pounders) were found to be of smaller calibre than was desirable, their torpedoes were not fitted for climbing the breastworks, and their armor-plate (three-eighths of an inch thick) not equal to resisting modern rifle projectiles. In a daylight battle, squadron to squadron, they were found unable, in a group of two, to cross two miles of open sea under the fire of six well-armed ships manned by Yankee crews.

In all this it appears that their only services for which they were designed were picket duty and scouting. Save for the only occasion known to the writer, when the New York, with the Admiral and her five hundred men were at the mercy of one of his own torpedo-boats, we have had no service experience of the efficiency of torpedo-boats in night attacks.

But in addition to all this we have learned that the torpedo-boat service has been the most dangerous afloat. More men have lost their lives on torpedo-boats than on all the other naval ships put together. We know that this service tries the men, in nerves and muscles, more than any other, while young officers have had the responsibility of independent commands. So this service has done more than all others to improve the *personnell* of the navy. And it is not unlikely that the most helpful part of the experience of the battle-ship crews was that had when they faced the black mouth of Santiago Harbor watching for an enemy that had not the nerve to come.

Now what does the reader think about it? Has the experience of this war proved that torpedo-boats are worthless?



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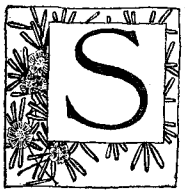
THE PELICAN

By Edith Wharton



HE was very pretty when I first knew her, with the sweet straight nose and short upper lip of the cameo-brooch divinity, humanized by a dimple that flowered in her cheek whenever anything was said which possessed the outward attributes of humor without its intrinsic quality. For the dear lady was providentially deficient in humor: the least hint of the real thing clouded her lovely eye like the hovering shadow of an algebraic problem.

I do not think that nature had meant her to be "intellectual"; but what can a poor thing do, whose husband has died of drink when her baby is hardly six months old, and who finds that her coral necklace and her grandfather's edition of the British Dramatists are inadequate to the demands of the creditors?

Her mother, the celebrated Irene Astarte Pratt, had written a poem in blank verse on "The Fall of Man"; one of her aunts was dean of a girl's college; another had translated Euripides—with such a family, the poor child's fate was sealed in advance. The only way of paying her husband's debts and keeping the baby clothed was to be intellectual; and, after some hesitation as to the form that her mental activity was to take, it was unanimously decided that she was to give lectures.

They began by being drawing-room lectures. The first time I saw her she was standing by the piano, against a flippant background of Dresden china and photographs, telling a roomful of women preoccupied with their spring bonnets all that she thought she knew about Greek art. The ladies assembled to hear her had given me to understand that she was "doing it for the baby," and this fact, together with the shortness of her upper lip and the bewildering co-operation of her dimple, disposed me to listen leniently to her dissertation. Happily, at that time Greek art was still, if I may use the phrase, easily handled; it was as simple as walking down a museum-gallery lined with pleasant familiar Venuses and Apollos. All the later complications—the archaic and archaistic conundrums; the influences of Assyria and Asia Minor; the conflicting attributions and the wrangles of the erudite—still slumbered in the bosom of the future "scientific critic." Greek art in those days began with Phidias and ended with the Apollo Belvedere; and a child could travel from one to the other without danger of losing its way.

Mrs. Amyot had two fatal gifts: a capacious but inaccurate memory, and an extraordinary fluency of speech. There was nothing that she did not remember—wrongly; but her halting facts were swathed in so many layers of cotton-wool eloquence that their infirmities were imperceptible to her friendly critics. Besides, she had been taught Greek by the aunt who had translated Euripides; and the mere sound of the αἰs and οἰs which she now and then not unskilfully let slip (correcting herself, of course, with a start, and indulgently mistranslating the phrase), struck awe to the hearts of ladies whose only "accomplishment" was French—if you didn't speak too quickly.

I had then but a momentary glimpse of Mrs. Amyot, but a few months later I came upon her again in the New England university town where the celebrated Irene Astarte Pratt lived on the summit of a local Parnassus, with lesser muses and college professors respectfully grouped on the lower ledges of the sacred declivity. Mrs. Amyot, who, after her husband's death, had returned to the maternal roof (even during her father's lifetime the roof had been distinctively maternal), Mrs. Amyot, thanks to her upper lip, her dimple and her Greek, was already ensconced in a snug hollow of the Parnassian slope.

After the lecture was over it happened that I walked home with Mrs. Amyot. Judging from the incensed glances of two or three learned gentlemen who were hov-

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ering on the door-step when we emerged, I inferred that Mrs. Amyot, at that period, did not often walk home alone; but I doubt whether any of my discomfited rivals, whatever his claims to favor, was ever treated to so ravishing a mixture of shyness and self-abandonment, of sham erudition and real teeth and hair, as it was my privilege to enjoy. Even at the incipience of her public career Mrs. Amyot had a tender eye for strangers, as possible links with successive centres of culture to which in due course the torch of Greek art might be handed on.

She began by telling me that she had never been so frightened in her life. She knew, of course, how dreadfully learned I was, and when, just as she was going to begin, her hostess had whispered to her that I was in the room, she had felt ready to sink through the floor. Then (with a flying dimple) she had remembered Emerson's line—wasn't it Emerson's?—that beauty is its own excuse for *seeing*, and that had made her feel a little more confident, since she was sure that no one *saw* beauty more vividly than she—as a child she used to sit for hours gazing at an Etruscan vase on the bookcase in the library while her sisters played with their dolls—and if *seeing* beauty was the only excuse one needed for talking about it, why, she was sure I would make allowances and not be *too* critical and sarcastic, especially if, as she thought probable, I had heard of her having lost her poor husband, and how she had to do it for the baby.

Being over-abundantly assured of my sympathy on these points, she went on to say that she had always wanted so much to consult me about her lectures. Of course, one subject wasn't enough (this view of the limitations of Greek art as a "subject" gave me a startling idea of the rate at which a successful lecturer might exhaust the universe); she must find others; she had not ventured on any as yet, but she had thought of Tennyson—didn't I *love* Tennyson? She *worshipped* him so that she was sure she could help others to understand him; or what did I think of a "course" on Raphael or Michelangelo—or on the heroines of Shakespeare? There were some fine steel-engravings of Raphael's Madonnas and of the Sistine ceiling in her mother's library, and she had seen Miss Cushman in several Shakespearian *rôles*, so that on these subjects also she felt qualified to speak with authority.

When we reached her mother's door she begged me to come in and talk the matter over; she wanted me to see the baby—she felt as though I should understand her better if I saw the baby—and the dimple flashed through a tear.

The fear of encountering the author of "The Fall of Man," combined with the opportune recollection of a dinner engagement, made me evade this appeal with the promise of returning on the morrow. On the morrow, I left too early to redeem my promise; and for several years afterward I saw no more of Mrs. Amyot.

My calling at that time took me at irregular intervals from one to another of our larger cities, and as Mrs. Amyot was also peripatetic it was inevitable that sooner or later we should cross each other's path. It was therefore without surprise that, one snowy afternoon in Boston, I learned from the lady with whom I chanced to be lunching that, as soon as the meal was over, I was to be taken to hear Mrs. Amyot lecture.

"On Greek art?" I suggested.

"Oh, you've heard her then? No, this is one of the series called 'Homes and Haunts of the Poets.' Last week we had Wordsworth and the Lake Poets, to-day we are to have Goethe and Weimar. She is a wonderful creature—all the women of her family are geniuses. You know, of course, that her mother was Irene Astarte Pratt, who wrote a poem on 'The Fall of Man'; N. P. Willis called her the female Milton of America. One of Mrs. Amyot's aunts has translated Eurip——"

"And is she as pretty as ever?" I irrelevantly interposed.

My hostess stared. "She is excessively modest and retiring. She says it is actual suffering for her to speak in public. You know she only does it for the baby."

Punctually at the hour appointed, we took our seats in a lecture-hall full of strenuous females in ulsters. Mrs. Amyot was evidently a favorite with these austere sisters, for every corner was crowded, and as we entered a pale usher with an educated mispronunciation was setting forth to several dejected applicants the impossibility of supplying them with seats.

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Our own were happily so near the front that when the curtains at the back of the platform parted, and Mrs. Amyot appeared, I was at once able to establish a rapid comparison between the lady placidly dimpling to the applause of her public and the shrinking drawing-room orator of my earlier recollections.

Mrs. Amyot was as pretty as ever, and there was the same curious discrepancy between the freshness of her aspect and the staleness of her theme, but something was gone of the blushing unsteadiness with which she had fired her first random shots at Greek art. It was not that the shots were less uncertain, but that she now had an air of assuming that, for her purpose, the bull's-eye was everywhere, so that there was no need to be flustered in taking aim. This assurance had so facilitated the flow of her circumlocutious diction that, as I listened, I had a curious sense that she was performing a trick analogous to that of the conjuror who pulls hundreds of yards of white paper out of his mouth. From a large assortment of stock adjectives she chose, with unerring deftness and rapidity, the one which taste and discrimination would most surely have rejected, fitting out her subject, as it were, with a whole wardrobe of slop-shot epithets irrelevant in cut and size. To the invaluable knack of not disturbing the association of ideas in her audience, she added the gift of what may be called a confidential manner—so that her fluent generalizations about Goethe and his place in literature (the lecture was, of course, manufactured out of Lewes's book) had the flavor of personal experience, of views sympathetically exchanged with her audience on the best way of knitting children's socks, or of putting up preserves for the winter. It was, I am sure, to this personal accent—the moral equivalent of her dimple—that Mrs. Amyot owed her prodigious, her irrational success. It was her art of transposing second-hand ideas into first-hand emotions that so endeared her to her feminine listeners.

To anyone not in search of "documents" Mrs. Amyot's success was hardly of a kind to make her more interesting, and my curiosity flagged with the growing conviction that the "suffering" entailed upon her by public speaking was at most a retrospective pang. I was sure that, as a matter of fact, she had reached the point of measuring and enjoying her effects, of deliberately manipulating her public; and there must indeed have been a certain exhilaration in attaining results so considerable by means involving so little conscious effort. Mrs. Amyot's art was simply an extension of coquetry: she flirted with her audience.

In this mood of enlightened skepticism I responded but languidly to my hostess's suggestion that I should go with her that evening to see Mrs. Amyot. The aunt who had translated Euripides was at home on Saturday evenings, and one met "thoughtful" people there, my hostess explained: it was one of the intellectual centres of Boston. My mood remained distinctly resentful of any connection between Mrs. Amyot and intellectuality, and I declined to go; but the next day I met Mrs. Amyot in the street.

She stopped me reproachfully. She had heard that I was in Boston; why had I not come last night? She had been told that I was at her lecture; and it had frightened her—yes, really, almost as much as years ago in Hillbridge. She never *could* get over that stupid shyness, and the whole business was as distasteful to her as ever; but what could she do? There was the baby—he was a big boy now, and boys were *so* expensive! But did I really think she had improved the least little bit? And why wouldn't I come home with her now, and see the boy, and tell her frankly what I had thought of the lecture? She had plenty of flattery—people were *so* kind, and every one knew that she did it for the baby—but what she felt the need of was criticism, severe, discriminating criticism like mine—oh, she knew that I was dreadfully discriminating!

I went home with her and saw the boy. In the early heat of her Tennyson-worship Mrs. Amyot had christened him Lancelot, and he looked it. Perhaps, however, it was his black velvet dress and the exasperating length of his yellow curls, together with the fact of his having been taught to recite Browning to visitors, that raised to fever heat the itching of my palms in his Infant-Samuel-like presence. I have since had reason to think that he would

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have preferred to be called Billy, and to hunt cats with the other boys in the block: his curls and his poetry were simply another outlet for Mrs. Amyot's irrepressible coquetry.

But if Lancelot was not genuine, his mother's love for him was. It justified every thing—the lectures *were* for the baby, after all. I had not been ten minutes in the room before I was pledged to help Mrs. Amyot to carry out her triumphant fraud. If she wanted to lecture on Plato she should —Plato must take his chance like the rest of us! There was no use, of course, in being "discriminating." I preserved sufficient reason to avoid that pitfall, but I suggested "subjects" and made lists of books for her with a fatuity that became more obvious as time attenuated the remembrance of her smile; I even remember thinking that some men might have cut the knot by marrying her, but I handed over Plato as a hostage, and escaped by the afternoon train.

The next time I saw her was in New York, when she had become so fashionable that it was a part of the whole duty of woman to be seen at her lectures. The lady who suggested that of course I ought to go and hear Mrs. Amyot, was not very clear about anything except that she was perfectly lovely, and had had a horrid husband, and was doing it to support her boy. The subject of the discourse (I think it proved to be on Ruskin) was clearly of minor importance, not only to my friend, but to the throng of well-dressed and absent-minded ladies who rustled in late, dropped their muffs and pocket-books, and undisguisedly lost themselves in the study of each other's apparel. They received Mrs. Amyot with warmth, but she evidently represented a social obligation like going to church, rather than any more personal interest; in fact, I suspect that every one of the ladies would have remained away, had it been ascertainable that none of the others were coming.

Whether Mrs. Amyot was disheartened by the lack of sympathy between herself and her hearers, or whether the sport of arousing it had become a task, she certainly imparted her platitudes with less convincing warmth than of old. Her voice had the same confidential inflections, but it was like a voice reproduced by a gramophone: the real woman seemed far away. She had grown stouter without losing her dewy freshness, and her smart gown might have been taken to indicate either the potentialities of a settled income, or a politic concession to the taste of her hearers. As I listened I reproached myself for ever having suspected her of self-deception in declaring that she took no pleasure in her work. I was sure now that she did it only for Lancelot, and judging from the size of her audience and the price of the tickets I concluded that Lancelot must be receiving a liberal education.

I was living in New York that winter, and in the rotation of dinners I found myself one evening at Mrs. Amyot's side. The dimple came out at my greeting as punctually as a cuckoo in a Swiss clock and I detected the same automatic quality in the tone in which she made her usual pretty demand for advice. She was like a musical-box charged with popular airs. They succeeded one another with breathless rapidity, but there was a moment after each when the cylinders scraped and whizzed.

Mrs. Amyot, as I found when I called upon her, was living in a pleasant flat, with a sunny sitting-room full of flowers and a tea-table that had the air of expecting visitors. She owned that she had been ridiculously successful. It was delightful, of course, on Lancelot's account. Lancelot had been sent to the best school in the country, and if things went well and people didn't tire of his silly mother he was to go to Harvard afterward. During the next two or three years Mrs. Amyot kept her flat in New York, and radiated art and literature upon the suburbs. I saw her now and then, always stouter, better dressed, more successful and more automatic: she had become a lecturing-machine.

I went abroad for a year or two and when I came back she had disappeared. I asked several people about her, but life had closed over her. She had been last heard of as lecturing—still lecturing—but no one seemed to know when or where.

It was in Boston that I found her at last, forlornly swaying to the oscillations of an overhead strap in a crowded trolley-car. Her face had so changed that I lost myself in a startled reckoning of the time that

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had elapsed since our parting. She spoke to me shyly, as though aware of my hurried calculation, and conscious that in five years she ought not to have altered so much as to upset my notion of time. Then she seemed to set it down to her dress, for she nervously gathered her cloak over a gown that asked only to be concealed, and shrank into a vacant seat behind the line of prehensile bipeds blocking the aisle of the car.

It was perhaps because she so obviously avoided me that I felt for the first time that I might be of use to her; and when she left the car I made no excuse for following her.

She said nothing of needing advice and did not ask me to walk home with her, concealing, as we talked, her transparent preoccupations under the mask of a sudden interest in all that I had been doing since she had last seen me. Of what concerned her, I learned only that Lancelot was well and that for the present she was not lecturing—she was tired and her doctor had ordered her to rest. On the doorstep of a shabby house she paused and held out her hand. She had been so glad to see me and perhaps if I were in Boston again—the tired dimple, as it were, bowed me out and closed the door upon the conclusion of the phrase.

Two or three weeks later, at my club in New York, I found a letter from her. In it she owned that she was troubled, that of late she had been unsuccessful, and that, if I chanced to be coming back to Boston, and could spare her a little of that invaluable advice which—. A few days later the advice was at her disposal.

She told me frankly what had happened. Her public had grown tired of her. She had seen it coming on for some time, and was shrewd enough in detecting the causes. She had more rivals than formerly —younger women, she admitted, with a smile which could still afford to be generous—and then her audiences had grown more critical and consequently more exacting. Lecturing—as she understood it—used to be simple enough. You chose your topic—Raphael, Shakespeare, Gothic Architecture, or some such big familiar "subject"—and read up about it for a week or so at the Athenæum or the Astor Library, and then told your audience what you had read. Now, it appeared, that simple process was no longer adequate. People had tired of familiar "subjects"; it was the fashion to be interested in things that one hadn't always known about—natural selection, animal magnetism, sociology and comparative folk-lore; while, in literature, the demand had become equally difficult to meet, since Matthew Arnold had introduced the habit of studying the "influence" of one author on another. She had tried lecturing on influences, and had done very well as long as the public was satisfied with the tracing of such obvious influences as that of Turner on Ruskin, of Schiller on Goethe, of Shakespeare on the English drama; but such investigations had soon lost all charm for her too-sophisticated audiences, who now demanded either that the influence or the influenced should be absolutely unknown, or that there should be no perceptible connection between the two. The zest of the performance lay in the measure of ingenuity with which the lecturer established a relation between two people who had probably never heard of each other, much less read each other's works. A pretty Miss Williams with red hair had, for instance, been lecturing with great success on the influence of the Rosicrucians upon the poetry of Keats, while somebody else had given a "course" on the influence of St. Thomas Aquinas upon Professor Huxley.

Mrs. Amyot, warmed by my evident participation in her distress, went on to say that the growing demand for evolution was what most troubled her. Her grandfather had been a pillar of the Presbyterian ministry, and the idea of her lecturing on Darwin or Herbert Spencer was deeply shocking to her mother and aunts. In one sense the family had staked its literary as well as its spiritual hopes on the literal inspiration of Genesis: what became of "The Fall of Man" in the light of modern exegesis?

The upshot of it was that she had ceased to lecture because she could no longer sell tickets enough to pay for the hire of a lecture-hall; and as for the managers, they wouldn't look at her. She had tried her luck all through the Eastern States and as far South as Washington; but it was of no use, and unless she could get hold of some new subjects—or, better still, of

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some new audiences—she must simply go out of the business. That would mean the failure of all she had worked for, since Lancelot would have to leave Harvard. She paused, and wept some of the unbecoming tears that spring from real grief. Lancelot, it appeared, was to be a genius. He had passed his opening examinations brilliantly; he had "literary gifts"; he had written beautiful poetry, much of which his mother had copied out in reverentially slanting characters upon the pages of a velvet-bound volume which she drew from a locked drawer.

Lancelot's verse struck me as nothing more alarming than growing-pains; but it was not to learn this that she had summoned me. What she wanted was to be assured that he was worth working for, an assurance which I managed to convey by the simple strategy of remarking that the poems reminded me of Swinburne—and so they did, as well as of Browning, Tennyson, Rossetti, William Morris, and all the other poets who supply young authors with original inspirations.

This point being satisfactorily established, it remained to be decided by what means his mother was, in the French phrase, to pay herself the luxury of a poet. It was obvious that this indulgence could be bought only with counterfeit coin, and that the one way of helping Mrs. Amyot was to become a party to the circulation of such currency. My fetish of intellectual integrity went down like a ninepin before the appeal of a woman no longer young and distinctly foolish, but full of those dear contradictions and irrelevances that will always make flesh and blood prevail against a syllogism. When I took leave of Mrs. Amyot I had promised her a dozen letters to Western universities and had half-pledged myself to sketch out for her a lecture on the reconciliation of science and religion.

In the West she achieved a success which for a year or more embittered my perusal of the morning papers. The fascination which lures the murderer back to the scene of his crime drew my eye to every paragraph celebrating Mrs. Amyot's last brilliant lecture on the influence of something upon somebody; and her own letters—she overwhelmed me with them—spared me no detail of the entertainment given in her honor by the Palimpsest Club of Omaha or of her reception at the University of Leadville. The college professors were especially kind: she assured me that she had never before met with such discriminating sympathy. I winced under the adjective, which cast a sudden light upon the vast machinery of fraud that I had set in motion. All over my native land, men of hitherto unblemished integrity were conniving with me in urging their friends to go and hear Mrs. Amyot lecture on the reconciliation of science and religion! My only hope was that, somewhere among the number of my accomplices, Mrs. Amyot might find one who would marry her in the defense of his literary convictions.

None, apparently, resorted to such heroic measures; for about two years later I was startled by the announcement that Mrs. Amyot was lecturing in Trenton, N. J., on modern theosophy in the light of the Vedas. The following week she was at Newark, discussing Schopenhauer in the light of recent psychology. The week after that I was on the deck of an ocean steamer, reconsidering my share in Mrs. Amyot's triumphs with the impartiality with which one views an episode that is being left behind at the rate of twenty knots an hour. After all, I had been helping a mother to educate her son.

The next decade of my life was spent in Europe, and when I came home the recollection of Mrs. Amyot had become as inoffensive as one of those pathetic ghosts who are said to strive in vain to make themselves visible to the living. I did not even notice the fact that I no longer heard her spoken of; she had dropped like a dead leaf from the bough of memory.

A year or two after my return I was condemned to one of the worst punishments that a worker can undergo—an enforced holiday. The doctors who pronounced the inhuman sentence decreed that it should be worked out in the South, and for a whole winter I carried my cough, my thermometer and my idleness from one fashionable orange-grove to another. In the vast and melancholy sea of my disoccupation I clutched like a drowning man at any human driftwood within reach. I took a critical and depreciatory interest

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in the coughs, the thermometers and the idleness of my fellow-sufferers; but to the healthy, the occupied, the transient I clung with undiscriminating enthusiasm.

In no other way can I explain, as I look back upon it, the importance which I attached to the leisurely confidences of a new arrival with a brown beard who, tilted back at my side on a hotel veranda hung with roses, imparted to me one afternoon the simple annals of his past. There was nothing in the tale to kindle the most inflammable imagination, and though the man had a pleasant frank face and a voice differing agreeably from the shrill inflections of our fellow-lodgers, it is probable that under different conditions his discursive history of successful business ventures in a Western city would have affected me somewhat in the manner of a lullaby.

Even at the time I was not sure that I liked his agreeable voice. It had a sonorous assertiveness out of keeping with the humdrum character of his recital, as though a breeze engaged in shaking out a table-cloth should have fancied itself inflating a banner. But this criticism may have been a mere mark of my own fastidious humor, for the man seemed a simple fellow, satisfied with his middling fortunes, and already (he was not much past thirty) deep-sunk in conjugal content.

He had just entered upon an anecdote connected with the cutting of his eldest boy's teeth, when a lady whom I knew, returning from her late drive, paused before us for a moment in the twilight, with the smile which is the feminine equivalent of beads to savages.

"Won't you take a ticket?" she said, sweetly.

Of course I would take a ticket—but for what? I ventured to inquire.

"Oh, that's *so* good of you—for the lecture this evening. You needn't go, you know; we are none of us going; most of us have been through it already at Aiken and at Saint Augustine and at Palm Beach. I've given away my tickets to some new people who've just come from the North, and some of us are going to send our maids, just to fill up the room."

"And may I ask to whom you are going to pay this delicate attention?"

"Oh, I thought you knew—to poor Mrs. Amyot. She's been lecturing all over the South this winter; she's simply *haunted* me ever since I left New York—and we had six weeks of her at Bar Harbor last summer! One has to take tickets, you know, because she's a widow and does it for her son—to pay for his education. She's so plucky and nice about it, and talks about him in such a touching unaffected way, that everybody is sorry for her, and we all simply ruin ourselves in tickets. I do hope that boy's nearly educated!"

"Mrs. Amyot? Mrs. Amyot?" I repeated. "Is she *still* educating her son?"

"Oh, do you know about her? Has she been at it long? There's some comfort in that, for I suppose when the boy's provided for the poor thing will be able to take a rest—and give us one!"

She laughed and extended her hand. "Here's your ticket. Did you say *tickets*—two? Oh, thanks. Of course you needn't go."

"But I mean to go. Mrs. Amyot is an old friend of mine."

"Do you really? That's awfully good of you. Perhaps I'll go too if I can persuade Charlie and the others to come. And I wonder"—in a well-directed aside—"if your friend ——?"

I telegraphed her under cover of the dusk that my friend was of too recent standing to be drawn into her charitable toils, and she masked her mistake under a rattle of friendly adjurations not to be late, and to be sure to keep a seat for her, as she had quite made up her mind to go even if Charlie and the others wouldn't.

The flutter of her skirts subsided in the distance, and my neighbor, who had half turned away to light a cigar, made no effort to reopen the conversation. At length, fearing that he might have overheard the allusion to himself, I ventured to ask if he were going to the lecture that evening.

"Much obliged—I have a ticket," he said, abruptly.

This struck me as in such bad taste that I made no answer; and it was he who spoke next.

"Did I understand you to say that you were an old friend of Mrs. Amyot's?"

"I think I may claim to be, if it is the same Mrs. Amyot whom I had the pleasure of knowing many years ago. My Mrs. Amyot used to lecture too——"

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"To pay for her son's education?"

"I believe so."

"Well—see you later."

He got up and walked into the house.

In the hotel drawing-room that evening there was but a meagre sprinkling of guests, among whom I discovered my brown-bearded friend sitting alone on a sofa, with his head against the wall. It was certainly not curiosity to see Mrs. Amyot which had impelled him to attend the performance, for it would have been impossible for him, without shifting his position, to command the improvised platform at the end of the room. When I looked at him he seemed lost in contemplation of the chandelier.

The lady from whom I had purchased my tickets fluttered in late, unattended by Charlie and the others, and assuring me that she should *scream* if we had the lecture on Ibsen—she had heard it three times already that winter. A glance at the programme reassured her: it informed us (in the lecturer's own slanting hand) that Mrs. Amyot was to lecture on the Cosmogony.

After a long pause, during which the small audience coughed and moved its chairs and showed signs of regretting that it had come, the door opened, and Mrs. Amyot stepped upon the platform. Ah, poor lady!

Someone said "Hush!" the coughing and chair-shifting subsided, and she began.

It was like looking at one's self early in the morning in a cracked mirror. I had no idea that I had grown so old. As for Lancelot, he must have a beard. A beard? The word struck me, and without knowing why I glanced across the room at my bearded friend on the sofa. Oddly enough he was looking at me, with a half-defiant, half-sullen expression; and as our glances crossed, and his fell, the conviction came to me that *he was Lancelot.*

I don't remember a word of the lecture; and yet there were enough of them to have filled a good-sized dictionary. The stream of Mrs. Amyot's eloquence had become a flood: one had the despairing sense that she had sprung a leak, and that until the plumber came there was nothing to be done about it.

The plumber came at length, in the shape of a clock striking ten; my companion, with a sigh of relief, drifted away in search of Charlie and the others; the audience scattered with the precipitation of people who had discharged a duty; and, without surprise, I found my brown-bearded acquaintance at my elbow.

We stood alone in the big bare-floored room, under the flaring chandelier.

"I think you told me this afternoon that you were an old friend of Mrs. Amyot's?" he began awkwardly.

I assented.

"Will you come in and see her?"

"Now? I shall be very glad to, if——"

"She's ready; she's expecting you," he interposed.

He offered no further explanation, and I followed him in silence. He led me down the long corridor, and pushed open the door of a sitting-room.

"Mother," he said, closing the door after we had entered, "here's the gentleman who says he used to know you."

Mrs. Amyot, who sat in an easy-chair stirring a cup of bouillon, looked up with a start. She had evidently not seen me in the audience, and her son's description had failed to convey my identity. I saw a frightened look in her eyes; then, like a frost flower on a window-pane, the dimple expanded on her wrinkled cheek, and she held out her hand to me.

"I'm so glad," she said, "so glad!"

She turned to her son, who stood watching us. "You must have told Lancelot all about me—you've known me so long!"

"I haven't had time to talk to your son—since I knew he was your son," I explained.

Her brow cleared. "Then you haven't had time to say anything very dreadful?" she said, with a laugh.

"It is he who has been saying dreadful things," I returned, trying to fall in with her tone.

I saw my mistake. "What things?" she faltered.

"Making me feel how old I am by telling me about his children."

"My grandchildren!" she exclaimed, with a blush.

"Well, if you choose to put it so."

She laughed again, vaguely, and was silent. I hesitated a moment, and then put out my hand.

"I see that you are tired. I shouldn't

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have ventured to come in at this hour if your son——"

The son stepped between us. "Yes, I asked him to come," he said to his mother, in his clear self-assertive voice. "*I* haven't told him anything yet; but you've got to—now. That's what I brought him for."

His mother straightened herself, but I saw her eye waver.

"Lancelot—" she began.

"Mr. Amyot," I said, turning to the young man, "if your mother will allow me to come back to-morrow, I shall be very glad——"

He struck his hand hard against the table on which he was leaning.

"No, sir! It won't take long, but it's got to be said now."

He moved nearer to his mother, and I saw his lip twitch under his beard. After all, he was younger and less sure of himself than I had fancied.

"See here, mother," he went on, "there's something here that's got to be cleared up, and as you say this gentleman is an old friend of yours it had better be cleared up in his presence. Maybe he can help explain it—and if he can't, it's got to be explained to *him*."

Mrs. Amyot's lips moved, but she made no sound. She glanced at me helplessly and reseated herself. My early inclination to thrash Lancelot was beginning to reassert itself. I took up my hat and moved toward the door.

"Mrs. Amyot is certainly under no obligation to explain anything whatever to me," I said, curtly.

"Well! She's under an obligation to me, then—to explain something in your presence." He turned to her again. "Do you know what the people in this hotel are saying? Do you know what he thinks—what they all think? That you're doing this lecturing to support me—to pay for my education! They say you go round telling them so. That's what they buy the tickets for—they do it out of charity. Ask him if it isn't what they say—ask him if they weren't joking about it on the piazza before dinner. The others think I'm a little boy, but he's known you for years, and he must have known how old I was. *He* must have known it wasn't to pay for my education!"

He stood before her with his hands clenched, the veins beating in his temples. She had grown very pale, and her cheeks looked hollow. When she spoke her voice had an odd click in it.

"If—if these ladies and gentlemen have been coming to my lectures out of charity, I see nothing to be ashamed of in that—" she faltered.

"If they've been coming out of charity to *me*," he retorted, "don't you see you've been making me a party to a fraud? Isn't there any shame in that?" His forehead reddened. "Mother! Can't you see the shame of letting people think that I was a d—— beat, who sponged on you for my keep? Let alone making us both the laughing-stock of every place you go to!"

"I never did that, Lancelot!"

"Did what?"

"Made you a laughing-stock——"

He stepped close to her and caught her wrist.

"Will you look me in the face and swear you never told people that you were doing this lecturing business to support me?"

There was a long silence. He dropped her wrist, and she lifted a limp handkerchief to her frightened eyes. "I did do it—to support you—to educate you"—she sobbed.

"We're not talking about what you did when I was a boy. Everybody who knows me knows I've been a grateful son. Have I ever taken a penny from you since I left college ten years ago?"

"I never said you had! How can you accuse your mother of such wickedness, Lancelot?"

"Have you never told anybody in this hotel—or anywhere else in the last ten years—that you were lecturing to support me? Answer me that!"

"How can you," she wept, "before a stranger?"

"Haven't you said such things about me to strangers?" he retorted.

"Lancelot!"

"Well—answer me, then. Say you haven't, mother!" His voice broke unexpectedly and he took her hand with a gentler touch. "I'll believe anything you tell me," he said, almost humbly.

She mistook his tone and raised her head with a rash clutch at dignity.

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"I think you had better ask this gentleman to excuse you first."

"No, by God, I won't!" he shouted. "This gentleman says he knows all about you and I mean him to know all about me too. I don't mean that he or anybody else under this roof shall go on thinking for another twenty-four hours that a cent of their money has ever gone into my pockets since I was old enough to shift for myself. And he sha'n't leave this room till you've made that clear to him."

He stepped back as he spoke and put his shoulders against the door.

"My dear young gentleman," I said, politely, "I shall leave this room exactly when I see fit to do so—and that is now. I have already told you that Mrs. Amyot owes me no explanation of her conduct."

"But I owe you an explanation of mine—you and every one who has bought a single one of her lecture tickets. Do you suppose a man who's been through what I went through while that woman was talking to you in the porch before dinner is going to hold his tongue, and not attempt to justify himself? No decent man is going to sit down under that sort of thing. It's enough to ruin his character. If you're my mother's friend, you owe it to me to hear what I've got to say."

He pulled out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

"Good God, mother!" he burst out suddenly, "what did you do it for? Haven't you had every thing you wanted ever since I was able to pay for it? Haven't I paid you back every cent you spent on me when I was in college? Have I ever gone back on you since I was big enough to work?" He turned to me with a laugh. "I thought she did it to amuse herself—and because there was such a demand for her lectures. *Such a demand!* That's what she always told me. When we asked her to come out and spend this winter with us in Minneapolis, she wrote back that she couldn't because she had engagements all through the South, and her manager wouldn't let her off. That's the reason why I came all the way on here to see her. We thought she was the most popular lecturer in the United States, my wife and I did! We were awfully proud of it too, I can tell you." He dropped into a chair, still laughing.

"How can you, Lancelot, how can you!" His mother, forgetful of my presence, was clinging to him with tentative caresses. "When you didn't need the money any longer I spent it all on the children—you know I did."

"Yes, on lace christening dresses and life-size rocking-horses with real manes! The kind of thing that children can't do without."

"Oh, Lancelot, Lancelot—I loved them so! How can you believe such falsehoods about me?"

"What falsehoods about you?"

"That I ever told anybody such dreadful things?"

He put her back gently, keeping his eyes on hers. "Did you never tell anybody in this house that you were lecturing to support your son?"

Her hands dropped from his shoulders, and she flashed round upon me in sudden anger.

"I know what I think of people who call themselves friends and who come between a mother and her son!"

"Oh, mother, mother!" he groaned.

I went up to him and laid my hand on his shoulder.

"My dear man," I said, "don't you see the uselessness of prolonging this?"

"Yes, I do," he answered, abruptly, and before I could forestall his movement he rose and walked out of the room.

There was a long silence, measured by the decreasing reverberations of his footsteps down the wooden floor of the corridor.

When they ceased I approached Mrs. Amyot, who had sunk into her chair. I held out my hand and she took it without a trace of resentment on her ravaged face.

"I sent his wife a seal-skin jacket at Christmas!" she said, with the tears running down her cheeks.

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A NIGHT ESCAPE

AN EPISODE OF THE WAR

By Stevens Vail

IT is not the actual fact of being under fire and fighting back that gives the supreme thrill of war; it is not the mad outward rush of a forlorn hope that claims the utmost courage, but rather is it the moment when you know yourself to be unexpectedly hemmed in and surrounded by an overwhelming force of the enemy, as yet unperceived, but discovery almost inevitable with the sequence of certain destruction, swift and terrible—and you determine to get out.

Such a moment as this entered the souls of every man Jack aboard the auxiliary cruiser Yankee on the night of Thursday, June 9th, and from the captain to Jack-o'-the-Dust, there is not one of that ship's company whose memory will let slip a single detail of that midnight hour when the Yankee, unseen and unheard, slipped stealthily through the centre of an unknown fleet, and emerging triumphantly, fled ahead to our waiting ships at Santiago with the warning of the unknown's approach.

During the day of June 9th the Yankee, manned by the New York Naval Reserves, swung lazily at anchor in the beautiful Haytien bay which encases Mole St. Nicholas. She awaited a cablegram from Washington in answer to dispatches brought that morning from Admiral Sampson at Santiago.

The crew sprawled lazily about the decks, admiringly criticising, by turn, the crescent-shaped harbor and its wonderfully blue crystal water, the abrupt mountains fissured and cleft, the pathetically battered old fort guarding the entrance and the little straggled town along the beach which seemed to have been built with a view to taking its collective self off to the mountains at the first warning note of one of those oft-recurring revolutions which have made Hayti so sensitive to newspaper mention.

A week would have passed easily to the New Yorkers there in that harbor, so different from the one at home, but shortly before dusk, the captain's gig came skipping out from the palm-fringed shore, and a few minutes later the Yankee was slipping out of the bay.

At the entrance a collier was met coming in. The collier's captain hailed the Yankee, and after stating that he was fresh from New York, anxiously inquired if anything had been seen of the Spanish fleet. Upon a negative reply, he continued that an English tramp steamer had spoken him the day before and had reported the sighting of a supposed Spanish fleet off the northern coast of Cuba; and then the two ships passed out of sight and hailing, the collier to her anchorage in the bay, and the Yankee toward Santiago and the fleet.

The pleasant relaxation of the dog watch came, and the men gave themselves up to their brief period of recreation. The after-guards joined their shipmates on the forecastle, and mingling their voices chanted the songs the ship's poets had put together recounting the multifold adventures of the "Gentlemen Jackies," as the Reserves are playfully dubbed by their friends the Regulars. Guitars and mandolins added to the sweet deep harmony of the men's voices; the officers gathered upon the bridge to listen, and the scene made hard the realization that it was wartime, and that the ridge of blue on the starboard quarter marked the enemy's country. Surely never before was a ship's company composed of such material. A little group of four chatting together in the eyes of the ship had made a cruise in these same waters a year before in a yacht belonging to the father of one. The red-cheeked young boatswain's mate who saluted the officer of the deck and walked forward to execute a harshly given order, happened to be that particular officer's brother-in-law. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Annapolis, and West Point, all had their quota in that conglomerate crowd, and enough professions were repre-

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sented to furnish a good-sized town in any branch it needed. And they were all there to work, and to fight, and to serve their country to the best of their God-given bent in any way they could.

The dusk deepened with tropical swiftness into night; at eight bells "all the port watch" was called, and the "watch below" resolved itself into fragments which drifted to their hammocks to get every precious minute of the four sleeping hours allowed them.

The lookouts were posted; two in the bow, two at the waist, and two aft; in addition were also the three signal men on the bridge. The guns' crews dropped on the deck at their posts beside their grim charges, and by half past eight the ship had settled itself in quietness and darkness for the night's run up the coast. Not a light was shown, not even the twinkling end of a cigar.

Until 9.40 no incident disturbed the monotony of the run; then came a cry from the starboard bow lookout:

"Light, O!"

"Where away?" quickly interrogated the officer of the deck, from the bridge.

"About two points on the starboard bow—looks like a port light, sir," replied the lookout.

Mild confusion reigned on the deck for an instant, the dozing ones roused themselves to speculate on the blinking point of light, now plainly visible; the officer of the deck looked long and steadily at it through his night-glasses, and turning to the orderly, said: "Orderly, report to the captain that we have a steamer on our starboard bow."

The captain was soon by the side of the watch officer, levelling his glass with that of his junior. A quick command was called to the quartermaster at the wheel, the steam steering-gear clanked and groaned dolefully and the ship's bow swung around toward the chase. Chase it was, for the dense smoke pouring from the funnel told of the Yankee's increased speed, and the shadowy figures at the bow guns—the emergency guns—marked the temper of the pursuit.

Suddenly the glint of light disappeared. "Keep her on the same course," said the captain, laconically.

There was a silence then for five minutes which was suddenly broken by a howl from the port-bow lookout.

"Light O! broad on the port bow!" he cried, without waiting for the bridge interrogatory.

"Light O! one point abaft the starboard beam, sir!" yelled the starboard waist lookout in startling sequence.

"Get the men to their quarters," softly said the captain to the executive officer, who was already at his side, at the same time calling by the indicator for half speed. No drum or bugle sounded the alarm. With three unknown ships at hand the situation was too grave to risk the alarm being shared by the enemy—for in wartimes all ships are enemies until they are proved otherwise—and so, instead, the division officers, already alert, threaded their way through the maze of hammocks on the gun-deck, and, shaking the sleeping occupants, hoarsely whispered:

"Turn out! turn out! Get to your quarters—softly now, but on the jump!"

A tremor of life seemed to run through the ship as her decks were suddenly filled with scurrying figures running in all directions through the inky blackness. It all seemed the climax of chaos, in reality it was the perfection of discipline and all that that means. In three minutes the men were at their posts, yawning and rubbing their eyes, not yet enough awake to be in the least interested as to the purpose of their muster.

"Cast loose and provide!" came the low order cutting through the darkness like a knife.

Blocks whined, tackle strained, the tramp of many feet resounded, as the ammunition hoists dumped with a heavy thud the five-inch shells at the guns; the breech-blocks sprang open, in went the shells with a snap, the breech locked sharply and the men stood alert at their stations—there was no doubt about their wakefulness now.

The night-glasses made out two steamers on the port side and one on the starboard, far ahead. The intervening distance was too great to determine their character, but peaceful travellers of the seas at that time were not wandering in trios in those waters. The careless display of an undeadened port light seemed to speak more for the laxity of watch

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aboard a Spanish cruiser than an American, and so the Yankee's head swung inland as she forged stealthily on. She had particular business with that steamer between her and the land—the ones far to port could wait.

But the chase was not continued. At the end of five minutes going a quartermaster, who had been on lookout in the fore-top, came slipping down the shrouds and saluting the captain, said: "Sir, I have to report two more steamers broad on the starboard beam, they show no lights but appear to have ram-shape bows."

Once more the Yankee's nose swung round, this time seaward. The two unknowns so far out were to be dodged, and then the course for Santiago taken up, a spurt made, and the fleet notified of the strangers' approach. The men were somewhat disappointed at the lost chance of so evident a "mix-up"; but the philosophy of resignation was easily achieved with the accompanying realization that even the bellicose Yankee was no match in a night fight for five war-ships of unknown quantity.

It was decreed, however, that the Yankee, living up to her gender, should again change her mind and course, for hardly had the screw made a dozen revolutions in the new direction toward the open sea when dead ahead a great beam of light suddenly cut a broad path in the murky heavens.

It was a search-light, and a powerful one at that, apparently about nine or ten miles distant. To and fro high in the sky swept the broad silver beam, always maintaining the same arc of sweep with no attempt toward picking up anything on the sea. It looked for all the world like a great evil eye trying to obtain a peep into the mysteries behind the clouds. It was most puzzling, this erratic search-light, and the people on the Yankee, now halted in the trough of the uneasy waves, put their thinking-caps on to solve the problem. The answer was nearer than they knew or wished, and it came in the shape of a similar light as suddenly appearing about six miles abaft the first one. And the cream of the ghastly joke lay in the fact that as the two beams met and fell slowly, until lost in the sea, they disclosed the sharp outlines of two more ships in the outward path of the Yankee. She stopped with a jerkiness peculiar to ships whose engines are suddenly reversed. The brains of the Yankee were very busy just then, as well they might be, for the situation was interesting, to say the least. Here was a converted cruiser of fourteen knots with a main battery of only ten five-inch guns in the midst of an unknown fleet, the likelihood of discovery and subsequently being blown out of water a more than possibility, and the nearest help eight hours away. True, the fleet might be American, but the Yankee had left Santiago the morning before, and knew then the disposition of all our ships—and here were eleven unaccounted for. Transports they might be, but none had been known to have left the States at that time. Granting that the fleet was friendly, in those nervous times it was sometimes a question of shoot first and inquire afterward, and the Yankee wasn't built with many water-tight compartments. On the other hand, the hypothesis that the fleet might be Spanish, was a most reasonable one. The nightly search-lights had not yet been turned on the entrance of Santiago Bay, and it was a question each night whether Cervera's fleet would be found inside at daylight—for even then it was known that the Merrimac had not entirely blocked the exit. Cervera's ships had left Spain two weeks before—and those off Santiago had had no news since; hardly a day had passed without some report of suspicious vessels, hovering about the Cuban coast, reaching the fleet.

There was no turning to the right or turning to the left now for the Yankee; both those avenues of escape were effectually blocked; to turn back was equally out of the question for unnecessary reasons. There was but one road open, that was the one dead ahead which led to Santiago and the American fleet.

The gauntlet to be run was from six to eight miles in width, and apparently twice the distance in length. Slowly at first she forged ahead, almost feeling her way, and then like an arrow from the bow she spurted. Dense smoke poured from her funnel, and this the officers regarded anxiously as the distant search-light fell across the sky far ahead and travelled slowly toward her. A minute more and the beam would have picked up the heavy

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column, when suddenly a God-given gust flattened the thick smoke down to the decks into a long, broad trail astern.

The second light astern now began its journey forward, and again came the tense expectancy. But it travelled quickly, passing high over the Yankee, though it disclosed, for a brief second, the six unwelcome travelling companions to port—and the Yankee breathed a great human sigh of relief. A young gun captain beat a light finger tattoo upon the long gray monster beside him, and tentatively sighed:

> Backward, turn backward, oh, time in thy flight,
> And make me a child again, *just* for to-night!

The gun's crew snickered, and three deep-voiced youngsters softly droned, "Be it ever so humble there's no place like h-o-o-o-me!"

"Silence! you bally idiots—are you all so anxious to be blown to kingdom come that you're kicking up such a row?" inquired the division officer with savage sarcasm. And the next minute the rebuked crew was laughing softly to itself at its chief, who, on taking an extra long squint at the oft-revealed fleet sauntered across to the opposite port, humming: "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night!"

Absolute silence was out of the question. The strain was altogether too great for that. In various ways the men relieved their pent-up feelings. There was the always obnoxious jester who, to hide perhaps his real emotion, made a general buffoon of himself; the quiet chaps who looked hard, and thought the same way; the careless ones, who regarded the whole thing as a joke intended for their special benefit; the nervous ones who kept wiggling some part of their anatomy continually—all the types were there save one, the type of cowardice.

Meanwhile, the Yankee was plunging ahead at her utmost bent; the exposed deadlights of the strangers, which had first shown their whereabouts, were now extinguished, and, save for the search-lights which now and then flashed their location, nothing of them could be seen. These brief glimpses, however, seemed to show that the Yankee was drawing ahead. The five ships to starboard had not been seen for half an hour; whether their course had been changed, whether they had dropped astern, whether fresh ships lay in the Yankee's path were questions often asked in vain. All was darkness, deep and impenetrable. The Yankee was being run by fatalists just then. If it was written that she should escape detection only to be run down, or to run down one of the enemy—all right, it was a case of Kismet.

The thrills that came and went with those awful search-lights were most exquisite, but very, very wearing after a time.

The tactics of sweeping the sky were abandoned a few minutes before midnight, and then the endeavor began to pick up separately each charge; for the owners of the search-lights were undoubtedly battleships, as were the smaller vessels, cruisers, or transports. They were all astern now, yet the radiance of day fell upon each ship as the great beams flashed across them for an instant. Suddenly the beams began to waver and then to sweep anxiously first the sea and then the sky, the movements becoming swifter and more impatient with every slash of light.

"Lordy! we're gone now *surely*," dejectedly whispered a super-nervous yeoman. "They're hunting for us or they've missed one of their own steamers and are trying to pick her up."

His opinion was evidently shared, in a measure, by the captain, for, in response to a hurried call, the chief engineer, all grimy with coal and sweat, and carrying a long swan-necked oil-can, ran to the bridge.

"Give her all she'll carry," said the captain, "and perhaps a little more—try some oil on the coal."

The engines pounded and thumped, the very plates of the fire-room deck jumped and creaked, and the Yankee seemed to have achieved her second wind.

The search-lights swung round and round, perilously near, but never quite on the spot. The distance was now too great for the necessary depression of the lights, though they tried hard indeed to get down. Once the topmasts were just tipped with silver, and the light seemed to waver and hesitate, but then it passed on unheeding. Suddenly from the funnel burst a long fierce pennant of flame. The oil had overdone its work.

"Smother that flame for God's sake!" cried out the captain. And the flame was

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smothered. But was it too late? Was the mischief done? Was the Yankee near enough for the flame to be seen? Well, no time was lost in waiting to find out, as she started in for her final spurt. It was life or death now and no mistake.

The great oily seas rushed by her side as she had never felt them before, and she trembled in every nerve and fibre. A dozen firemen lay along the gun-deck where they had been brought from the seething fire-room, but they counted for nought against the stake the Yankee was racing for.

Faint streaks in the east proclaimed approaching day. Eyes strained astern for the first glimpse of the pursuers—not one was in sight, not even a smudge of smoke against the horizon—the Yankee had won! The sun glared on wan and drawn faces, tired, oh *so* tired, but yet so triumphantly elated.

Ahead was the Morro and at its feet the great war-ships lay patiently waiting the prey so soon to be theirs.

The Yankee threaded her way among them, and as she slowed down to a mere drift, the captain's gig fled out from her side to the flag-ship with the news so portentous.

And then came the greatest disappointment in the Yankee's history, for, five minutes after she had seen two swift yachts hurry off in the direction of her night's adventure, she was chivied up the coast to distant Cienfuegos, and it was over three weeks before she learned that the unknown fleet was composed of American transports convoyed by two of our own battle-ships!

THE PASSING OF AUTUMN

By Archibald Lampman

THE wizard has woven his ancient scheme;
A day and a starlit night;
And the world is a shadowy-pencilled dream
Of color, haze, and light.

Like something an angel wrought, maybe,
To answer a fairy's whim,
A fold of an ancient tapestry,
A phantom rare and dim.

Silent and smooth as the crystal stone
The rivers lie serene,
And the fading hills are a jewelled throne
For the Fall and the Mist, his Queen.

Slim as out of aërial seas,
The elms and poplars fair
Float like the dainty spirits of trees
In the mellow dream-like air.

Silvery-soft by the forest side—
Wine-red, yellow, rose—
The wizard of Autumn, faint, blue-eyed—
Swinging his censer, goes.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

OUR "Imperialism," it is pretty well agreed among sober and sensible Americans, is not a pretty or a promising phenomenon. But, however much we may lament it, and however much we may succeed in limiting it, we must all also agree that the war cannot leave us as it found us; that it has thrust upon us something that, in comparison with our past policy, may be called Imperial; that for a time at least we must administer the affairs of alien races in distant lands. It is consoling to recognize any compensation that this prospect involves; to assure ourselves that if it be evil, it is not of an unmixed evil.

Imperialism and Industrialism.

The imperial spirit is at least an effective set-off against the mercantile spirit, against which the philosophic essayists and the commencement orators have been warning us for half a century. In spite of the admonitions, it has been steadily growing, until the ambition of riches is the only form of distinction which appeals to the common American. Literature and art do not take hold of him. Half a century ago public life offered a distinct set-off to the tyranny of "the business man." A boy might propose to himself to be rich or to be a Senator. Now the two aspirations are fused. The readiest, and perhaps the cleanest road, to the Senate is through riches.

It is in favor of war, it is in favor even of imperialism, that it does set up an effective counterbalance to the one American ambition; that it substitutes in the successful soldier or sailor, afterward possibly even in the successful administrator, a figure more susceptible of statuesque presentation than that of the business man. When the business man gets himself a statue, even if it be not at his own expense or that of his posterity, it is seen that he is not available for that kind of commemoration. The irreverent populace which envied him living, jeers at his effigy, and walks around the corner to consider much more seriously the statue of a general or an admiral—*Inter arma negotia silent.* It must have been a distinct surprise and grief to many a millionaire after his down-sittings and his up-risings had been for many a year chronicled by a faithful press, to find himself suddenly relegated to the second plane, or even to the wings. Fancy the feeling of a Napoleon of the Wheat Pit, or of a Street Railroad Baron, or of a Hog Products King, upon discovering that people were no longer talking about him; that a mere commodore, whose income was only $5,000 a year, had dislodged him and his millions from the centre of the stage. It must have been of a bewilderment bordering on stupefaction.

Nobody but the millionaire will be apt to dispute that this transfer of public admiration, of public attention, is wholesome. It would be wholesome, without reference to the comparative ethical merits of a commodore and an "operator," merely because it was a transfer. The tendency to admire and envy the millionaire has surely been "overloaded."

Without much doubt, British Imperialism has been the most effective countercheck to British mercantilism, though the mere survival of the British aristocracy as a social force has done something in the same way. Whether British snobbery be a more rational and improving sentiment than American worship of mercantile success, we need not argue, especially as, in fact, the two sentiments are not so distinguishable, British snobbery being the worship of rank plus money. But it is British Imperialism which has done most to render obsolete and absurd the eighteenth-century French characterization of the British as a nation of shopkeepers. And this in spite of the fact that British Imperialism has been at bottom a commercial expansion, a hunt for new markets. William Henry Hurlbert's delightful averment that the Romans overran the world with their conquering standards inscribed S. P. Q. R., "Small Profits and Quick Returns," would have been as accurate an account of British Imperialism as it was an absurd account of Roman. But it is not by commercial qualities that the commercial expansion has been managed. The admirals and the generals, and the proconsuls were not "business men." Millionairolatry is "the canker of the calm world and a long peace."

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It is good to read over again the jeremiad of Goldsmith in his sounding heroics, and to remember that his protest against the sway of the mercantile spirit was filed at the very time when Chatham and Wolfe and Clive were administering the effectual antidote to that spirit.

The time may come when, stripped of all her charms,
The land of scholars and the nurse of arms,
. . . . . .
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonored die.

A century later, Tennyson, quite in the same spirit, hailed the coming of the Crimean War as the harbinger of a time when something else than wealth should appeal to his countrymen,

Nor Britain's one sole god be the millionaire.
For I trust, if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by the hill,
And the rushing battle bolt sang from the three-decker out of the foam,
That the smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue would leap from his counter and till,
And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yard-wand, home.

It is quite true that the business man has generally found his account in war. The expansion of England under Chatham was attended by "the sudden glories of paymasters and contractors, whose equipages shine like meteors, and whose palaces rise like exhalations." But the point is, that the business man is no longer the popular hero. In war there is a new scale, according to which he takes his new place. In military and naval operations, the most diligent of business men takes a place in which he is in no danger either of a violent death or of excessive admiration. The sutler does not threaten the national standards of success in life, no matter what "profits may accrue."

Of course we have very modern instances to show how much mischief the purely military ideal may do, when that tendency in its turn is "overloaded." With a social pressure constraining an officer of one great army to murder, and the high officers of another to perjury, we may well go in dread of the ethical standards set up by military influence, even as compared with those of an unmitigated industrialism. "But that is another story."

Defective Dictionaries.

HOW soon one gets to the end of the usefulness of the average bilingual dictionary — "as she is edited!" I have been struck with this more than once of late. Admitted that such dictionaries may be expected to be rather weak—perhaps, pardonably so, all things considered—in what are known as "technicalities," it still seems as if they might profitably pay more attention than they often do to the common technicalities of every-day life, especially to those which are most apt to bother the visitor in a foreign country: the technicalities of shopping.

I take an (unabridged) French and English dictionary to hand; a standard work, much used, a perfectly fair specimen of its class. After looking carefully under all pertinent headings, I have found not the faintest hint at the fact that "muslin" (called "cotton" in New England) is currently known as *toile* in retail shops in France, and "linen" as *fil*. On the contrary, the first two renderings under the heading TOILE are: "1. *cloth* (texture of flax, hemp, cotton, horse-hair); 2. *linen*." I defy any man to find out from this dictionary that the regular shopping French to-day for "a cotton shirt, with linen bosom, collar and cuffs," is *une chemise de toile, avec plastron, col et manchettes en fil*. There is nothing about *plastron* under BOSOM, FRONT, nor SHIRT. Under this last-mentioned heading I find: "linen—, *de toile;*" which may be good classical French enough, but is very bad shopping French, A.D. 1898. Again under TOILE I find: "— peinte (a. & m.) *printed calico, cotton*." Looking out "a. & m." in the Explanation of Abbreviations, I find that it means "arts and manufactures"; a lucky qualification, but I doubt if, even with this qualification, the given rendering of the phrase would throw much light for the average American upon the horror expressed in French newspapers, some years ago, at the duty levied in our Custom-house on *toiles peintes*—that is, on oil paintings!

Under "WEAR, v. n." the only rendering of "to — well" is: *être d'un bon user;* whereas the first question a Frenchwoman asks about a piece of dry-goods she thinks of buying is: *Est-ce que cela résiste bien?* To which the counter-jumper usually replies: *Oh, madam, je vous assure que ceci est très-résistant!* Not strictly true, perhaps, but idiomatic.

I find, too, that the dictionary in question affords no help whatever to the uninitiated Englishman or American in Paris toward understanding the placard, common enough in shop windows, which announces: *1 franc le litre, y compris le verre;* which is to be

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interpreted: "One franc a litre'—not *glass*, but—"bottle included." Which reminds me, talking of stimulants, that the only rendering given of *cannette* is: "faucet, tap;" whereas *cannette* is the current term for the patent bottle (with spring stopper) in which beer is retailed for home consumption.

These are but a few instances of dictionary insufficiency; I have taken them quite at random, but could probably multiply them almost indefinitely by pulling my thinking-cap a thought tighter over my ears. Yet they seem to me enough to suggest that there may still be work to do in the matter of editing bilingual dictionaries. Neither have I any doubt that German, Italian, and Spanish dictionaries are quite as defective as the French one from which I have quoted—what there was to quote.

The Spanish Manner.

TO the average American the Spanish manner—the Spanish manner as it shows itself alike in the most critical and in the most trivial affairs of life—is, as a rule, profoundly and bafflingly mysterious. When one speaks of the Spanish manner one means the Spanish-American also, albeit there are certain well-marked differences in detail between the two. Contemptuous impatience with alien characteristics is rather an American failing, and is probably caused in part by our system of common-school education, which tends to give the whole body of the people, in all walks of existence, more or less the same order of ideas, and therefore lessens the powers of sympathy and insight where traits present themselves, whether individual or national, that are unlike those to which we are used. Such impatience, however, offers greater obstacles to the successful accomplishment of the destinies dear to the heart of imperialists and expansionists than the latter appear commonly to be aware. And one of the first means of correcting it, in some measure, is to open the eyes to the fact that the manner, or manners, of different peoples are natural and logical products of their peculiar "sociality," and that, whether they be approved of or not, it is unintelligent to regard them as mysterious—which, read by the light of such "socialities," they clearly are not;—and rather frivolous not to make some attempt to understand the inner ideas which explain them, and upon which the civilization that has gone to form them has been built up.

What appears to the American to be most startling about the demeanor of the Spaniard is its habitual *insouciance*. It is not merely a light-hearted way of throwing off the crosses and punishments and responsibilities of life that is implied in the word. We have no actual warrant for assuming that such things do not go as hard with the Spaniard as with us; that he does not feel them as much as would one of our own stock. That is indeed, an assumption that to those who have any intimate knowledge of Spanish people must seem unnecessarily fatuous. Spanish sensibility is a complicated product that reveals unexplored depths at unexpected moments. The literature of the people abounds in characters of delicate sensibility; what type more compounded of sensitiveness and feeling than Cervantes's immortal hero? In truth, individuals in whom the deeper and graver aspects of life awaken a sensitive and sympathetic response, and individuals over whom the waves break without any answering vibration whatever, are scattered in equal numbers the world over. There are as many examples of this *insouciant* class in the United States as in Spain, in Norway as in Greece. The *insouciance* of the Spaniard does not come under this general head.

No; it becomes clear, on a closer analysis, that it springs, not from a faculty for taking matters easily, but from a less keen perception of public opinion than exists with us. The Spanish behavior seems to convey always an intimation that the individual is sufficiently content with his own reading of his own conduct, not to be over-deeply concerned with what others may be thinking of it. Not that a Spaniard is usually egotistical in his pose toward his fellow-men. He exhales none of that aggressive indifference as to the judgments of the rest of the world which has come to be recognized as particularly British. One can best express his general attitude by saying that he does not "realize" the outside world. And this is precisely what can be said, to an of course immeasurably greater extent, of a Hindu, a North American Indian, a Bedouin Arab; and it is a fruit of all the more primitive social conditions.

Nothing so affects manner as such an attitude. Most Orientals have a special sort of personal dignity that is rarely found among the advanced peoples of the West; and it was observed during the visit, a few years ago, of a famous Indian chief at Washington, that the impassive composure of his mien decid-

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edly vulgarized, by comparison, the prominent men of the "ruling race" with whom he came into contact. Something of the same sort of composure and poise abides with a Spaniard at the most difficult pass; does not forsake him in the face of the uttermost disaster, misfortune, disgrace. It is not that he is impassive as the Indian, nor that he has the sombre self-control of the Oriental. He manifests often, on the contrary, a child-like abandon. Many incidents of the late war, many of the men whom it brought prominently to the attention of Americans, illustrated abundantly this peculiar ingenuousness and almost infantile simplicity of behavior. But why? Because these Spanish officers and men had a clear image of themselves as they looked in the eyes of their adversaries, and because they were weakened and unnerved, and thrown off their normal axis by the sense that they were regarded by us as failures, retrograde survivals of a nationality that had seen its day, and been unable to keep up with the march of civilization? Not at all. No Spaniard ever saw that image of himself reflected in anybody's eyes! Our Spaniard was merely as sure of himself in defeat as at any other time. Sure enough of himself to be natural and simple, and sufficiently indifferent to the ideas that we might be cherishing about him as not to "compose an attitude" for our benefit.

The problem is frequently mooted whether manners must not necessarily tend to deteriorate more and more with the advance of western civilization. Manners probably grow better, on the whole, as the democratic permeation of society increases, as men recognize each other as being of the same stuff, with equal capacity for pleasure and pain. With *manner* it is different. Manner is essentially dependent upon the individual being able to find his centre of gravity within himself. If the chief of a savage tribe is quite likely to have more weight and nobleness of bearing than an eminent personage in a highly civilized society, it is not alone because, as Mr. Spencer has told us, such a bearing is cultivated for the influence which it exerts over rude followers, but because the chief takes no account of those followers, and is himself in an isolation that the highly civilized man, in touch with the myriad currents of an intricately organized social life, has lost forever.

Instead of declaring that the Spanish manner, more especially at a crisis, is inexplicable, we should do it the justice to understand that it is, æsthetically, very good; much better than ours, presumably, would be if the circumstances were reversed. We Americans live with one hand on the pulse of public opinion. Even when we are least conscious of it, we are ruled, in our whole personal attitude toward the world, by the voices of the majority. This certainly saves us from some of those amazing blunders into which the Spaniard walks with a light foot and an averted eye. On the other hand, it robs us of any personal, self-evolved secret for not looking abject if by chance we do fall into a pit. Many open channels of communication with the outside world enlighten us, but take from us that fine and majestic obtuseness out of which grows the grand, the easy, the felicitous, manner. It is essential to any nonchalant dignity of carriage that we may achieve to be supported by our surroundings; hence, we do not well conceive how a Spaniard, bereft of all, may still be much what he was before. Ethically, such a discrepancy between condition and manner seems to us all wrong. Æsthetically, it has great value. For there is something in the heart of every creature who is however little an artist, and there always will be, that warms appreciatively to any outward and physical evidence that the man's the man for a' that and a' that.

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THE FIELD OF ART

PHOTOGRAPHY AND THE STAGE

DOES its function as keepsake or, perchance, a complacent vanity when we ourselves figure among the dramatis personæ, mask the hideousness of the photographic group? For no one of even primitive taste can fail to be shocked by the ugliness of these pictures when the personal element is wanting. Mere curiosity alone can scarcely digest the tableaux vivants that are usually served to us as an accompaniment to the Sunday breakfast by the more enterprising "dailies." These souvenirs of the stage are so grotesque that one may pardonably ask why they should leave so unpleasant an impression, if they are faithful reproductions of the objects photographed. Let it be assumed for the sake of the homily that they are faithful reproductions, though much might be written against the photographic lie—the lie, for instance, that gives porcelain or wax for flesh (even though the negative be not doctored), till the present generation has almost come to the conclusion that the human epidermis is a failure and has accepted as its ideals the immaculate, "lovely" lay-figures that pose in the windows of the department stores.

It has already been shown in the Field of Art that the photograph has great documentary value. Moreover, as a handmaid to art, provided it always remains ancillary, it has its use, saving much time and perfunctory labor. If abused, it may atrophy both the limning and observing faculties—not to mention the imagination. Heaven forfend that any attempt should be made here to delimit Art. Let it suffice to observe that photography deals with the science of facts, while art deals with the science of *appearances*, and that appearances often hide many unsightly realities.

There lie before me three or four groups culled at random from the current plays and taken presumably by flashlight, inasmuch as the shadowless objects have no relief, clinging to the background as tenaciously as though cut from card-board and glued to it —another exemplification of the photographic falsehood. Let us discuss these pictures indirectly, and account for their ugliness by way of a personal experience. The illustrative method often carries conviction to doubting Thomases when other means fail. Many years ago it was the writer's task, in conjunction with a now eminent sculptor, to arrange a series of classic tableaux at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the prototypes being the statues or bas-reliefs in the galleries, and the models the choice of the young people studying in the schools. The costumes were prepared with taste and a scrupulous archæological accuracy. It is needless to add that these well-looking young men and women entered into the spirit of the performance with intelligence and enthusiasm. In fact, nothing was wanting, not even the "great success"—as success goes. Yet how impossible it all was! There was the question of drapery, the rock on which the photographer *must* founder from the artistic point of view. Reader, did you ever see an artist fuss over his draperies; how he flings and throws, reflings and rethrows, until he catches the favorable fold? Even then it is only relatively favorable, a mere suggestion to work on. Do you suppose any cast of whatever material would give such elegance of arrangement as the consummate drapery of the Victory of Samothrace? How futile, then, the attempt during the few minutes between the curtain-drops to perfect the flow of a tunic, or to make a toga or himation fall into statuesque lines. If, for a single figure, the task was difficult, fancy what it must have been for a group of two; then add two more and conjure up the impossibilities, the net-work of lines, each of which depends for its beauty on its relativity. You might suggest that it would have been wisdom to renounce the performance. So it would have been had not our purpose been didactic. At best tableaux are, and must needs be, ugly unless reduced to their simplest form of expression and masked with art. Yes, that is it: masked with art! An artist can veil the inadequacies by a double black gauze combined with crafty illumination. The rationale of the veil is to conceal the failures; that of a studied light to cajole the audience into a disregard of the inherent defects. But on the theatrical stage there is no gauze to soften asperities. There are no rays casting shadows of mystery to mitigate the drawbacks. On the contrary there is glare from the foot-

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lights at an unbecoming angle, reinforced during the spectacular climaxes by electric flashes which bring out in all its hideousness the extravagant *maquillage* of the performers —a *maquillage* that may have been well enough in tallow-dip times, but horrible in all its naked evidence in these days of brilliant artificial light. If an harmonious relativity of line be impossible of attainment in groups of three or four by artists, fancy what linear discords must ensue in groups of from five or six to fifty when there is no artist to superintend them! If a linear harmony be impossible in a small but stationary group, imagine the multiplication of dissonances in a moving assemblage of many performers. It cannot be denied that photography has occasionally given us a beautiful nude or a beautiful landscape, because a happy and fortuitous conjunction of conditions will invariably occur at times, but the very fact that these conditions are rare and fortuitous precludes their consideration. Moreover, such a conjunction in a group is humanly impossible.

Granted that these linear discords do exist, why is it that they strike us so forcibly in the photograph while annoying us but comparatively little in reality? By *us* is meant the average theatre-goer; for they do trouble the trained eye, and added to the imbecilities of the spoken word keep many sensitive people permanently from the playhouse. Their existence on the stage, however, is much less obvious even to the disciplined eye, because they are whitewashed, if I may be permitted the term, by the glamour of prevailing conditions. The audience is distracted by the dramatic situation, by the personality of the actor, by the music, perhaps, to the oblivion of everything else. In other words, these things are the double gauze that discreetly veils the discords. Nor has any reference been made to color that is non-existent in the photographic group, which can only give us black and white values, and false at that. (Here again is still another instance of the photographic lie.) The harmonious relativity of color is almost of as much importance in the picture as the relativity of line. Some would hold it of greater importance. It certainly gives greater pleasure to the untrained. In the photograph it is *nil* and worse than *nil*. On the stage the colors are discordant in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. In the hundredth, when well studied, they may be harmonious, and, should they remain stationary, would be agreeable. In a fixed position a certain shade of blue worn by the hero, let us say, might give us an agreeable "harmony by analogy" with a certain tint of violet worn by the heroine. Dramatic action, unfortunately, does not permit fixed positions, and our heroine in violet might find herself at any moment in close proximity to Mephistopheles in antagonistic vermilion. Such color-shiftings are in the very nature of the drama, and it is doubtful if even a great genius could prevent inevitable discords, though he could unquestionably mitigate them. Taking things as they are, however, neither a chromatic nor a linear harmony is attainable in the moving scene, yet, in spite of false notes, color unquestionably helps to distract us from inadequacies. Its mere barbaric splendor under the glossing influence of light obliterates those obvious defects that jump at us from the photograph. There is a blinding sheen in nature that neither pigment nor chemical can possibly reproduce. Painter and photographer work with a comparatively restricted palette, and their gamut is a narrow one compared with that of the sun or electricity. The artist, while accepting this limitation, can compensate and even conceal it by other and nobler qualities. The photographer has no such resources. It would be unjust to the scene-painter did we not give him full credit for helping out many an otherwise ugly combination. A background of charming, glowing landscape frequently distracts us from the unpleasant things in the foreground—a background that loses both glow and charm in the photographic reproduction.

There is yet another reason for the ugliness of the instantaneous group which may be attributed to the arrested expression of the performers. Many expressions are permanently beautiful. Others depend on continuity for their beauty. The former would obviously be comparatively tranquil. The more violent expressions are fleeting. Any one arrested instant of such expressions would probably appear a mere grimace. When preceded and followed by its physiological antecedents and sequences it becomes a logical and agreeable expression. We sometimes find an instantaneous photograph of a laugh, or one of a running horse that is expressive, rational, and adequate. These instances are exceptional, however, and cannot affect the rule to any great extent.

FREDERIC CROWNINSHIELD.

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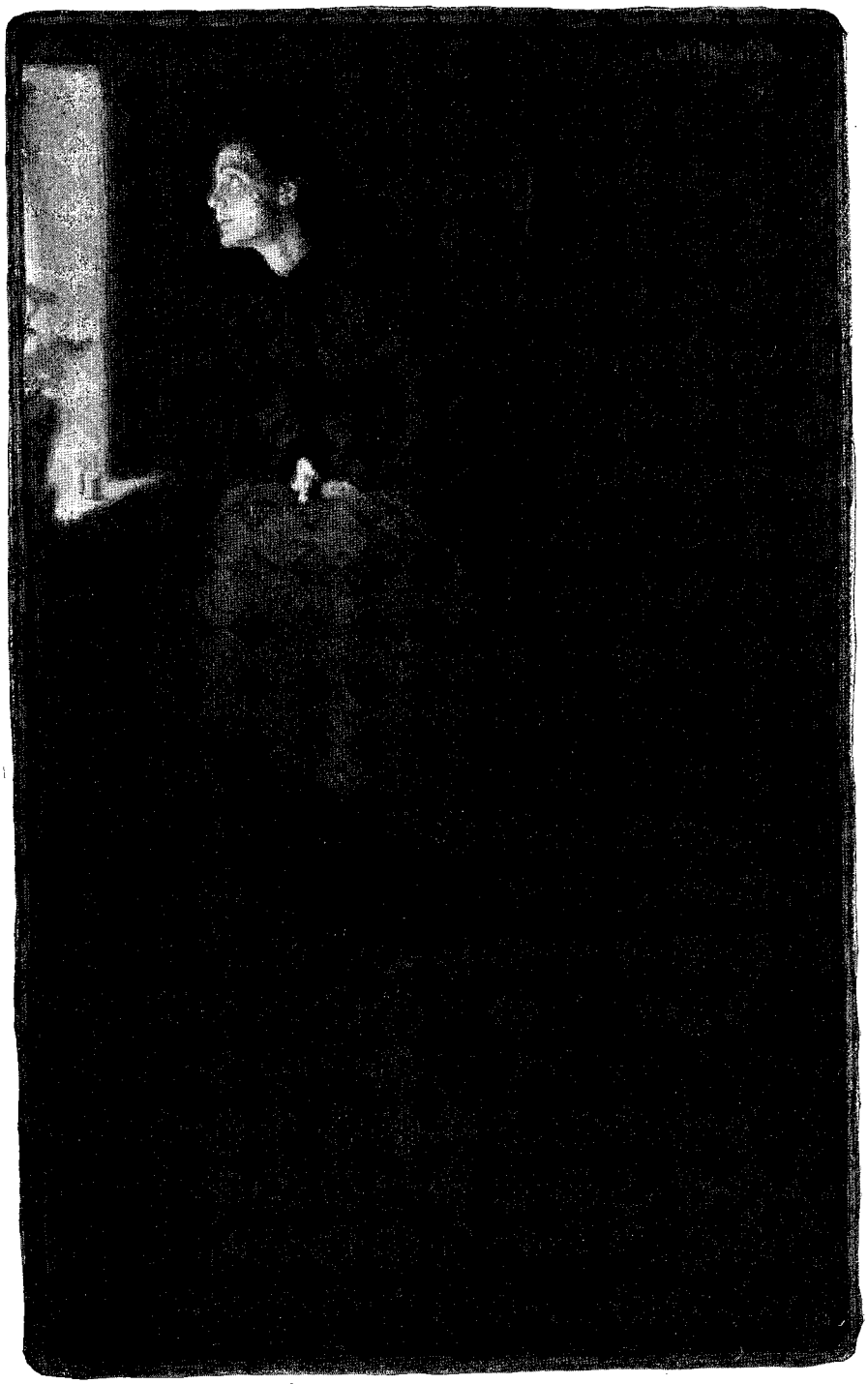

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

DAILY BREAD.

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